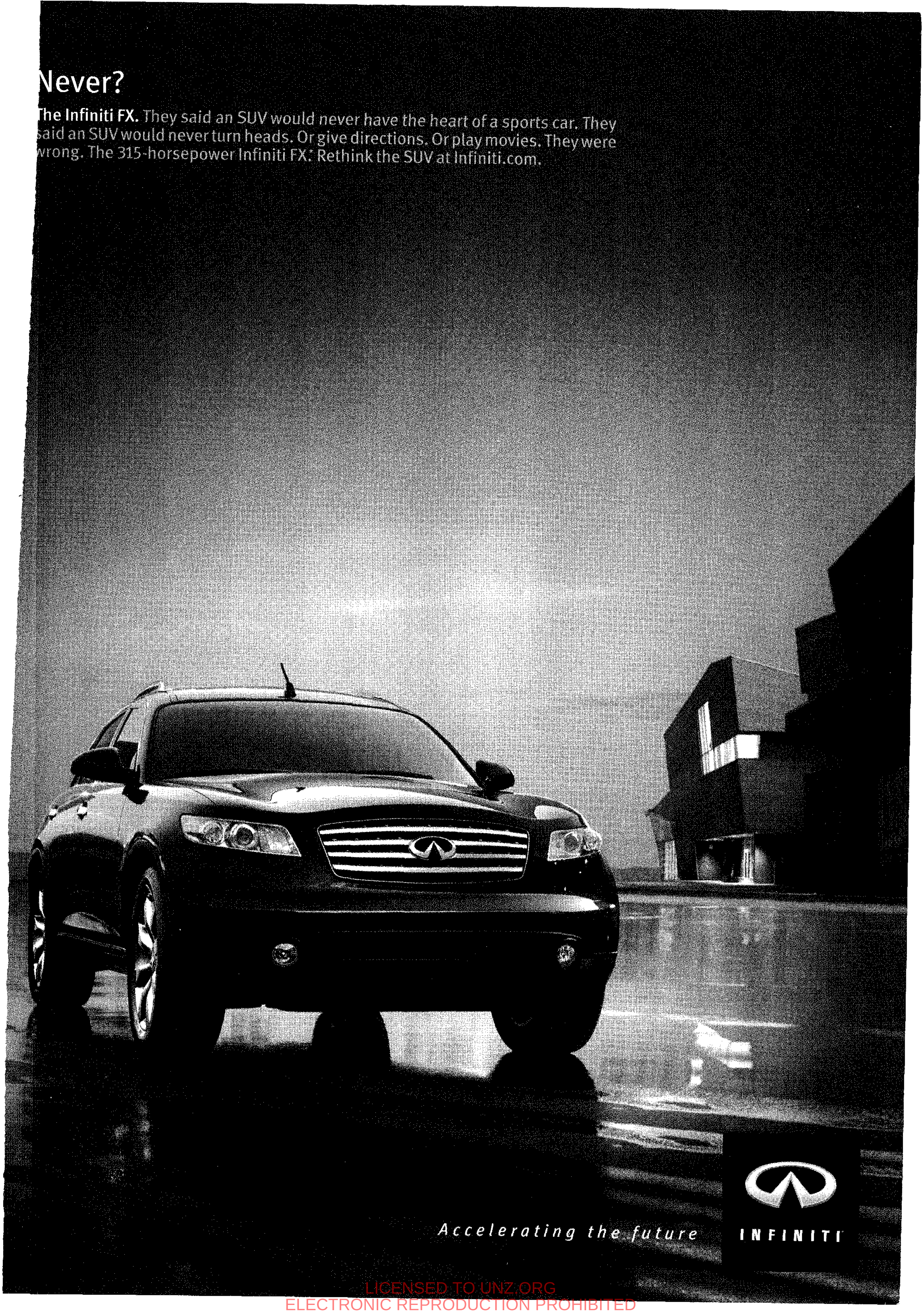
PRICE $3.95

THE NEW YORKER

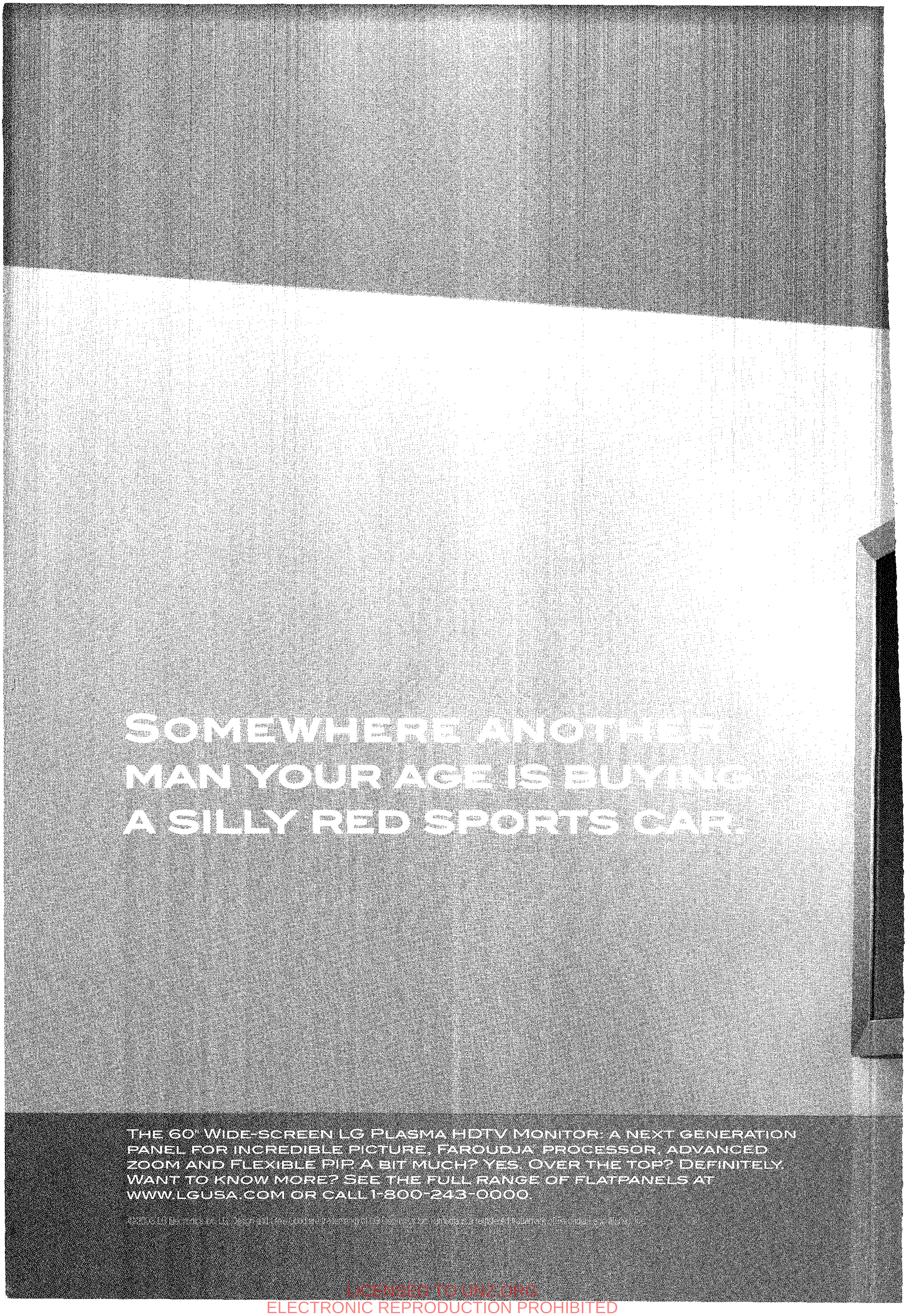
DEC. 8, 2003

a painting of a soup ca
will never be considere
art a woman will never
serve on the supreme
court vinyl will never b
replaced a tv channel
that plays music video
will never last a band
from liverpool will nev
make it big in america
cloning will never be
successful a test-tube
baby will never be bor


Accelerating the future
INFINITI

Never?

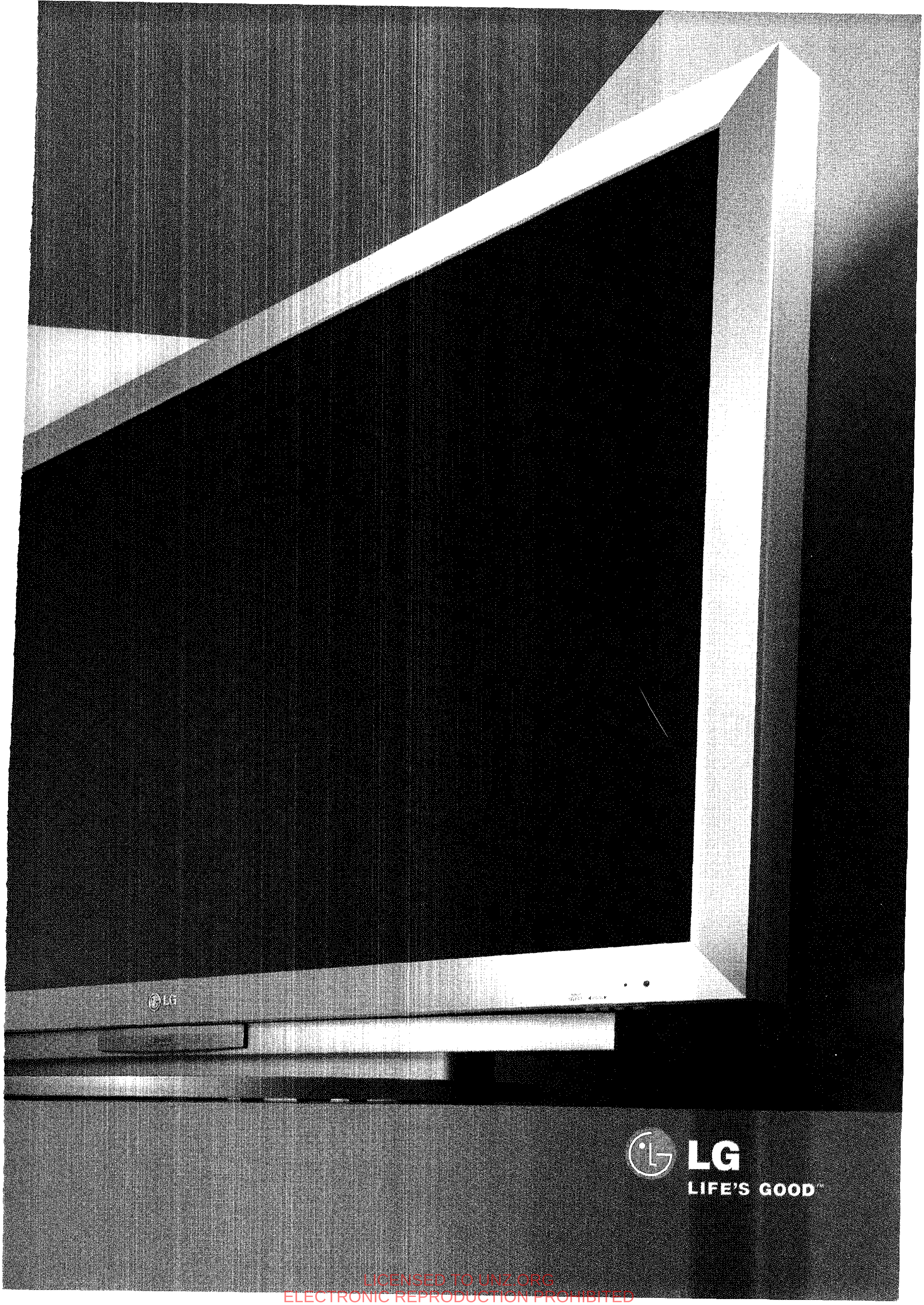
The Infiniti FX. They said an SUV would never have the heart of a sports car. They said an SUV would never turn heads. Or give directions. Or play movies. They were wrong. The 315-horsepower Infiniti FX.* Rethink the SUV at Infiniti.com.

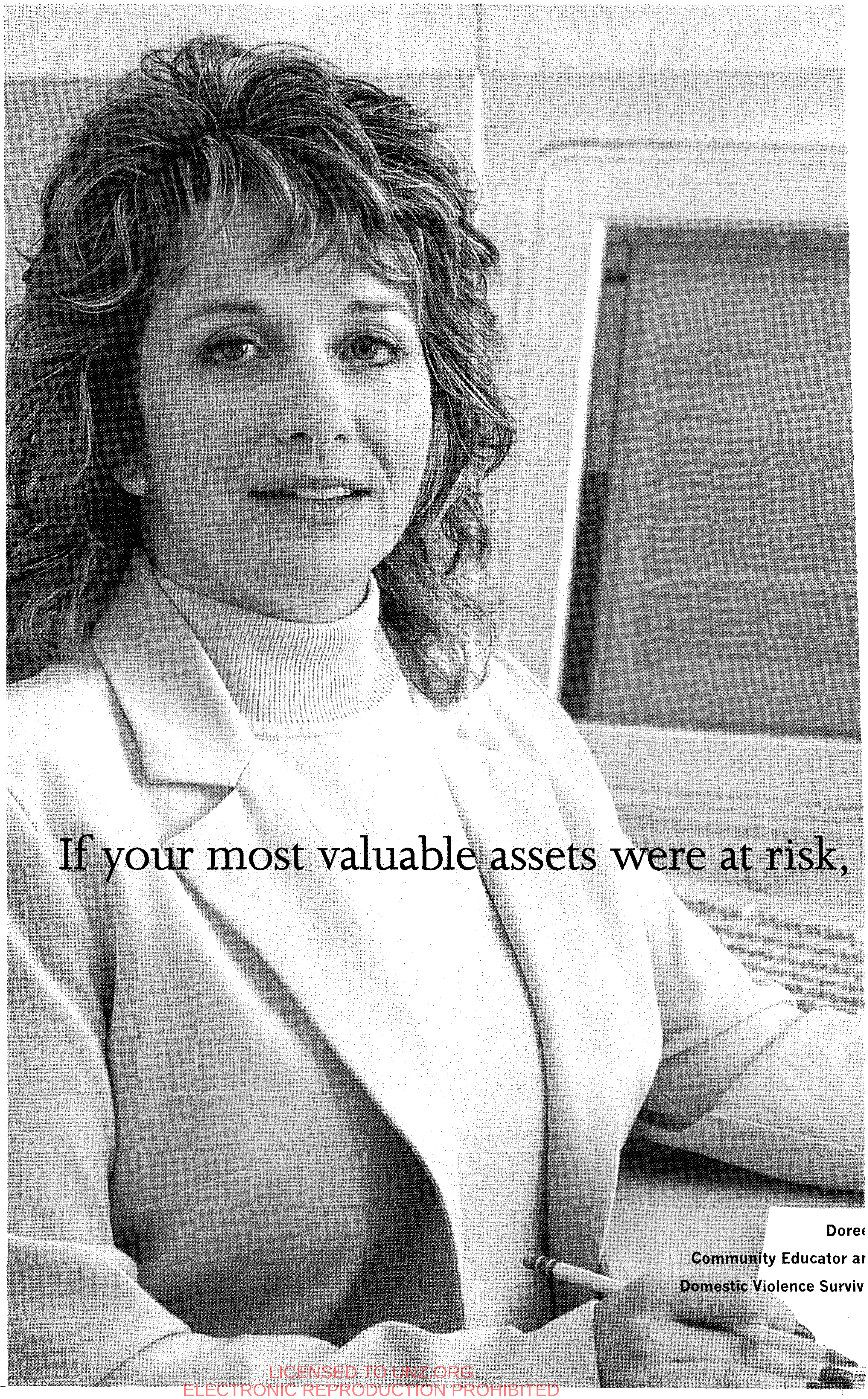


SOMEWHERE ANOTHER MAN YOUR AGE IS BUYING A SILLY RED SPORTS CAR.

THE 60" WIDE-SCREEN LG PLASMA HDTV MONITOR: A NEXT GENERATION PANEL FOR INCREDIBLE PICTURE, FAROUDJA® PROCESSOR, ADVANCED ZOOM AND FLEXIBLE PIP. A BIT MUCH? YES. OVER THE TOP? DEFINITELY. WANT TO KNOW MORE? SEE THE FULL RANGE OF FLATPANELS AT WWW.LGUSA.COM OR CALL 1-800-243-0000.

©2003 LG Electronics Inc. LG, Design and Life's Good are trademarks of LG Electronics Inc. Faroudja is a registered trademark of Faroudja Laboratories, Inc.


LG
LG
LIFE'S GOOD™


If your most valuable assets were at risk,
Dore
Community Educator a
Domestic Violence Surviv

© 2003 Altria Group, Inc. Photo: Jayne Wexler

Domestic Violence affects 1 in every 4 women.

It costs American businesses over $3 billion each year.

And your company can be part of the solution.

Domestic violence is the leading cause of injury to women in our country, and its impact extends from the home to the workplace. The result? Shattered lives and billions of dollars in business losses annually due to absenteeism, turnover, medical expenses and lower productivity.

That's why helping victims of domestic violence is your business. Your company can change lives by building awareness of the issue and providing a link to information about resources in your community.

Let your employees know their safety is important. A few steps can make all the difference to your business — and to someone like Doreen.

wouldn't you protect them?

To learn how to implement a domestic violence workplace policy in your company, please visit:
www.safeatworkcoalition.org

If you or one of your employees needs help, contact the National Domestic Violence Hotline:
(800) 799-SAFE

Supported by

Altria

Kraft Foods
Philip Morris International
Philip Morris USA

www.altria.com

The perfect gift for the NPR® listener.

I heard it on NPR collection

jazz for blue nights | at home in the world | shake these blues

I heard it on NPR
Three CD Collection

Over three hours of music by such artists as Miles Davis, Sarah Vaughan, Patricia Barber, Ron Carter, Bebel Gilberto, Lila Downs, Edith Piaf, Youssou N'Dour, Muddy Waters, Etta James, Shemekia Copeland and Robert Johnson.

This unique collection features:

Jazz for Blue Nights, inspirational recordings of jazz legends and outstanding new artists

At Home in the World, exhilarating world music to stir your soul and incite your imagination

Shake These Blues, triumphant tracks that embody the grit, grace and gumption of the blues

Daedalus Books & Music

Order online at:
salemusic.com

Or call
1-800-395-2665

THE NEW YORKER

DECEMBER 8, 2003

16 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN
43 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
Bush's big promises; Conrad Black at bay

Jeffrey Toobin 63 ANNALS OF LAW
The Great Election Grab
The dirty fight for congressional districts.
Steve Martin 83 SHOUTS & MURMURS
Picasso Promoting "Lady with a Fan"
Judith Thurman 84 ON AND OFF THE AVENUE
Used Goodies
Vintage shopping for the holidays.
John Cassidy 90 LETTER FROM LONDON
The David Kelly Affair
How the death of a British scientist shook
Blair government—and its case for war.
Joan Acocella 102 ANNIVERSARY
George Balanchine's centennial.
Charles D'Ambrosio 112 FICTION
"Screenwriter"

THE CRITICS
John Lahr 122 THE THEATRE
"Caroline, or Change."
Photograph by Richard Avedon.
Nancy Franklin 125 ON TELEVISION
"Angels in America."
BOOKS
Joan Acocella 128 *Carol Loeb Shloss's "Lucia Joyce."*
135 Briefly Noted
Judith Thurman 136 *An obscene sixteenth-century satire.*
David Denby 139 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"The Last Samurai," "The Missing."

POEMS
Les Murray 98 "Airscapes"
Jane Mayhall 114 "The Comb"

COVER *"Ohmmm!," by Peter de Sève* THE BACK PAGE *"Glimpsed at Corkscrew Expo '03," by Bruce McCall* DRAWINGS *Michael Crawford, Frank Cotham, Barbara Smaller, William Haefeli, Jack Ziegler, Erik Hilgerdt, Mick Stevens, David Sipress, Gahan Wilson, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Victoria Roberts, Leo Cullum, Roz Chast, P. C. Vey, Charles Barsotti, Mike Twohy, Sam Gross, John O'Brien*

www.newyorker.com

FRI
DEC
TIFFANY & CO.
SWISS MADE

THE TIFFANY MARK™ FULL CALENDAR PLATINUM, $17,050. FOR A COPY OF [illegible]

©T&CO. 2003

TIFFANY & CO.

Winner of Business Week/ IDSA Design Award

Why is this Rabbit Smiling?

We just increased its Warranty to 10 years.

Rabbit owners are smiling too. Because every Rabbit Corkscrew is now guaranteed for 10 years from its date of purchase (even if there's a 2-year Warranty in the box).

After all, the Rabbit has been tested for 20,000 cork pulls*. That's 2,000 bottles a year for 10 years. You're not going to open more wine than that, are you?

*Independent lab test assumed replacement of spiral after 800-1,000 cork pulls.

Where To Go Rabbit Hunting:
Crate & Barrel, Beverages & More, WineEnthusiast.com, Kitchen etc., Pennsylvania Wine & Spirit Shoppes, Le Gourmet Chef, Sherry Lehmann, Strawbridges, Hecht's, Amazon.com or your favorite wine store

rabbit corkscrew

metrokane

World's leading line of wine accessories
See them all at metrokane.com

D430994 and other U.S. Patents

CONTRIBUTORS

John Cassidy ("The David Kelly Affair," p. 90; The Talk of the Town, p. 44) has been writing for *The New Yorker* since 1995. From 1986 to 1993, he worked at the London *Sunday Times*.

Nicholas Lemann (Comment, p. 43) is Dean of the Graduate School of Journalism at Columbia University, and a staff writer.

Philip Hamburger (The Talk of the Town, p. 48) has been at the magazine since 1939. His latest book, "Matters of State," was issued in paperback this year.

Steve Martin (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 83), whose most recent book is "The Pleasure of My Company," is acting in a movie based on his novella "Shopgirl."

Judith Thurman ("Used Goodies," p. 84; Books, p. 136) is the author of "Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller" and "Secrets of the Flesh: A Life of Colette."

Nancy Franklin (On Television, p. 125) writes a regular column on television.

Jeffrey Toobin ("The Great Election Grab," p. 63) is a staff writer. He is the author of, most recently, "Too Close to Call: The Thirty-Six-Day Battle to Decide the 2000 Election."

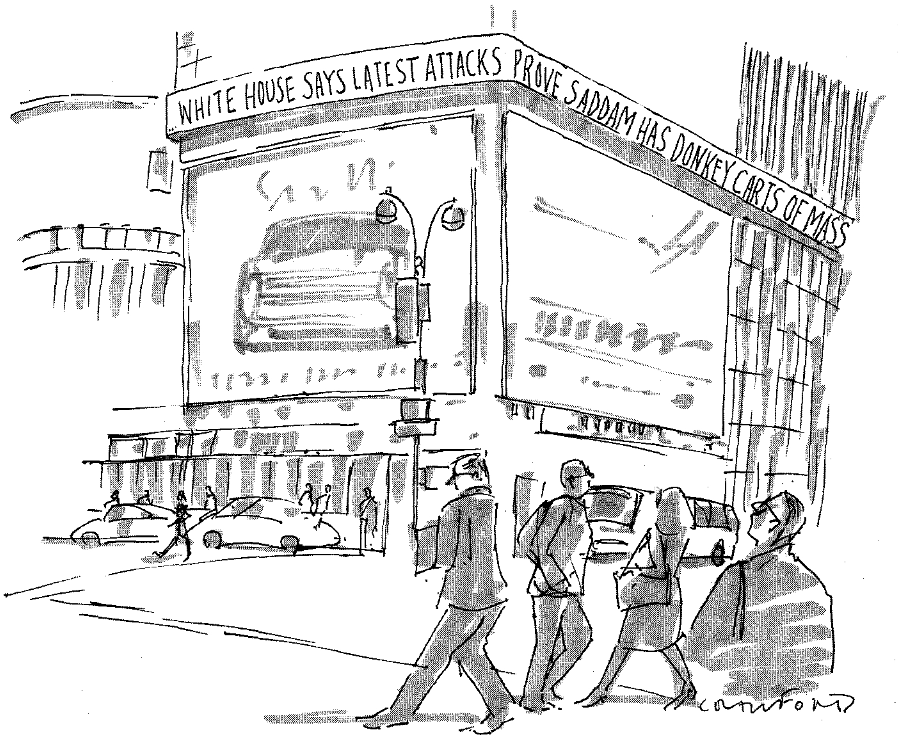
Les Murray (Poem, p. 98) has published eleven collections of poetry, including "Poems the Size of Photographs."

Charles D'Ambrosio (Fiction p. 112) is the author of "The Point and Other Stories."

Joan Acocella (Anniversary, p. 102; Books, p. 128) writes about books and dance for the magazine. Her book "Willa Cather and the Politics of Criticism" is available in paperback.

David Denby (The Current Cinema, p. 139) is a film critic for the magazine. His new book, "American Sucker," comes out in January.

Peter de Sève (Cover) was the character designer for the movie "Ice Age" and is now working on the sequel. ♦


WHITE HOUSE SAYS LATEST ATTACKS PROVE SADDAM HAS DONKEY CARTS OF MASS
CRAWFORD

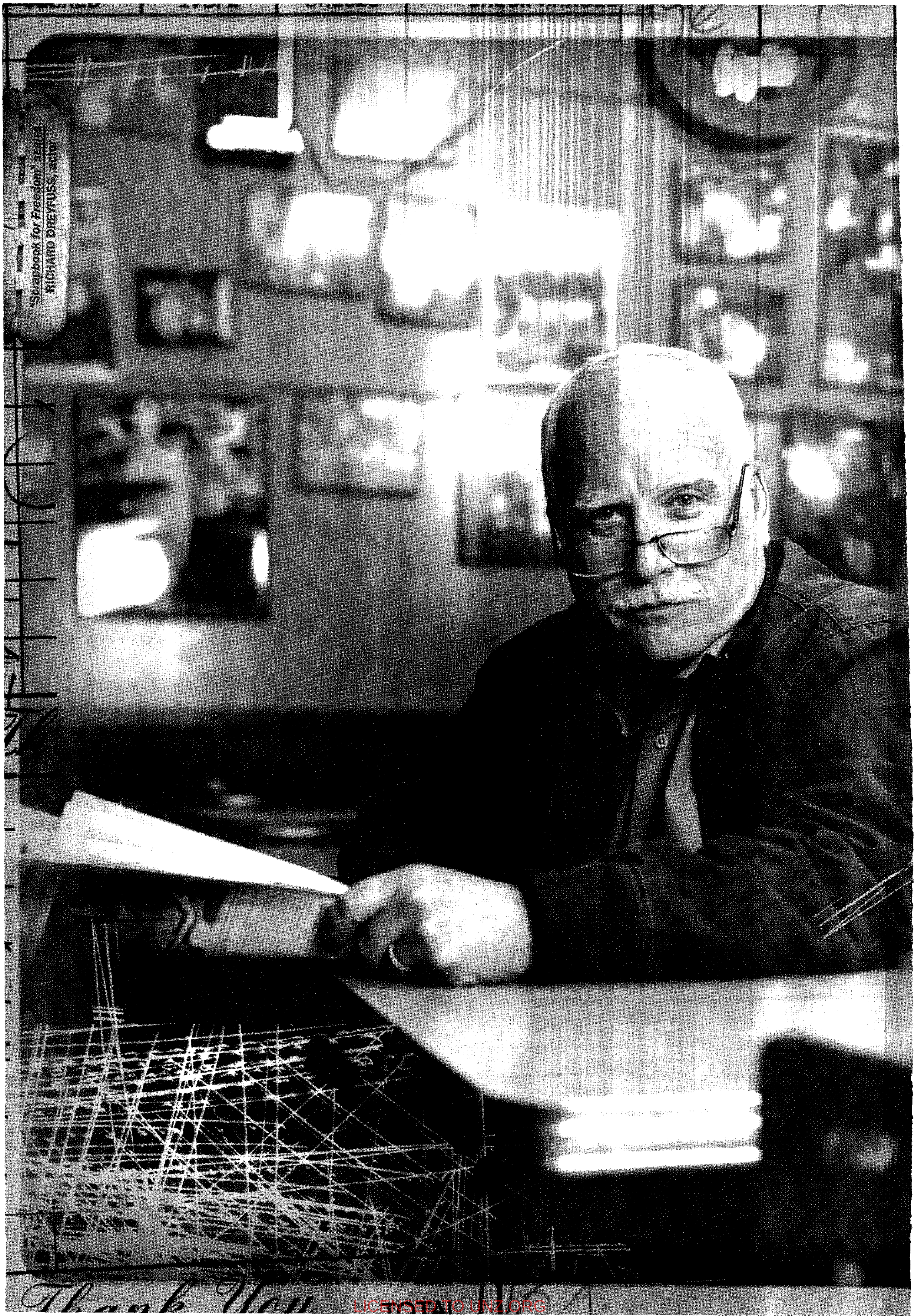
EDDIE BAUER®
SEASON'S GREETINGS
EST. 1920
SEATTLE U.S.A.
BAUER
EST. 1920
Eddie in the Canadian Rockies, Circa 1936

Eddie Bauer®
RUGGED OUTDOOR AMERICAN STYLE
EST. 1920

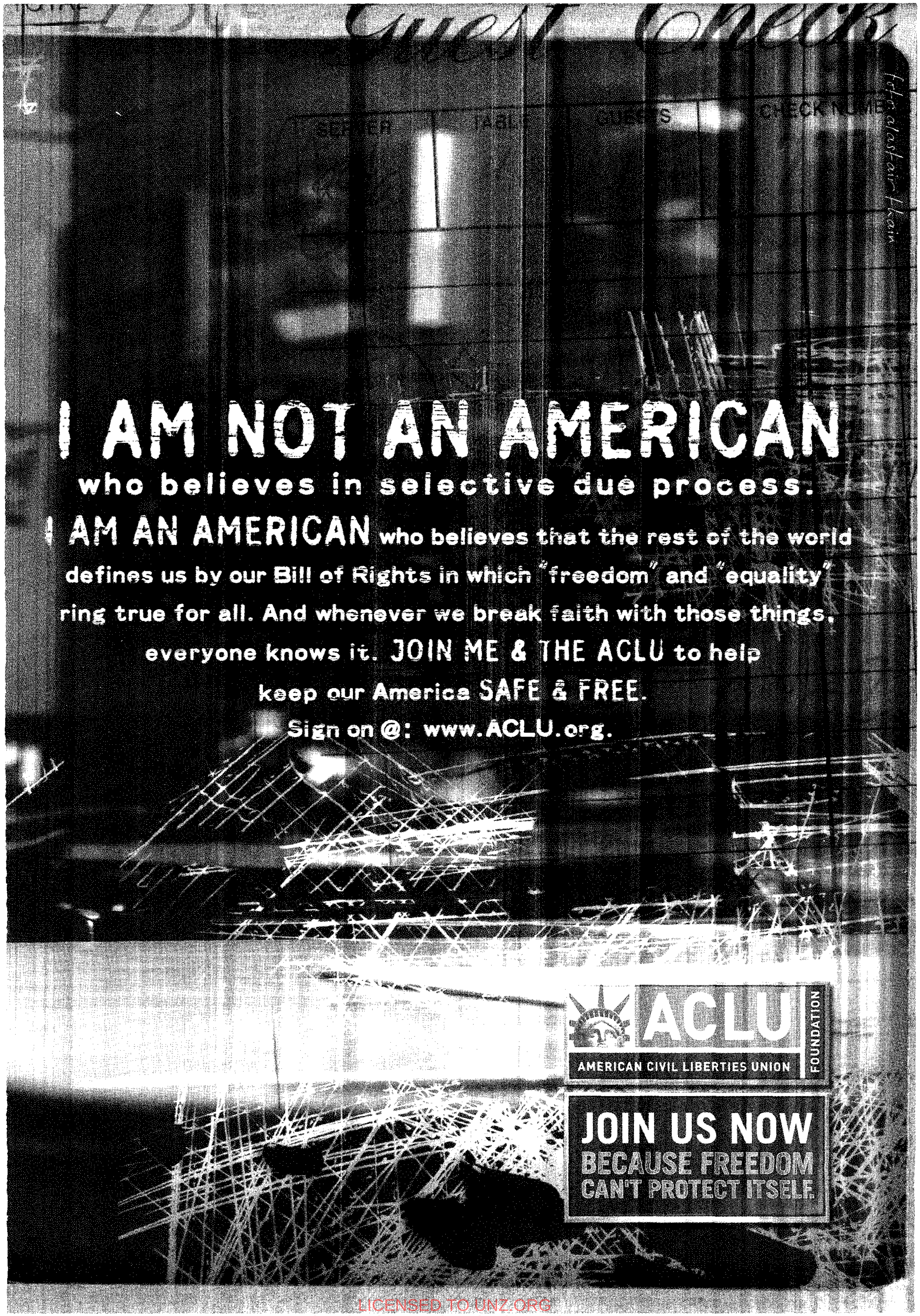
"Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow."
- Excerpt from Eddie's holiday wish list.

Visit an Eddie Bauer store. For a free catalog, 1 800 426 8020 eddiebauer.com

FREE SHIPPING
from November 24 to December 25, 2003 on all catalog and online purchases of $100 or more.



"Scrapbook for Freedom" series
RICHARD DREYFUSS, actor


Guest Check
SERVER
TABLE
GUESTS
CHECK NUMBER
foto: alastair thain

I AM NOT AN AMERICAN

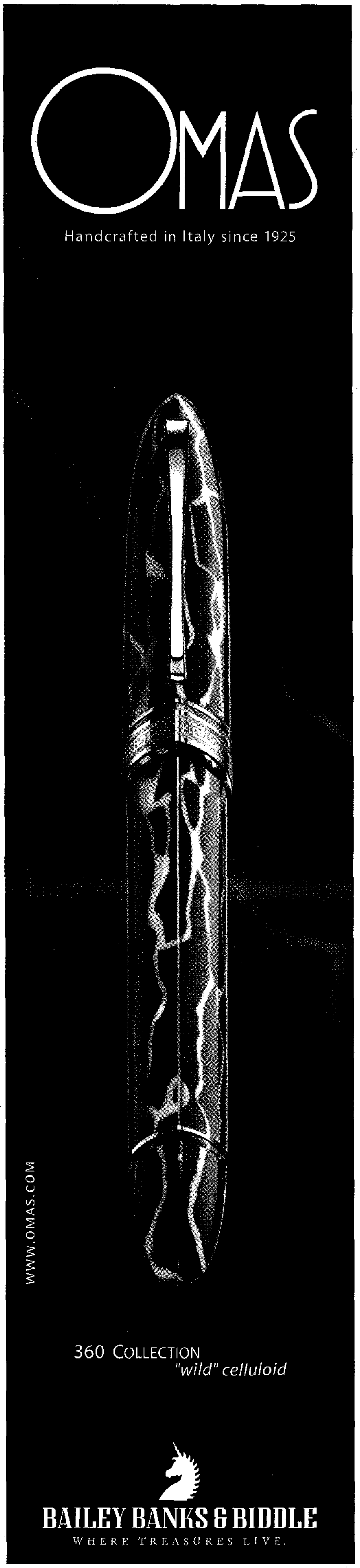
who believes in selective due process.

I AM AN AMERICAN who believes that the rest of the world defines us by our Bill of Rights in which "freedom" and "equality" ring true for all. And whenever we break faith with those things, everyone knows it. JOIN ME & THE ACLU to help keep our America SAFE & FREE.

Sign on @: www.ACLU.org.

ACLU
AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION
FOUNDATION

JOIN US NOW
BECAUSE FREEDOM
CAN'T PROTECT ITSELF.



THE MAIL

THE GENERAL'S DEFENSE

Peter J. Boyer does a thorough job of recounting the criticisms that have been directed at General Wesley Clark's prosecution of the war in Kosovo, and at his military record as a whole ("General Clark's Battles," November 17th). But some obvious points need to be made in the General's defense. First, with regard to Kosovo, Boyer writes that Clark "pushed his case directly" to the Clinton White House. But even if he did, it was Madeleine Albright, then the Secretary of State, who was the foremost proponent of military intervention in Kosovo within the Administration. *Her* "view prevailed," with the support of General Clark, not vice versa. Second, the action in Kosovo, whatever else one might say about it, successfully ended ethnic cleansing in the region. After the debacle of unchecked genocide in Rwanda, it was fair to ask whether not to respond to the crisis was a legitimate or justifiable strategy. Third, both NATO and the European Union are stronger today because of the intervention in Kosovo. Both have been able to expand because of renewed stability in the region. And, finally, Clark does have a clear position on the war in Iraq. In his testimony before the House and Senate Armed Services Committee in September, 2002, he argued that the U.S. should try to work with its allies and the U.N. to bring inspectors back into Iraq. If critics like Boyer insist that he has waffled, it is because they reduce his reasoned opinion to a sound bite.

Rochelle Tobias
Baltimore, Md.

If, as Boyer writes, General Clark annoyed his bosses by speaking his mind, he would hardly be the first general to have done so. During the 1991 Gulf War, General Norman Schwarzkopf, the head of the U.S. Central Command, got into a shouting match with his superior, General Colin Powell, then the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, after being told of the President's preferences for timing of the ground campaign. Schwarzkopf also complained about civilian officials back in Washington telling him that special-operations units should spend their time hunting for a few Iraqi Scud missile launchers. And, last February, General Eric Shinseki, the well-regarded Army Chief of Staff, told Congress that "several hundred thousand troops" would be needed to maintain stability in post-war Iraq; he declined to modify his estimate even after Paul Wolfowitz, the Deputy Secretary of Defense, said it was "wildly off the mark." Clark is the only general in our nation's history to have won a war without a single American soldier killed in combat. Perhaps some of his fellow-generals don't appreciate that, but I'm sure the families of the men and women who served in the Kosovo conflict do.

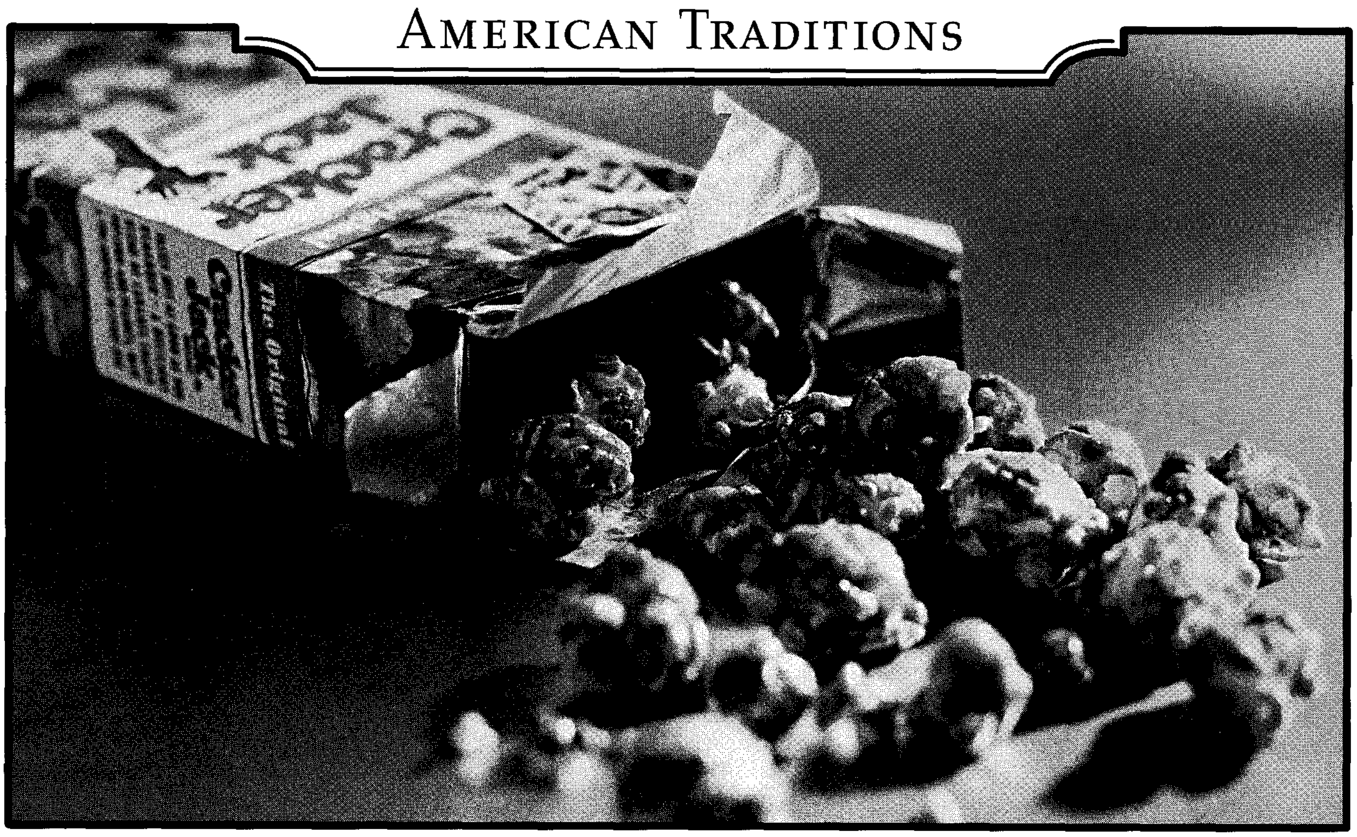
Chris Norlin
Los Angeles, Calif.

After a long buildup, Boyer's account of the endgame of the war in Kosovo is remarkably sketchy: a "diplomatic breakthrough," a volte-face in Moscow, and, just like that, the fighting was over. But Clark, the dominant player in this international drama and the ostensible object of Boyer's attention, is nowhere to be found. Is Boyer really suggesting that Clark, as the Supreme Allied Commander for Europe, made no real contribution to the cinching of the peace? If so, he ought to be more forthright in making his charge. If not, he needs to pinpoint exactly what brought this sad spectacle of death and dislocation to its close: who—or what—does deserve credit for stopping the wholesale slaughter of Kosovar Albanians?

Brendan Boyle
Chicago, Ill.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number via e-mail to themail@newyorker.com. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.



AMERICAN TRADITIONS

Some things are best when they have a surprise inside. Not your investments.

When you choose a value fund, you expect it to perform like a value fund. Which is why our funds are managed to ensure style consistency. They let you build a balanced portfolio with confidence. Our seasoned managers have been through numerous market rotations. This perspective allows them to keep our funds on course for the long term. To learn more, please call your advisor or visit www.americancentury.com.

You'll find the way we manage our value funds says a lot about our values as a company.

Overall Morningstar Ratings™
(as of 9/30/03)

Equity Income *(among 170 Mid-Cap Value funds)*	★ ★ ★ ★
Capital Value *(among 642 Large Value funds)*	★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Past performance is no guarantee of future results. Investment returns and principal values may fluctuate and redemption value may be more or less than original cost.

For current performance information, please call us or visit www.americancentury.com.

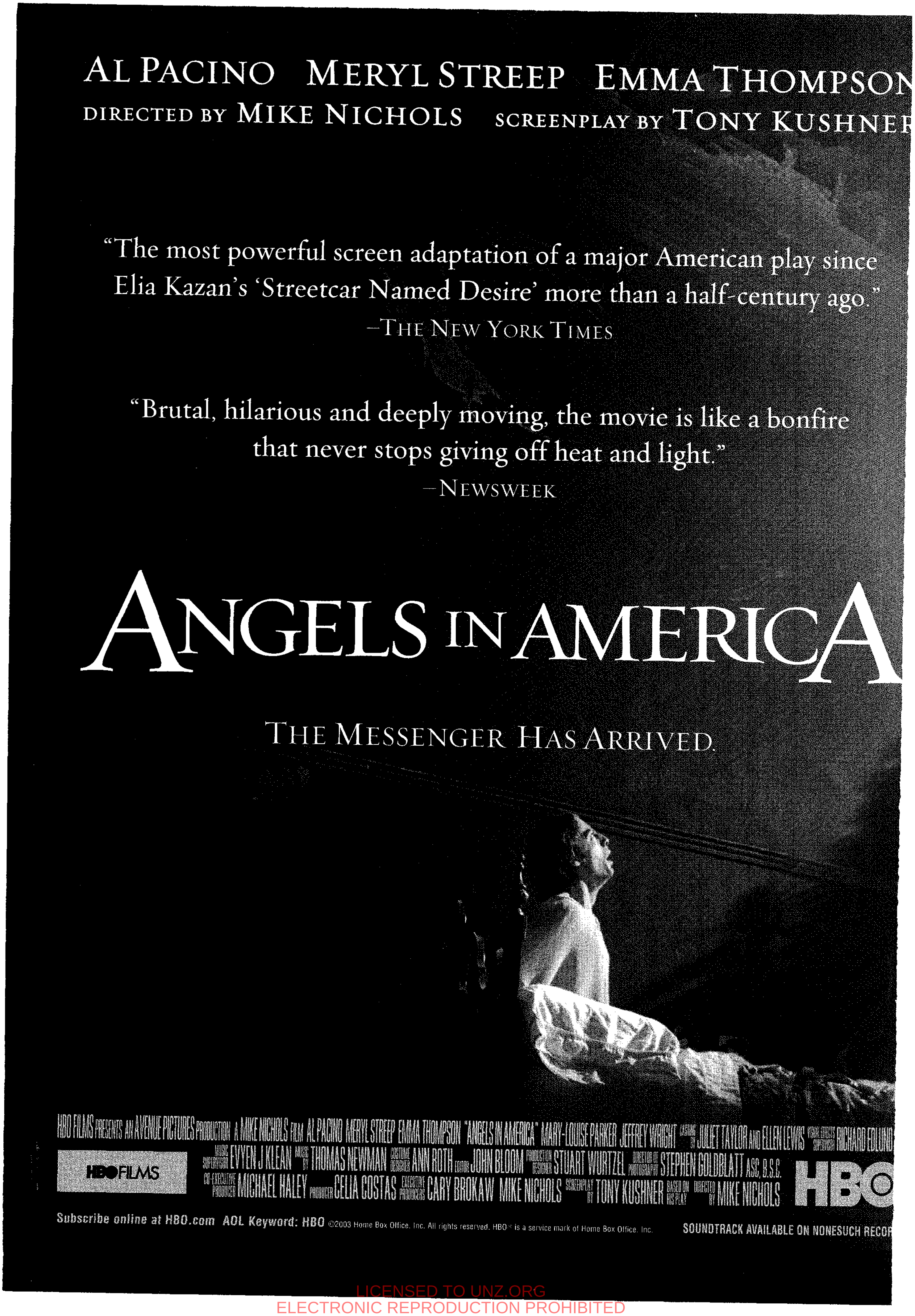
For each fund with at least a 3-year history, Morningstar calculates a Morningstar Rating™ based on a Morningstar Risk-Adjusted Return measure that accounts for variations in a fund's monthly performance (including the effects of sales charges, loads and redemption fees), placing more emphasis on downward variations and rewarding consistent performance. The top 10% of funds in each category receive 5 stars, the next 22.5% receive 4 stars, the next 35% receive 3 stars, the next 22.5% receive 2 stars and the bottom 10% receive 1 star. (Each share class is counted as a fraction of one fund within this scale and rated separately, which may cause slight variations in the distribution percentages.) The Overall Morningstar Rating for a fund is derived from a weighted average of the performance figures associated with its 3-, 5- and 10-year (if applicable) Morningstar Rating metrics. The funds had the following ratings for the 3-, 5- and 10-year periods, respectively. Equity Income 4, 4, NA out of 170 and 128 U.S.-domiciled Mid-Cap Value funds; Capital Value 5, NA, NA out of 642 U.S.-domiciled Large Value funds. Morningstar Rating is for the investor share class only; other classes may have different performance characteristics.

Please call 1-877-44-AMCEN for a prospectus with more complete information, including charges, expenses and minimums. Be sure to read it carefully before you invest or send money.

CRACKER JACK, SAILOR JACK AND BINGO, and the SAILOR JACK and BINGO characters are trademarks of Recot, Inc. ©2003 Recot, Inc.

American Century Investment Services, Inc. ©2003 American Century Services Corporation

AMERICAN CENTURY®
Investment Managers



AL PACINO MERYL STREEP EMMA THOMPSON
DIRECTED BY MIKE NICHOLS SCREENPLAY BY TONY KUSHNER

"The most powerful screen adaptation of a major American play since Elia Kazan's 'Streetcar Named Desire' more than a half-century ago."
—THE NEW YORK TIMES

"Brutal, hilarious and deeply moving, the movie is like a bonfire that never stops giving off heat and light."
—NEWSWEEK

ANGELS IN AMERICA

THE MESSENGER HAS ARRIVED.

HBO FILMS PRESENTS AN AVENUE PICTURES PRODUCTION A MIKE NICHOLS FILM AL PACINO MERYL STREEP EMMA THOMPSON "ANGELS IN AMERICA" MARY-LOUISE PARKER JEFFREY WRIGHT CASTING BY JULIET TAYLOR AND ELLEN LEWIS VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR RICHARD EDLUND MUSIC SUPERVISOR EVYEN J KLEAN MUSIC BY THOMAS NEWMAN COSTUME DESIGNER ANN ROTH EDITOR JOHN BLOOM PRODUCTION DESIGNER STUART WURTZEL DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY STEPHEN GOLDBLATT ASC, B.S.C. CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER MICHAEL HALEY PRODUCER CELIA COSTAS EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS CARY BROKAW MIKE NICHOLS SCREENPLAY BY TONY KUSHNER BASED ON HIS PLAY DIRECTED BY MIKE NICHOLS

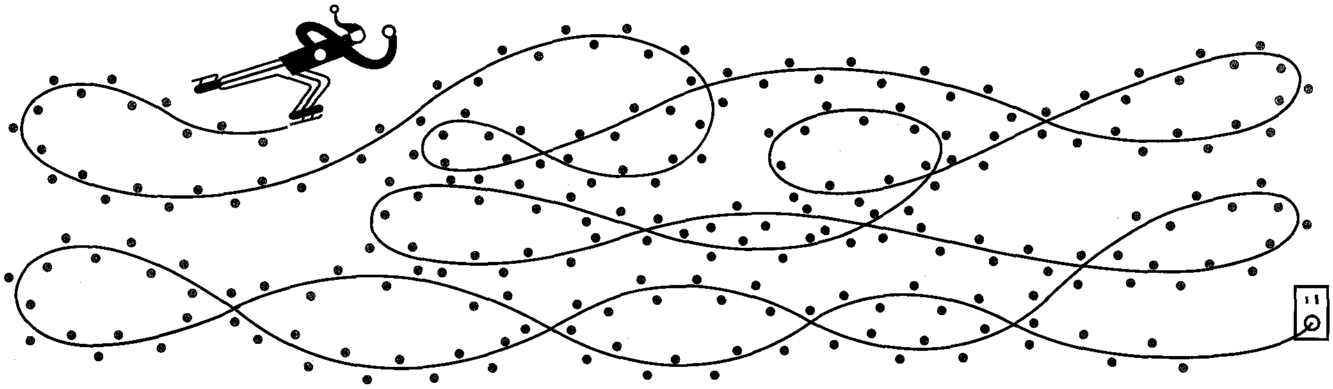
HBO FILMS HBO

Subscribe online at HBO.com AOL Keyword: HBO ©2003 Home Box Office, Inc. All rights reserved. HBO® is a service mark of Home Box Office, Inc. SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON NONESUCH RECOR

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PART 1
SUNDAY, DEC. 7 8PM/7C
PART 2
SUNDAY, DEC. 14 8PM/7C

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE HOLIDAYS

"THE RADIO CITY CHRISTMAS SPECTACULAR"
The Rockettes perform their annual kickfest, alongside Santa, his reindeer, and assorted elves. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 212-247-4777. Through Jan. 4.)

"A CHRISTMAS CAROL"
The annual musical production of the classic Dickens tale marks its tenth and final year; Jim Dale stars as Scrooge. (Theatre at Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. 212-307-1000. Through Dec. 27.)

"THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER"
Manhattan Children's Theatre presents a musical version of the Brothers Grimm tale, adapted by Kristin Walter. Directed by Bruce Merrill. (380 Broadway, at White St. 212-352-3101. Through Jan. 4.)

"THE CHRISTMAS REVELS"
Symphony Space celebrates the winter solstice with more than eighty dancers, musicians, and actors. This year's revels are set in Florence at the time of Leonardo da Vinci. (Broadway at 95th St. 212-864-5400. Dec. 12 at 8, Dec. 13 at 2 and 8, and Dec. 14 at 2 and 6.)

"VIRGIN MARY, MAKE MINE A DOUBLE—A VERY LEA CHRISTMAS"
The comic actress Lea DeLaria sings Christmas classics and tunes from her new album, "Double Standards," in three weeks of performances at the Belt Theatre. (336 W. 37th St. 212-563-0485. Dec. 4-5, Dec. 11-12, and Dec. 18-19 at 9 and Dec. 6, Dec. 13, and Dec. 20 at 9 and 11.)

"CHARLES PHOENIX'S GOD BLESS AMERICANA: THE RETRO HOLIDAY SLIDE SHOW"
A montage of images from Phoenix's collection of hundreds of thousands of pictures of family celebrations. (Pyramid Club Theatre, 101 Avenue A. 212-505-1700, ext. 14. Dec. 9, Dec. 10, Dec. 16, and Dec. 17 at 7; Dec. 23 and 25 at 7 and 9; and Dec. 24 at 7.)

NUTCRACKERS
The New York City Ballet offers performances of Balanchine's epic through the New Year (for more information, see Dance). ♦ "The Yorkville Nutcracker," a local version choreographed by Francis Patrelle and set in 1895 in Gracie Mansion, Central Park, and other city locations, plays at Hunter College's Kaye Playhouse. (Park Ave. at 68th St. 212-772-4448. Dec. 11-12 at 7, Dec. 13 at 2 and 7, and Dec. 14 at 1 and 6.) ♦ The New York Theatre Ballet's short, child-friendly "Nutcracker" is performed on two December weekends. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 212-355-6160. Dec. 13-14 and Dec. 20-21 at 11 A.M., 1, and 3:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			3	4	5	6
7	8	9				

TREES
The soprano Deborah Voigt and members of the New York Philharmonic, along with the cast of "Beauty and the Beast," help with the lighting of Lincoln Center's forty-foot blue spruce on Dec. 2 at 5:30. (Broadway at 63rd St. For more information, call 212-875-5766.) ♦ It took Dave Murbach, the manager of Rockefeller Center's garden division, six helicopter flights over five states to find this year's tree—a seventy-nine-foot Norway spruce from Manchester, Connecticut, which will be illuminated on Dec. 3 at 7. The "American Idol" winners Kelly Clarkson and Ruben Studdard, the erstwhile Stray Cat Brian Setzer and his orchestra, Enrique Iglesias, Ashanti, and other musicians will make it a telegenic event. (Fifth Ave. at 50th St.) ♦ Eartha Kitt and John Lithgow are among the stars lighting up the Broadway holiday tree on Dec. 10 at 5:15. (Duffy Square, Broadway at 46th St.)

HANUKKAH
Each evening starting Dec. 19, a new lamp will be lit atop the thirty-two-foot-tall menorah at Fifth Ave. and 59th St. There will be live music and hot latkes on Dec. 21. (Fridays at 3:45, Saturday at 8, and other nights at 5:30. For more information, call 212-736-8400. Through Dec. 26.)

MORE HOLIDAY MUSIC

"MESSIAH"
St. Thomas Church, with its celebrated choir of men and boys, gives one of the city's best presentations of Handel's beloved "entertainment" on Christian themes. They are joined, as always, by the early-music group Concert Royal and a quartet of guest soloists (including the bass Curtis Streetman). (Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. 212-664-9360. Dec. 16 and Dec. 18 at 7:30.) ♦ Another topnotch "Messiah" is performed by Richard Westenburg and his Musica Sacra Chorus and Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Dec. 21 at 8.) ♦ Last year the New York Philharmonic restored its own "Messiah" tradition after a twenty-year hiatus—and sold out the series. Nicholas McGegan, the genial early-music maven who heads up San Francisco's superb Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, makes his début with the Philharmonic in this year's concerts, which feature the Westminster Symphonic Choir and an incomparable group of vocal soloists: Rosemary Joshua, Alice Coote, Mark Padmore, and Gerald Finley (all making their débuts as well). (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 212-875-5656. Dec. 17-18 at 7:30 and Dec. 19-20 at 8.)

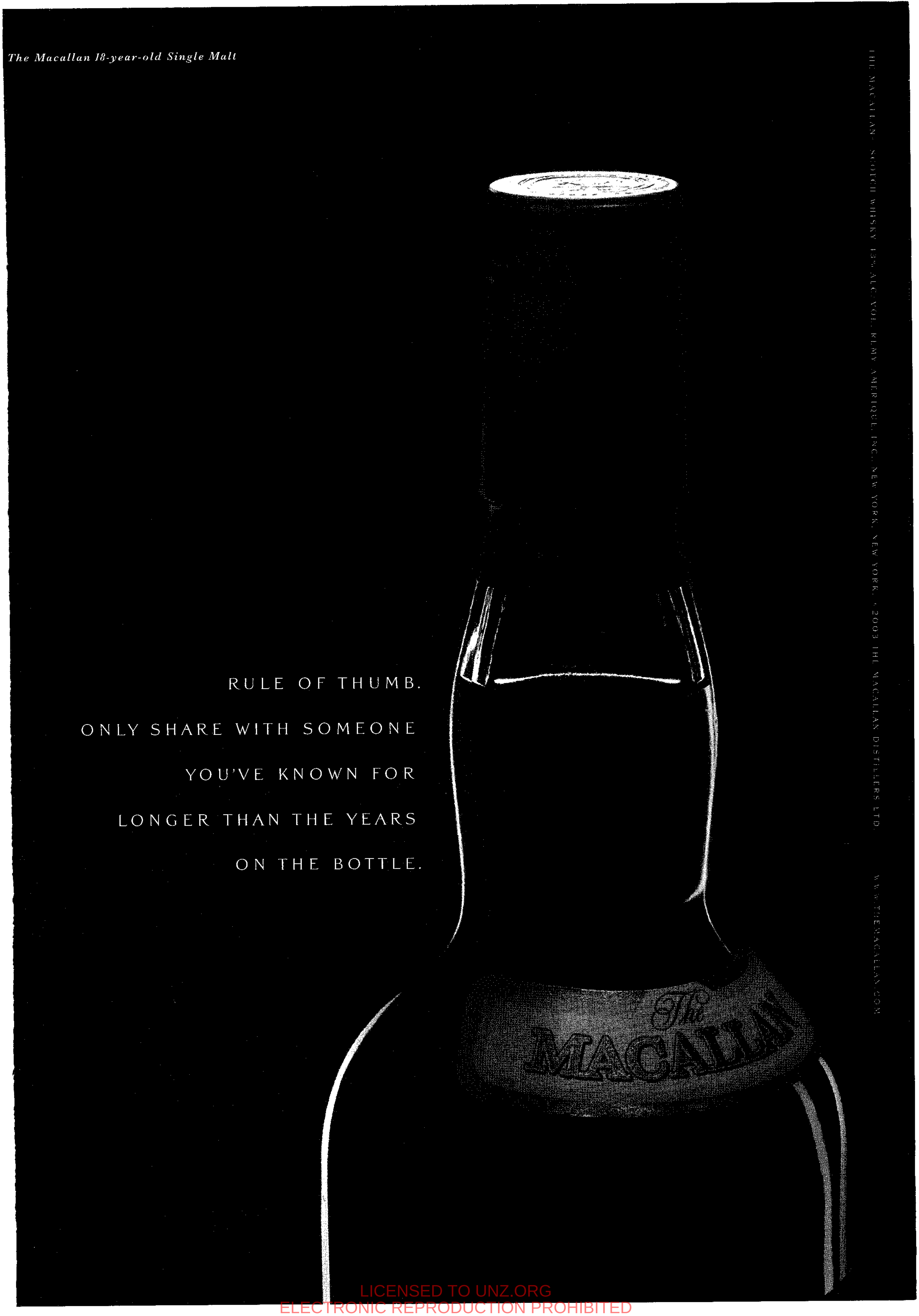
NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
The Philharmonic offers a host of holiday concerts at its home base, Avery Fisher Hall, beginning with a Deborah Voigt spectacular that features the Juilliard Choral Union, the boy soprano James Danner, and the conductor Donald Pippin performing a program of Christmas favorites. (Dec. 7 at 3.) ♦ Renée Fleming spends New Year's Eve with the orchestra and the conductor Andrew Davis, who leads music by Debussy, Ravel ("Shéhérazade"), Offenbach, and Massenet. (Dec. 31 at 8.) (212-875-5656.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
No one does a better choral Christmas than the virtuoso male voices of Chanticleer, who, in conjunction with the Met's El Greco exhibition, sing a selection of Renaissance and medieval works (along with some spirituals and carols) amid the grandeur of the Medieval Sculpture Hall. (Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 212-570-3949. Dec. 7 at 6:30 and 8:30. For a complete listing of concerts at the museum and the Cloisters, see www.metmuseum.org.)

EOS ORCHESTRA
Jonathan Sheffer conducts the group's second annual Christmas concert, a semi-staged, English-language version of Schütz's Christmas Oratorio played in a decidedly modern orchestration (for marimbas and strings). (Concert Hall, Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. 212-691-6415. Dec. 18 at 8.)

BARGEMUSIC
Olga Bloom's floating chamber-music series is a year-round affair, but its cozy space, complete with fireplace—and, at intermission, a groaning board of wine and cheese—is especially inviting at holiday time. Steven Beck stands watch on Christmas Eve, performing the Goldberg Variations on the barge's Steinway grand. (Dec. 24 at 7:30.) ♦ More Bach for New Year's Eve, with Steven Beck joining a bunch of the city's hottest freelancers (including the flutist Susan Palma-Nidel and the cellist Edward Arron) for the Brandenburg Concertos Nos. 2, 4, and 5 and two other concertos. (Dec. 31 at 7:30). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

NEW YORK STRING ORCHESTRA
Carnegie Hall's proud holiday tradition, a convocation of young virtuosos conducted by Jaime Laredo. Dec. 24 at 7: An all-Mozart program, with Leon Fleisher performing the Piano Concerto No. 12, K. 414. ♦ Dec. 28 at 2: The violinist Kyoko Takezawa is the guest in a concert of music by Vaughan Williams, Barber (the Violin Concerto), and Beethoven (the Eighth Symphony). (212-247-7800.)


The Macallan 18-year-old Single Malt
RULE OF THUMB.
ONLY SHARE WITH SOMEONE
YOU'VE KNOWN FOR
LONGER THAN THE YEARS
ON THE BOTTLE.
The MACALLAN
THE MACALLAN® SCOTCH WHISKY 43% ALC./VOL. REMY AMERIQUE, INC., NEW YORK, NEW YORK. ©2003 THE MACALLAN DISTILLERS LTD.
WWW.THEMACALLAN.COM

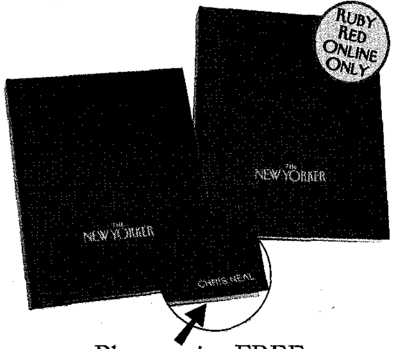
SERVERS
YOU CAN RELY ON.

YAHOO! Web Hosting
yahoo.com click webhosting

ADVERTISEMENT

MAKE A DATE
WITH YOUR 2004
NEW YORKER DESK DIARY TODAY

RUBY RED ONLINE ONLY



Plus, receive FREE personalization when you order your 2004 Desk Diary online at:

WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM

To order over the phone please call
1-866-494-6153.

CARTOONBANK.COM
A New Yorker Magazine Company
145 Palisade Street, Suite 373, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522

© 2003 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved.

NOVEL.
ROMANCE.

YAHOO! personals
yahoo.com click personals

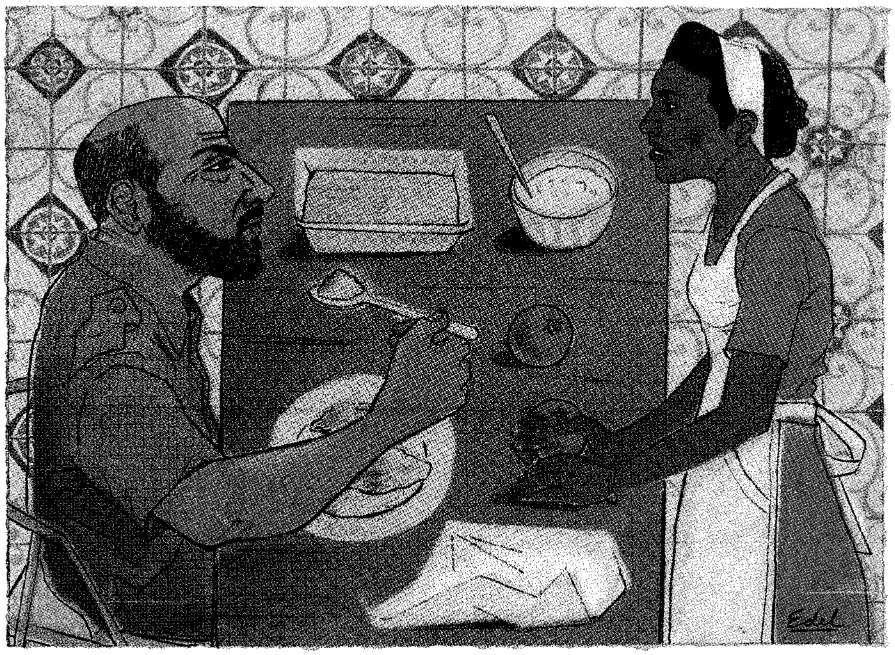
THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

DINNER WITH DEMONS

Second Stage presents a garrulous feast by the journalist, food writer, and playwright Jonathan Reynolds, who regales the audience with stories while preparing an opulent meal. In previews. (307 W. 43rd St. 212-246-4422.)



"The Cook," Eduardo Machado's new play about Cuba before and after Castro.

DUET

A new play about the rivalry between the actresses Sarah Bernhardt and Eleonora Duse stars Pamela Payton-Wright and Laura Esterman. Directed by Ludovica Villar-Hauser. Two previews on Dec. 3. Opens Dec. 4 at 6:45. (Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. 212-352-3101.)

FRAME 312

In Keith Reddin's play, which stars Mary Beth Peil and Larry Bryggman, a Time-Life secretary keeps a secret about John F. Kennedy's assassination. Directed by Karen Kohlhaas. In previews. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 212-239-6200.)

I AM MY OWN WIFE

Doug Wright's one-man play about a real-life German transvestite who survived the Nazis and the Communists—with all parts brilliantly played by Jefferson Mays—jumps to Broadway after a successful Off Broadway run. Directed by Moisés Kaufman. Opens Dec. 3 at 6:30. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

JUVENILIA

A campus-seduction comedy by Wendy MacLeod ("The House of Yes") comes to Playwrights Horizons in a production directed by David Petrarca. In previews. Opens Dec. 7 at 7. (416 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

NEVER GONNA DANCE

A new musical based on the Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers vehicle "Swing Time," featuring the music of Jerome Kern. Directed by Michael Greif. Two previews on Dec. 3. Opens Dec. 4 at 6:30. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

A new play by John Kani, set in South Africa in the postapartheid era, centers on the emotions of a black South African man whose brother has died in exile. Directed by Janice Honeyman. In previews. Opens Dec. 7 at 6:45. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200.)

THE REGARD EVENING

The Signature Theatre Company presents the second production of its Bill Irwin season, in which Irwin revives and expands his popular show from 1983, "The Regard of Flight," with members of the show's original cast. Directed by James Houghton. Previews begin Dec. 3. (Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. 212-244-7529.)

RIGHT YOU ARE

The National Actors Theatre presents a play by Luigi Pirandello, about people who pry into the private lives of newcomers to their community, in a translation by Eric Bentley. Directed by Fabrizio Melano. In previews. Opens Dec. 7 at 3. (Schimmel Center for the Arts at Pace University, Spruce St. between Park Row and Gold St. 212-239-6200.)

ROSE'S DILEMMA

Mary Tyler Moore stars in a Manhattan Theatre Club production of a new play by Neil Simon, about a famous writer who resolves to write a blockbuster. Directed by Lynne Meadow. In previews. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212.)

OPENED RECENTLY

ALLADEEN

The Builders Association and London's Motiroti present an updated version of the Aladdin tale, set amid Bangalore's telemarketing industry. Directed by Marianne Weems, with lighting by Jennifer Tipton. (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St. 718-636-4100. Closes Dec. 6.)

ANNA IN THE TROPICS

The play, which arrived trailing clouds of glory, was awarded this year's Pulitzer Prize by a panel that had read the script but hadn't seen it staged, which is as absurd as giving a restaurant four stars on the basis of its menu. Nilo Cruz's simple, lyrical anecdote—about a Tampa, Florida, cigar factory in 1929, where a handsome "lector" (Jimmy Smits) reads "Anna Karenina" to the workers— is really a libretto for a musical, not a satisfying vehicle for the stage. Cruz's charming but thinly drawn characters cry out for song, not speech. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/1/03.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE BEARD OF AVON

Amy Freed's new comedy proposes an unusual solution to the controversy over Shakespearean authorship: that the Earl of Oxford, Edward De Vere, collaborated on plays with the unschooled but talented Will Shakspere and relied on him more and more as time went on. Tim Blake Nelson's Shakspere evolves during the play from a sweetly yearning farmer to a writer sure of his craft, but it's Mark Harelik's convincing portrayal of De Vere that elevates the play beyond farce. Directed by Doug Hughes. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 212-239-6200.)

BRIGHT IDEAS
The first act is a tour de force, and even if the second act turns into a tour de too much force, Eric Coble's farce about parents who will stop at nothing to get their son into a choice preschool has physical and verbal comedy to spare. Seana Kofoed is the demented mother, Paul Fitzgerald is her compliant husband, and Orlagh Cassidy, Linda Marie Larson, and Colman Domingo shine in multiple roles. Directed by John Rando. (East 13th Street Theatre, 136 E. 13th St. 212-279-4200. Closes Dec. 7.)

THE CARETAKER
In Harold Pinter's breakthrough play from 1960, two brothers—Aston, who is slow and deliberate, and Mick, a presentable sociopath—allow an old drifter named Davies to stay in their house, tacitly inviting him to mend their cracked minds and howling hearts, as if he were the father they'd been waiting for all their lives. In the Roundabout's production, Patrick Stewart, as Davies, and Kyle MacLachlan, as Aston, perform well under David Jones's sensitive direction; Aidan Gillen, as Mick, is both lethal and adorable, a cuddly gutter rat. (11/17/03) (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 212-719-1300.)

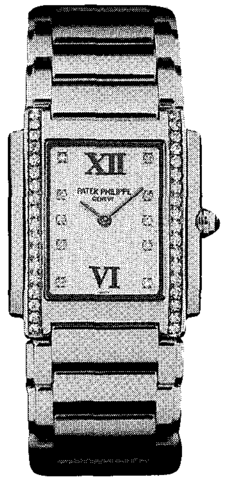
CAROLINE, OR CHANGE
Tony Kushner's new musical, with music by Jeanine Tesori, is set in Louisiana in 1963 and tells the story of the friendship between a black maid and the son of the Jewish family she works for. Directed by George C. Wolfe. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 212-239-6200.)

THE COOK
The gusto of Eduardo Machado's first-rate play is matched by the direction of Michael John Garcés, who begins the evening with a party in the lobby that segues into the first act, set amid the hubbub of a kitchen in a Havana mansion, in 1958. It is the last pre-Castro moment, and Machado uses the kitchen as a metaphor to examine the oppression and betrayals of both exile and revolution over a span of forty years. Zabryna Guevara gives a luminous performance as the adroit, loyal cook—the Latino equivalent of the Southern phenomenon that Zora Neale Hurston called the "pet Negro." She keeps faith with her reactionary mistress, only to learn in her old age that she herself has not been kept in mind. Although the play hits a faltering, hysterical note toward the end, it does not dim a shining theatrical experience which is more revealing of Latino culture than "Anna in the Tropics," this year's Pulitzer Prize winner. (Intar 53, at 508 W. 53rd St. 212-279-4200.)

DOLLHOUSE
French absurdism meets American vaudeville in Lee Breuer's provocative adaptation, produced by Mabou Mines, of Ibsen's 1879 classic, "A Doll's House." Nora, a housewife (Maude Mitchell), flits among petite furnishings while chirping in falsetto; Torvald, her husband (Mark Povinelli), booms and stomps while worrying about the bank. She's five foot eleven; he's under four feet, as are all but one of the men in the cast. But nothing in this madcap production comes up short. Music by Eve Belgarian. (St. Ann's Warehouse, 38 Water St., Dumbo, Brooklyn. 718-254-8779. Closes Dec. 7.)

FAME ON 42ND STREET
In the musical based on the (fictional) story of the last graduating class to occupy the decrepit building near Theatre Row that until 1984 housed New York's High School of Performing Arts, the lyrics (by Jacques Levy) and the music (by Steve Margoshes) are passable, but José Fernandez's book is as lacking in nutrients as a chocolate box full of dust. (11/24/03) (Little Shubert, 422 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.)

GOLDA'S BALCONY
In William Gibson's one-woman show about Golda Meir—the Russian immigrant from Wisconsin who helped create the state of Israel and eventually became its Prime Minister—Tovah Feldshuh shows how national and family passions blend in the heart, making dispassionate

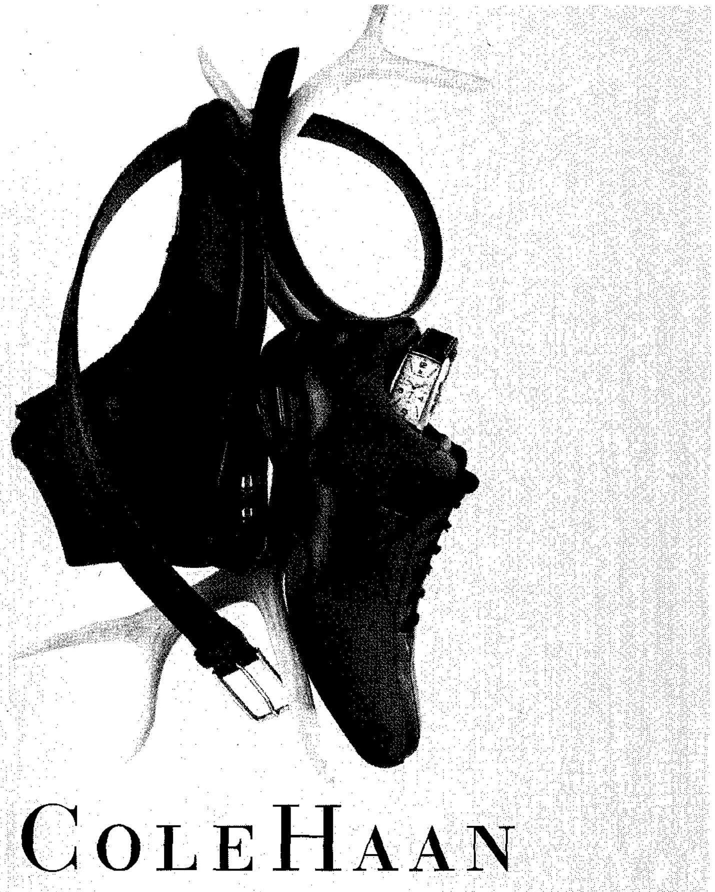


PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

Who will you
be in the
next 24 hours?

Twenty~4®
by Patek Philippe

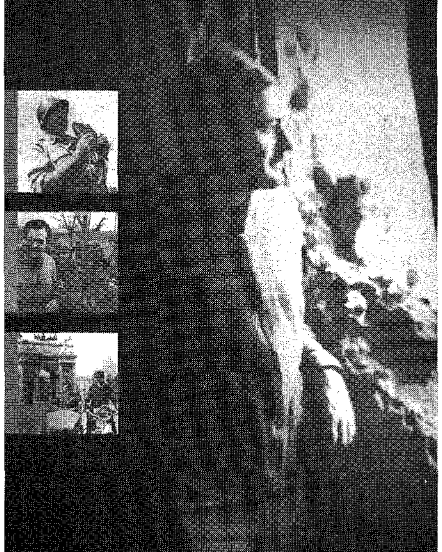
Available in steel or 18 karat gold.
For information: Patek Philippe, Dept. 503, One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020.
Tel: (212) 218 1240. www.patek.com



New York Tokyo Chicago San Francisco Beverly Hills ColeHaan.com 800 201 8001

COLE HAAN
with NIKE AIR technology

ERNEST
HEMINGWAY



HEMINGWAY
ON WAR

EDITED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY SEÁN HEMINGWAY

FOREWORD BY PATRICK HEMINGWAY

He witnessed many of the seminal conflicts of the twentieth century and recorded them with matchless power. Now, one landmark volume brings together Ernest Hemingway's most important writings on war.

"This book includes what I believe are the best short stories, passages from novels, and articles written by my grandfather."
—Seán Hemingway

16 pages of black-and-white photographs

Also available:
Hemingway on Hunting
Hemingway on Fishing

SCRIBNER
A Division of Simon & Schuster
A VIACOM COMPANY
www.simonsays.com

judgment impossible. Directed by Scott Schwartz. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

HENRY IV
A hero sandwich of sorts, Dakin Matthews's adaptation of Shakespeare's two-part chronicle of the wayward Prince Hal's succession to his father's throne is stuffed into one almost four-hour evening. As a study of public and private rebellion, "Henry IV" is as savvy today as it was when the first part was minted, in the winter of 1596, yet this production is emotionally lopsided. Ethan Hawke is excellent as the brave and bright Hotspur, but Michael Hayden's Hal (he replaced Billy Crudup in the production a month before performances began) conveys no real sense of the prince and brings little edge or patrician sang-froid to his character's louche liveliness—undermining his rapport with Falstaff (Kevin Kline). In order to box clever, Falstaff needs an equal, as Hal is meant to be but is not here. Directed by Jack O'Brien. (12/1/03) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 212-239-6200.)

THE LONG CHRISTMAS RIDE HOME
Paula Vogel's affecting play begins with three siblings on a fateful Christmas and flashes forward to the consequences the day has for them as adults. The production is enhanced by effective use of Bunraku puppets, designed by Basil Twist, that represent the cast as children. Directed with admirable pacing by Mark Brokaw. (Vineyard, 108 E. 15th St. 212-353-0303. Closes Dec. 7.)

PICK UP AX
Vibrant performances from the three-member cast and direction by Alex Roe that emphasizes both physical and verbal humor make the most of Anthony Clarvoe's play about a tech business in crisis. The often witty script grows increasingly facile and sour in the second act, but even so this is an engaging new turn from a company better known for its period revivals. (Metropolitan Playhouse, 220A E. 4th St. 212-995-5302. Closes Dec. 6.)

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW
Resignation has settled over the union of an English couple, Edward (John Lithgow), a high-school history teacher, and Alice (Eileen Atkins), in William Nicholson's powerful evocation of a dying marriage. As Lithgow plays him, Edward is a big, passive man with a small, dithering voice; he hides behind his books, his silences, and his vagueness. Alice, cunningly shaded by Atkins's keen intelligence and sense of humor, is both an appealingly batty woman and an emotional terrorist. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. (11/3/03) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

A VERY MERRY UNAUTHORIZED CHILDREN'S SCIENTOLOGY PAGEANT
The irreverent theatrical group Les Frères Corbusier presents a musical production about the history of Scientology, performed by children, with text and music by Kyle Jarrow. Directed by Alex Timbers. (The Tank, 432 W. 42nd St. 212-868-4444.)

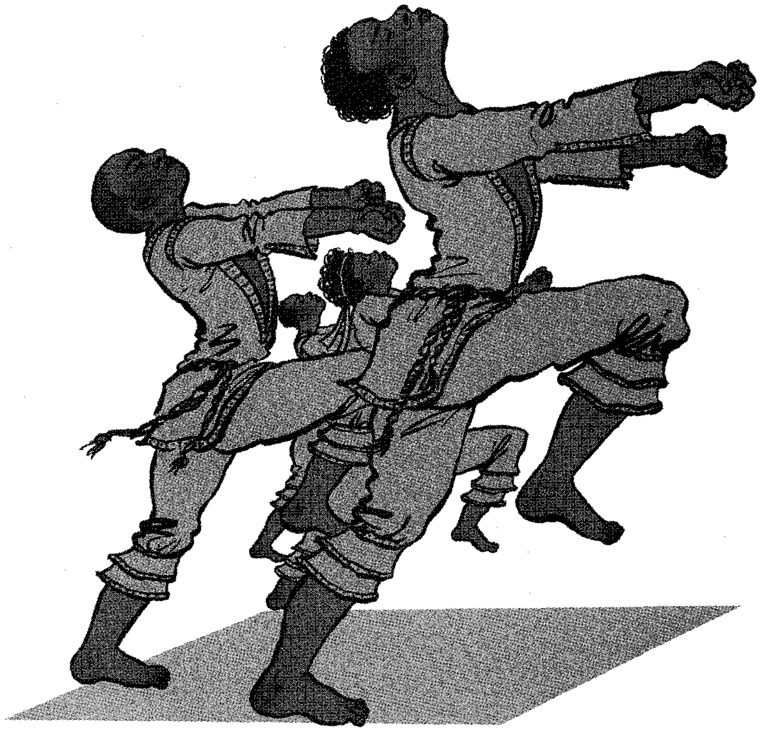
WONDERFUL TOWN
The musical from 1953, about two spirited Ohio sisters' adventures in Greenwich Village, is a buoyant, beautifully staged revival that gives us back a thrilling glimpse of the gaiety, wit, confidence and craft of the American musical in its populist heyday. The show boasts a well-played, fizzy Leonard Bernstein score and a terrific set of Comden and Green lyrics that stop the show several times, with a special huzzah for "One Hundred Easy Ways (to Lose a Man)." The excellent cast is superbly directed and choreographed by Kathleen Marshall. As Eileen, Jennifer Westfeldt swings, but Donna Murphy, as her sardonic, droll sister Ruth, owns the stage. This is one of those musicals that made the myth of Manhattan as an isle of joy. And after the sublimely silly seven-minute "Conga!" you almost believe it. (Al Hirschfeld, 302 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

WOOSTER GROUP
The downtown company presents a monthlong run of a work in progress. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 212-966-3651.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
In Balanchine's "Nutcracker," the Christmas party is gemütlich, the nightmare scary, the tree tall, and Candyland exactly what it should be: a child's dream of heaven. Tchaikovsky wrote the music at the peak of his powers as a fabulist, and Balanchine's imagination rose to meet it. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 212-870-5570. Dec. 4 at 6, Dec. 5 at 8, Dec. 6 at 2 and 8, and Dec. 7 at 1 and 5.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE
Now in its forty-fifth year, the company faces a familiar problem: finding a repertory worthy of its superlative dancers. The answers this season include new productions of old hits—Judith Jamison's "Hymn" (1993), Donald McKayle's "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder" (1959), and at least one pre-



"Juba," one of several new works in Alvin Ailey's monthlong season at City Center.

mière each week. First up is Jennifer Muller's "Footprints," in which dancers cross the stage as if part of some questing migration, play out fraught relationships, and send each other off on different courses. Though the dance is marred by Lawrence Nachsin's patchy score, Muller draws more naturalistic acting than usual from the Ailey dancers, while still mining their physical power for moments of violent intensity. With live music on the evenings of Dec. 3, Dec. 6, and Dec. 9. ♦ Dec. 3 at 7: "Hymn," "Cry," and "Revelations." ♦ Dec. 4 at 8 and Dec. 6 at 2: "Grace," "Prayers from the Edge," and "The Winter in Lisbon." ♦ Dec. 5 at 8: "The Winter in Lisbon," "Footprints," and "Revelations." ♦ Dec. 6 at 8: "Footprints," "Hymn," and "Revelations." ♦ Dec. 7 at 3: "Grace," "Hymn," and "The Winter in Lisbon." ♦ Dec. 7 at 7:30: "Footprints," "Prayers from the Edge," and "Revelations." ♦ Dec. 9 at 8: "Night Creature," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212.)

LES BALLETS JAZZ DE MONTRÉAL
Like its Chicago cousin, Hubbard Street, this ensemble has recently ventured beyond the finger-snapping fare for which it's been famous since the seventies and into the artier realm of international-style contemporary ballet. "Short Works: 24," by the Ballett Frankfurt alumna Crystal Pite, consists of twenty-four aphoristic sketches, each about a minute long. In Patrick Delcroix's primal "Sous le Rythme, Je," men in briefs dance while women play simple percussion; then they switch. Amid such high-concept work, the writhing in Mia Michaels' jazz piece "No Strings Attached" seems anachronistic and fun. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 212-242-0800. Dec. 3-5 at 8, Dec. 6 at 2 and 8, and Dec. 7 at 2 and 7:30.)

CENTRAL STATION
Danspace, Dance Theatre Workshop, and P.S. 122 join in hosting a three-week festival of rising Eastern and Central European choreographers. In the first week, three artists share the program at D.T.W.: the Romanian Cosmin Manolescu with "Serial Paradise," in which he and two other dancers execute intricate moves while wearing stuffed pig's heads, business suits, or nothing at all; the Bulgarian Galina Borissova with the solo "La Sonnambula," in which she extends her long legs while manipulating inflated rubber gloves and listening to opera arias; and the Hungarian Márta Ladjánszki with the solos "Two" and "Stretching Thighs." (219 W. 19th St. 212-924-0077. Dec. 4-6 at 7.) At P.S. 122, Croatia's BADco focusses on choreographic conflicts in the duet "Solo Me." (150 First Ave., at 9th St. 212-477-5288. Dec. 4-6 at 7:30 and Dec. 7 at 5.)

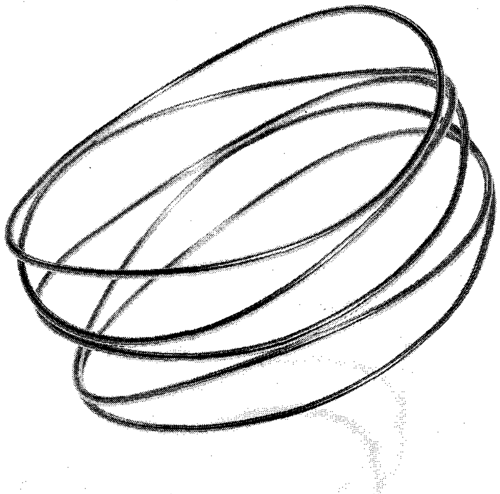
"ELEGY"
The Tiffany Mills company presents an evening-length ensemble piece commissioned by Works & Process at the Guggenheim. When a workshop version was performed last year, we wrote, "Set to John Zorn's composition, the movement gives shape to the music's aggressive outbursts . . . conjuring the violence of a Hitchcock dénouement." Since then, Mills has added an aerial prelude, allowing the dancers to taunt each other in midair. With video by Ela Troyano, lighting by Chris Hudacs, and costumes by Lizzie Pickard. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. 212-868-4444. Dec. 4-5 at 8:30 and Dec. 6-7 at 4 and 8:30.)

MOVEMENT RESEARCH
With the help of Danspace, the downtown dance organization celebrates twenty-five years of process-oriented experimentation with a series of dance improvisations by Ralph Lemon, Osmany Tellez, Astrud Angarita, Chris Aiken, and others. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 212-674-8194. Dec. 5 and Dec. 7 at 8:30.)

"DIORAMA"
The Esse Aficionado dance collective presents three new works set within a giant diorama made to resemble a grade-school project. Among the choreographers are Gina Graham, Veronica De La Rosa, and Maki Morinoue. (Merce Cunningham Studio, 55 Bethune St. 212-560-4825. Dec. 4-5 at 9 and Dec. 6-7 at 8.)

DUŠAN TÝNEK DANCE THEATRE
The Czech-born choreographer presents three new works, including "Pilot's Dream," a modern fairy tale without words; "Charge," in which dancers

YUKO SHIMIZU



©T&CO.2003. DESIGNS ©ELSA PERETTI

Elsa Peretti

Elsa Peretti® Wave bangle in eighteen karat yellow or white gold.
Three rows, $800. Five rows, $1,200. Nine rows, $2,100.

TIFFANY & CO.

800 526 0649 | TIFFANY.COM

LINCOLN CENTER
presents

Live From Lincoln Center
Hosted by Beverly Sills

Live From Lincoln Center is underwritten by a major grant from
MetLife

Additional supporters
Thomas H. Lee and Ann Tenenbaum
Robert Wood Johnson Jr. Charitable Trust
The Irene Diamond Fund
The Family of Frederick P. Rose
The Fan Fox and Leslie R. Samuels Foundation, Inc.
The Robert and Renée Belfer Family Foundation
National Endowment for the Arts

www.lincolncenter.org

photos: Chamber Music: Steve J. Sherman; Fleming: Decca/Niels Busch

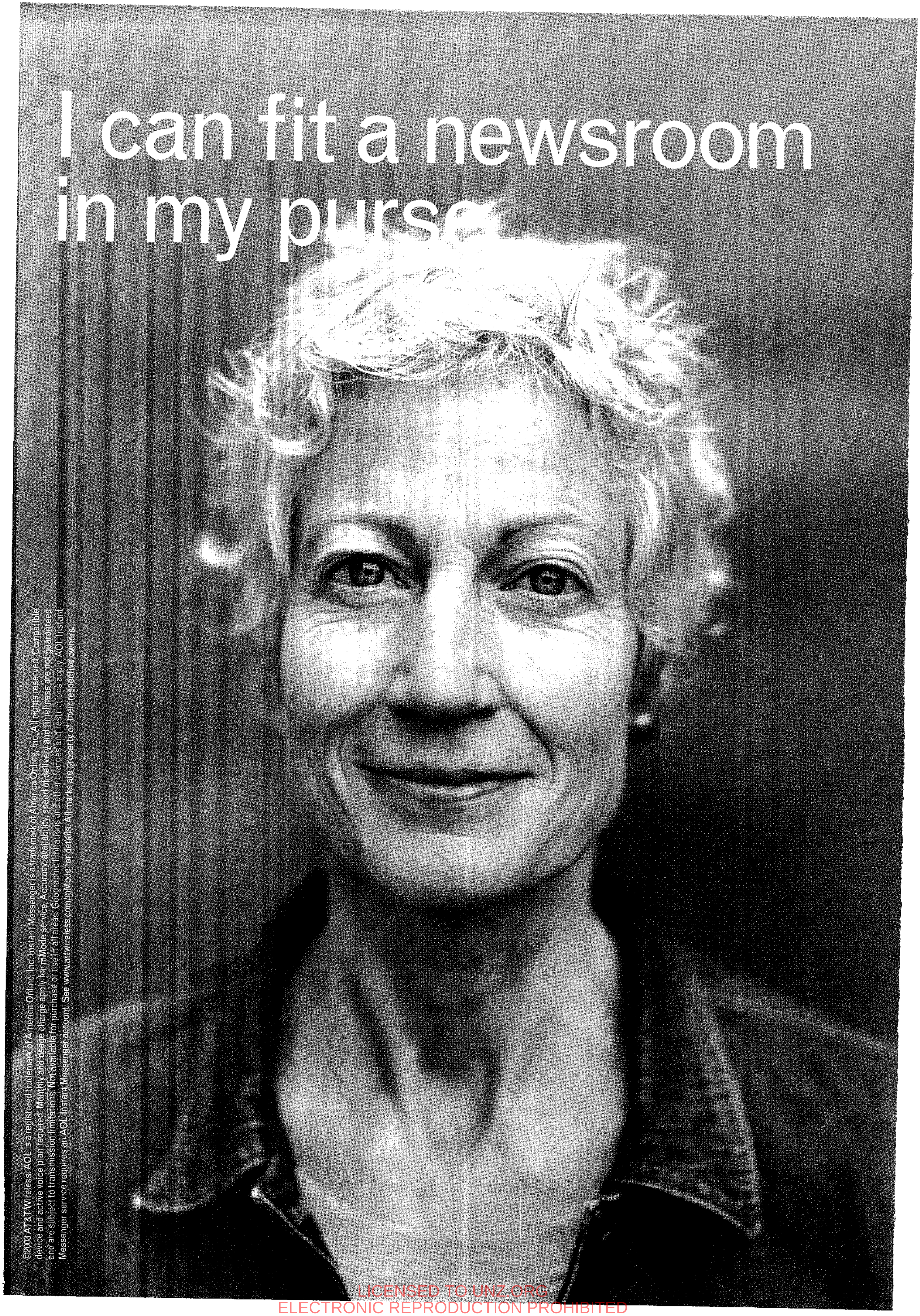
The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center

Renée Fleming

The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center
Bach's Complete Brandenburg Concertos
Sunday, December 14, 2003 at 5:00

New York Philharmonic New Year's Eve Gala
Sir Andrew Davis conductor
Renée Fleming soprano
Wednesday, December 31, 2003 at 8:00

PBS Check local listings for details.


I can fit a newsroom
in my purse.

©2003 AT&T Wireless. AOL is a registered trademark of America Online, Inc. Instant Messenger is a trademark of America Online, Inc. All rights reserved. Compatible device and active voice plan required. Monthly and usage charge apply for mMode service. Accuracy, availability, speed of delivery and timeliness are not guaranteed and are subject to transmission limitations. Not available for purchase or use in all areas. Geographic limitations and other charges and restrictions apply. AOL Instant Messenger service requires an AOL Instant Messenger account. See www.attwireless.com/mMode for details. All marks are property of their respective owners.

My mMode
Reuters News
CNN
Yahoo! Mail
AOL IM
Travelocity
Spotlight
NEC

You can stay informed and updated all day long with global news coverage from CNN. With mMode only from AT&T Wireless, you can read up-to-the-minute reports or view the images that are making headlines, right on the screen of your phone. Then you can check your e-mail or log on to AOL® Instant Messenger™ and spread the news.

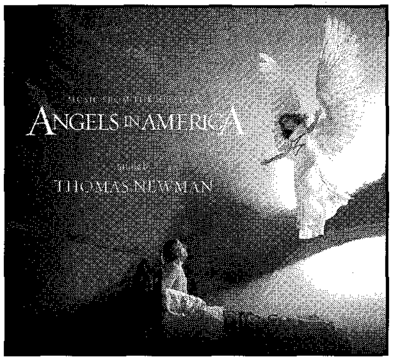
Call 1 866 reachout®, go to attwireless.com/mMode, or visit any AT&T Wireless Store for more information.

reachout® with mMode™
on the wireless service America trusts℠

AT&T Wireless

BORDERS® Words on Music

Borders' Soundtrack expert Bob Beamer says:
"Considering the sweeping scale and emotional complexity of 'Angels', it's hard to imagine anyone better suited to the task of providing a musical compliment to this story than Thomas Newman. Stirring, reflective, and haunting by turns, it's a compelling and beautiful score."



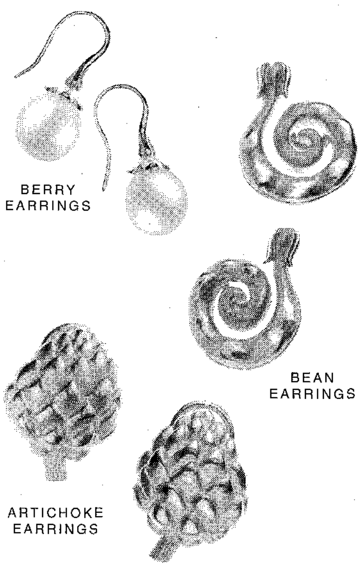
NONESUCH

Thomas Newman – a four-time Oscar nominee whose music for *American Beauty, Six Feet Under, The Player, The Shawshank Redemption* and others have placed him in the front rank of film composers – provides the soundtrack for "Angels in America," an epic two-part movie event from HBO Films, directed by Mike Nichols, written by Tony Kushner and starring Al Pacino, Meryl Streep and Emma Thompson. Premieres Dec. 7th on HBO.

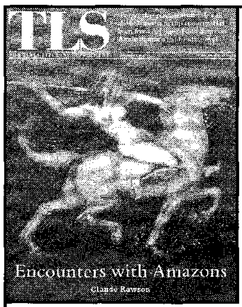
BORDERS®
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE

Freshly harvested

DESIGNS BY
JANET MAVEC



J. MAVEC & CO.
946 Madison Avenue at 74th Street
New York 10021 Tel (212) 517-7665
www.jmavec.com



- Every week
- From London
- Save 46%
- FREE 2004 calendar
- Makes a perfect gift

INTELLECTUAL STIMULUS

For more than 100 years, there's been no better way to explore the world of literature, scholarship and the arts than through *The Times Literary Supplement.*

Subscribe today and receive *The TLS* specially commissioned 2004 calendar.

TO SUBSCRIBE OR GIVE AS A GIFT
CALL 1-800-370-9040 EXT. 31303
Quote: SYKM3

TLS
THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
www.the-tls.co.uk

Offer expires 2/1/04; new subscribers only.

6 months $49.95
12 months $79.95

represent the connection between sparking fuses, and "Wardrobe Spectre," a work about a dance gone haywire. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 212-255-5793. Dec. 3-6 at 8.)

"OBINI ASHÉ"
The title means "the power of women," and the production, directed by Lisa Maria Salb and performed by a seventeen-member female ensemble, honors female deities and other heroines of Afro-Cuban spiritual and cultural traditions. With *makuta* (a Congolese social dance), Yoruba rituals, choreography by Yamile Malagón, and dancing by Susana Arenas Pedroso, of Raices Profundas. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 212-864-5400. Dec. 6 at 8.)

NAI-NI CHEN DANCE COMPANY
The Chinese-American troupe presents the new work "Unbroken Thread" and several repertory pieces in a cross-cultural program that includes Tibetan bells and Tuvan throat singing. (Baruch Performing Arts Center, 150 E. 25th St. 800-650-0246. Dec. 4-7 at 8. Through Dec. 14.)

"THE REMEMBER PROJECT 2003"
For the ninth year, Danspace acknowledges the impact that H.I.V./AIDS has had on the dance community with twelve hours of continuous performances at St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie. More than two hundred artists take part, including the "Urinetown" choreographer John Carrafa, presenting a new solo, and Christine Dakin, of the Martha Graham Dance Company and Pilobolus, performing Graham's signature solo, "Lamentations." (Second Ave. at 9th St. Tickets available at the door. For information, see www.dradance.org. Dec. 6 from noon to midnight.)

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

"HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ"
Playing straight woman to her then-husband Louis Prima during that wild man's fifties heyday gave **Keely Smith** permanent neo-hipster status, but her talents as a mainstream vocalist are still undervalued. (Tribeca Performing Arts Center, 199 Chambers St. 212-220-1460. Dec. 4 at 8.)

JAZZ AT LINCOLN CENTER
Thelonious Sphere Monk's personal vision of jazz has lost none of its lustre in the twenty-first century. A cross-generational gathering of players, including the saxophonist **Gary Bartz,** the pi-pa virtuoso **Min Xiao Fen,** the drummer **Albert Heath,** and the guitarist **Doug Wamble,** take on the durable compositions of the Master. (Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St. 212-721-6500. Dec. 4-6 at 8.)

COMEDY SOUL FESTIVAL
Rickey Smiley, Adele Givens, and other comedians serve up the laughs. The grooves will be provided by the soul-music giants **Earth, Wind & Fire** and the **Isley Brothers.** The Isleys' latest record, "Body Kiss," is really a collaboration between Ronald Isley and the R. & B. troublemaker R. Kelly (who wrote all but one of the songs and brought along such rappers as Lil' Kim and Snoop Dogg), and Ronald has also just turned out an album of Burt Bacharach covers on which Bacharach himself plays piano and did the arrangements. (Madison Square Garden. 212-307-7171. Dec. 5 at 7:30.)

AL GREEN
The great soul singer recently descended from the pulpit to spend time in the studio with his seventies producer Willie Mitchell. The resulting album, "I Can't Stop," doesn't break any new ground, but Green's voice, perhaps preserved by all those years singing gospel music, is a form of salvation. With the smoky-voiced interpreter **Cassandra Wilson.** (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 212-496-7070. Dec. 6 at 8.)

ANDREW HILL AND JASON MORAN
A pairing as logical as it is enticing brings together these jazz pianists for a night of duets. Moran, young and attention-grabbing, has a spiky, free-ranging style, but it didn't spring out of nowhere; it follows the work of Hill, an elusive titan of sixties avant jazz. Together they should stir up plenty of creative trouble. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3303. Dec. 8 at 8.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (212-997-4144)—Dec. 6: The powerhouse blues vocalist **Shemekia Copeland.** Dec. 7 and Dec. 9: **B. B. King** enjoys the fruits of his fame at his posh Times Square home.

BOTTOM LINE
15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (212-228-6300)—Dec. 5: The A-list singer-songwriters **John Hiatt, Suzanne Vega,** and **Dar Williams** give a benefit concert to help save this village institution, which is still without a lease. Dec. 6: The singer and children's-book author **Christine Lavin** does her part for the club with a benefit holiday show.

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Dec. 6: The local favorites **Firewater** return with songs from their fourth album, "The Man on the Burning Tight-

TABLES FOR TWO

AMMA
246 E. 51st St. (212-644-8330)—A year and a half ago, Anju Sharma and her husband, Dave, a Wall Street commodities trader who runs a travel agency on the side, opened a restaurant and named it Amma, after Indian mothers everywhere. There's a fresco of a mother on the wall, under which a little votive candle burns. The food, more complex than what you'd find on Sixth Street or Curry Hill, has an improvised feel—with French influences and the accompaniment of a thorough wine list, it's like fusion in reverse.

The chef Suvir Saran says he grew up in New Delhi eating panna cotta made with coconut and mango. He and his colleague, a mustachioed Rajasthani named Hemant Mathur, prepare a range of nimble dishes that reflect the cuisine of much of the subcontinent. The *bhel puri* is Bombay street food, typically eaten out of a paper cone; here, the concoction of rice puffs, chickpea-flour noodles, potato, cilantro, red onion, mint, and tamarind is served in a neat heap. The spectacularly tangy *kararee bhindi*—a salad of julienned fried okra, onions, tomato, and cilantro that goes with a fat Sri Lankan prawn—is a delicious preparation that Saran first made with his mom. A cauliflower covered in a tangy ketchup-based sauce was inspired by India's Chinese population: it tastes like a vegetarian nugget of General Tso's.

Bal K. (Bikki) Sharma, the Nepalese sommelier, tastes each wine on his list with the spices used in the kitchen: mustard seed, curry powder, pepper, tamarind. Bikki, who favors what he calls "New World" wines from Romania, Australia, Argentina, and Chile, is a sophisticated innocent: when the wine expert Robert Parker stopped in for lunch and a glass of Shiraz, Bikki had to be told who he was.

Amma's walls are pale orange, the banquettes are cayenne-red Ultrasuede, and a blurry line of light rims the molding: the light fixtures are wild coils of brass tipped by poppylike shades of orange glass. "Ikea," Bikki says.

The waiters joke with the Indian men coming in for takeout ("I say yes, she says no, and it's a fight!"), but the hospitality is universal. "E-mail me when you're coming back," Saran, milling around in a red paisley bandanna, said to one group of diners. "I'll make a trip to Jackson Heights and get you some special ingredients." (Open daily for lunch and dinner. Entrées $12-$28.)

—*Dana Goodyear*

Everybody's got an opinion about stocks. Want an unbiased one?

Call today for a better way to find stocks that may be right for you with Schwab Equity Ratings.™

At Charles Schwab, we believe individual investors deserve an equity rating approach that's both objective and easy to understand. So we created our Schwab Equity Ratings. Using the same set of diverse criteria, **we evaluate the stocks of over 3,000 U.S.-headquartered companies — more than any other major brokerage firm.** Our unbiased approach results in easy-to-follow A-through-F ratings that can help you decide which stocks to buy and sell. And because we believe that it's important to put any type of rating into context, your report will also include a range of third-party opinions to help you make more informed investing decisions.

TO RECEIVE A **FREE** SAMPLE OF **SCHWAB EQUITY RATINGS**
FOR **THREE** STOCKS OF YOUR CHOICE,
CALL 1-800-790-3801.
Visit www.schwab.com or an Investor Center near you.

charles SCHWAB

Generally, Schwab Equity Ratings may only be available to certain account holders. Access to Schwab Equity Ratings may be contingent on the payment of a service fee or the amount of assets in your Schwab accounts. Schwab Equity Ratings are generally updated weekly, so you should review and consider any recent market or company news before investing. Schwab Equity Ratings are general information; they do not take into account your individual circumstances, financial situation or needs, nor do they represent a personalized recommendation of a particular stock or stocks to you. Stocks can be volatile and entail risk, and individual stocks may not be suitable for you. ©2003 Charles Schwab & Co., Inc. All rights reserved. Member SIPC/NYSE. (1003-13156). ADS26211FUL.

rope." The front man, Tod A. (né Ashley), has fleshed out his swaggering ensemble with a new horn section, adding a weapon to the band's style-skewering arsenal. Along with the circus-themed fare of their new album, expect a slew of artfully mangled hits from their forthcoming album of covers, "Songs We Should Have Written." Dec. 7: The melancholic Scottish duo **Arab Strap.**

FEZ
380 Lafayette St. (212-533-7000)—Dec. 5-6: The cultural archeologists in the **Loser's Lounge** sift through the back catalogue of Burt Bacharach. Through Dec. 13. The **Mingus Big Band** packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

HANK'S SALOON
46 Third Ave., at Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn (718-625-8003)—Dec. 5: **Andy Friedman,** a visual artist and cartoonist (his work has appeared in these pages under the pseudonym Larry Hat) with a fondness for quoting Big Bill Broonzy, bills himself as a country-blues performer. But Friedman is a master of the slide projector, not the slide guitar, and instead of singing he shows Polaroid pictures and pencil drawings. Using lengthy, mostly extemporaneous monologues, he ties his images to the music he loves, elevating the interstitial ramblings of a wayward folk musician into an art form. More traditional roots music will be provided before and after Friedman's set by the **Wiyos,** a trio of actual musicians.

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (212-777-6800)—Dec. 3: Though it shares a title with MTV's classic showcase for spandex and big hair, MTV2's "Headbanger's Ball" represents a new generation of heavy metal, one of mostly tuneless guitar noise and barely coherent vocals. The lineup includes such indelicate acts as the morbid **Killswitch Engage,** the giddily blasphemous **Lamb of God,** and the strenuously technical (though still barely listenable) **Shadows Fall.** Dreadlocks, piercings, scowls, and earplugs are the order of the evening. Dec. 4: One of the longest-running and most influential bands from the first wave of British punk rock, the **Buzzcocks** forged a signature formula of simple, catchy pop songs and buzz-saw guitars. It sounds as fresh and exciting today as it first did in the late seventies. And singing about romantic foibles (instead of the then-fashionable subject of violent revolution) has afforded the band's music a timeless, universal quality. Dec. 5-6: The singer-songwriter **Martin Sexton** has a fresh and spontaneous folk-rock sensibility.

JOE'S PUB
425 Lafayette St. (212-539-8777)—Dec. 3: The Argentinean vocalist **Juana Molina,** who sounds like a Spanish-speaking Beth Orton. Dec. 7 and Sundays throughout the month: The antic three-woman operation called **Betty** celebrates the holidays.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (212-219-3055)—Dec. 5: **Los Straitjackets** (surf-rockers who perform in colorful Mexican wrestler's masks) and the **World Famous Pontani Sisters** (burlesque dancers who perform in colorful bits of strategically placed fabric) spread some holiday cheer.

MERCURY LOUNGE
217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—Dec. 6: The Brooklyn-based band **TV on the Radio** is rapidly outgrowing the musical minor leagues thanks to a singer, Tunde Adebimpe, who depends on vocal talent instead of raw emotion. He brings to mind Sting—not the Jaguar peddler but the impressive vocalist from the Police. With **90 Day Men,** a Chicago indie-rock foursome who mix pianos, guitars, and drums into mind-altering cocktails.

SIN-É
150 Attorney St. (212-388-0077)—Dec. 4: The actors **Ed Norton** and **James Urbaniak** join **Nada Surf,** the **Silos, Sex Mob,** and many, many other downtown musicians for a benefit performance of songs from "The Nitpicker," a new musical by Mary McBride. Dec. 5: Performing their first area shows since last May, the svelte lounge brigands in **Botanica** stop by with music from their forthcoming album, "The Truth Fish," with the **Prids,** the **Brides,** and **Bastion** in tow.

S.O.B.'S
204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (212-243-4940)—Dec. 7: The outspoken rapper **Jeru the Damaja** lays down tracks from his new record, "Divine Design."

Firewater descends upon the Bowery Ballroom on Dec. 6.

JOHN RITTER

WARSAW
261 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (718-387-0505)—Dec. 8: **Damien Rice's** début album, "O," is a collection of understated gems that concludes with an operatic splash. It recently won the Short List Music Prize, a three-year-old annual award given to top new artists. The prize's title is apt, as the exceedingly romantic Irishman is apparently on the short list of the city's music fans—this show has been sold out for weeks.

WEBSTER HALL
125 E. 11th St. (212-353-1600)—Dec. 4: The former Whiskeytown front man **Ryan Adams** telegraphs his intention to shake the alternative-country image with the self-explanatory title of his latest release, "Rock 'N' Roll." With the **Stills,** a moody Canadian group with catchy bass lines and vocals that the Cure's Robert Smith would surely endorse.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800)—The cabaret icon **Andrea Marcovicci** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room, performing the enchanting songs of Frank Loesser ("Guys and Dolls," "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying"). Dining.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—Through Dec. 7: The seventy-seven-year-old drummer **Elvin Jones,** powering his post-bop Jazz Machine ensemble (featuring the trombonist **Delfeayo Marsalis** on Friday and Saturday), displays the wisdom and brute force of his ageless genius.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Through Dec. 7: **Larry Carlton** playing Kansas City-style blues? Nothing if not adaptable, this thoroughbred guitarist and smooth-jazz icon has cut crunchy solos as a member of Steely Dan. Here, he goes for the grit with his new ten-piece band, Sapphire Blues. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Dec. 4-7: The spirit of the Argentine tango master Astor Piazzolla is evoked in the ensemble of his former pianist **Pablo Ziegler** (here with his quartet and special guests Dec. 4-7), himself a stirring composer and bandleader. Dining.

NEUE GALERIE
1048 Fifth Ave., at 86th St. (212-628-6200, ext. 107)—Dec. 4: The vocal virtuoso **Theo Bleckmann** may be best known from the avant-garde doyen Meredith Monk's ensembles; here, he indulges his passion for classic art songs.

UP OVER JAZZ CAFÉ
351 Flatbush Ave., at Seventh Ave., Brooklyn (718-398-5413)—Dec. 5-6: The **Marcus Strickland** quartet. The young saxophonist Strickland has already paid his dues performing with such prestigious units as the Lincoln Center and Carnegie Hall jazz orchestras, as well as with such leaders as Roy Haynes and Lonnie Plaxico.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Through Dec. 14: **Bill Frisell** approaches the guitar the way Miles Davis played trumpet: he's a radical thinker who has transformed the very nature of his instrument. And, like Davis at his best, Frisell loves a lot of legroom in his improvising—where extra space terrifies others, it quickens his blood. Frisell sounds like no one else, mating the tonality of rock with the classic ease and economy of a guitarist like Jim Hall. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-879-5500)—The Philip Guston retrospective preserves the shock of the major painter's late-career switch, around 1967, from a tremblingly sensitive abstract style to raucous cartooning: gregarious Ku Klux Klansmen, piled-up shoes and hairy legs, one-eyed heads like lima beans in need of a shave. It was a cultural departure as harshly significant as Bob Dylan's at the Newport Folk Festival in 1965. "I got sick and tired of all that purity," Guston said of his former compunctions. Many people hated the change, which put the artist's eloquent touch and color at the service of an abject vision. Through Jan. 4. ♦ The tremendous El Greco retrospective celebrates art history's No. 1 troublemaker, the Cretan icon painter who got sophisticated in Venice and Rome and then, settling in Toledo in 1576, hit his stride as a pictorial mystic and rhapsode of the Counter-Reformation. His absolute originality—or weirdness, if you prefer—inspired Picasso and Pollock and still feels rawly new. The show emphasizes El Greco's more conventional, first-rate portraiture, but his vertiginous incarnations of ecclesiastical dogma are the main event. Their pictorial method (ascending figures elongate like blobs in a Lava lamp) suggests upside-down gravity. Through Jan. 11. ♦ **"Bravehearts: Men in Skirts"** looks at the many cultures in which men wear skirts and the various uniformly unsuccessful attempts of fashion designers to add the item to the

wardrobes of the men in this culture. Through Feb. 8. ♦ **"Treasures of a Lost Art: Italian Manuscript Painting of the Middle Ages and Renaissance."** Through Feb. 1. ♦ **"The Dawn of Photography: French Daguerreotypes, 1839-1855."** Through Jan. 4. ♦ **"Dreams of Yellow Mountain: Landscapes of Survival in Seventeenth-Century China."** Through Jan. 25. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)
33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400)—The Beirut-born and London-based Mona Hatoum follows such luminaries as Ellsworth Kelly, Chuck Close, and Elizabeth Murray in selecting favorites from the museum's permanent collection for the "Artist's Choice" exhibition. Her sixty choices aren't as political as Murray's (all women) or as didactic as Close's (all portraits). She simply reveals her own influences in video and Conceptualism, and the choices are generally tame and pedagogical. They include the usual suspects—Cindy Sherman, Bruce Nauman, and Robert Gober—alongside the British twins Jane and Louise Wilson's slick "Stasi" videos, Martha Rosler's seminal "Semiotics of the Kitchen," and the AIDS-art icons Felix Gonzalez-Torres and David Wojnarowicz. Through Feb. 2. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—**"James Rosenquist"** is a pinball machine of a retrospective, gracing the museum's ramp with two-dimensional equivalents of rackety lights and bumpers. The early Pop work, which uses billboard-painting techniques to create surrealistic montages of slightly outdated magazine imagery, feels immortal. It nails a recurrent concern of modernity: the rolling blind spot of the recent past. Bigger, slicker later paintings succumb to mere razzmatazz. But Rosenquist earns blanket forgiveness on the strength of his classic "F-111" (1964-65), a multi-panelled wraparound work, eighty-six feet long, that distills the madnesses of the nineteen-sixties with supple, violent majesty. Through Jan. 25. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (212-570-3676)—It was easy to predict that **"Arshile Gorky: A Retrospective of Drawings"** would be a ravishing show, but it was harder to foresee how powerfully it would argue for Gorky as the most gifted of all American artists. Right from the start, in the early nineteen-twenties, until the exceedingly bitter end, in the year of his suicide, 1948, Gorky was a draftsman of unequalled, at times almost unbearable sensitivity. Whether he's working in pencil, ink, charcoal, pastel, or crayon, form melts and jells in shallow, tactile depth at his sensuous touch. Lines are like exposed nerves, colors like inflammations. Nearly every picture burns with intelligent, vulnerable life. Through Feb. 15. ♦ The sparkling mid-career painting retrospective **"John Currin"** will be this season's major conversation piece. Topic: how have super-old-fashioned, alternately academic- and schlocky-looking figure paintings become the bee's knees in contemporary art? Currin's mostly imagined winsome nudes, pathetic males, society dames, gay couples, and, oh yes, women with breasts as big as the Ritz make everybody nervous in one way or another. They also display phenomenal degrees of skill and subtleties of expression. Once you start looking at Currin's stuff, it's all you can do to stop. Through Feb. 22. ♦ **"Unrepentant Ego: The Self-Portraits of Lucas Samaras."** Through Feb. 8. ♦ **"Beside the Rose: Selected Works by Jay DeFeo."** Through Feb. 29. (Open Wednesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

GALLERIES-UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

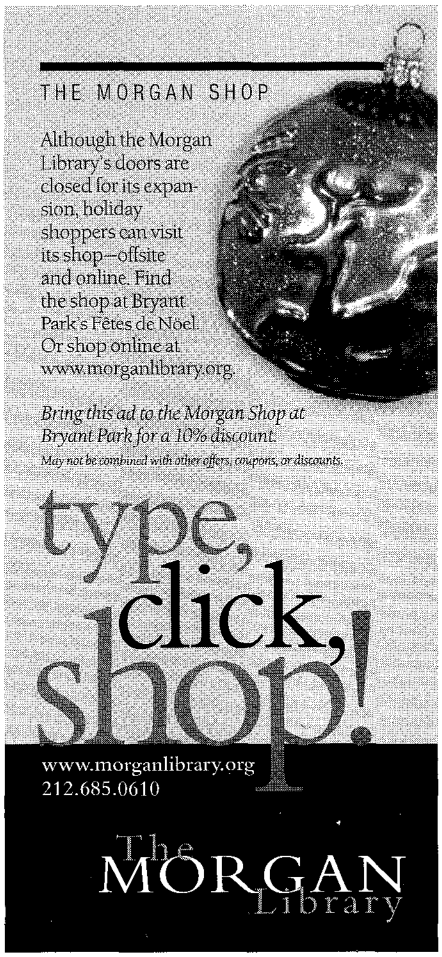
JAY DE FEO
"Her Tripod and Its Dress," a show of black-and-white photographs and works on paper by the

A language
more powerful than words

LLADRÓ®

Lladró Center
43 West 57th Street
Tel. 212 838 9356
New York
www.lladro.com

Ref: 01006992, Yearning for Happiness, $475.


THE MORGAN SHOP

Although the Morgan Library's doors are closed for its expansion, holiday shoppers can visit its shop—offsite and online. Find the shop at Bryant Park's Fêtes de Noël. Or shop online at www.morganlibrary.org.

Bring this ad to the Morgan Shop at Bryant Park for a 10% discount.
May not be combined with other offers, coupons, or discounts.

type, click, shop!

www.morganlibrary.org
212.685.0610

The MORGAN Library

SWANN AUCTIONS

ENTIRELY NEW MANAGEMENT
A CLEAN TRUTHFUL WIDE AWAKE HOUSEHOLD PAPER
MORNING JOURNAL
A MODERN NEWSPAPER AT A MODERN PRICE
DAILY 1¢ - SUNDAY 3¢

Louis J. Rhead, **Morning Journal**, color lithograph poster, New York, circa 1895. Estimate $4,000 to $6,000. **At auction Dec 18.**

Thur Dec 11 10:30am **Maps & Atlases, Natural History & Historical Prints, Ephemera**
Illustrated Catalogue: $25
Inquiries: Gary Garland
ggarland@swanngalleries.com

Thur Dec 18 10:30am **Art Nouveau Posters**
Fully Illustrated Color Catalogue: $35
Inquiries: Nicholas D. Lowry
nlowry@swanngalleries.com

Complete schedule and catalogues online at www.swanngalleries.com.

AUTOGRAPHS
BOOKS/MANUSCRIPTS
MAPS/ATLASES
PHOTOGRAPHS
POSTERS
WORKS OF ART ON PAPER

Swann Galleries, Inc.
104 East 25th Street
New York, NY 10010
212 254 4710
Fax: 212 979 1017
IAA

San Francisco artist Jay DeFeo (1929-89), pays hilarious homage to the tripod as both a tool and a fetish. DeFeo took photographs of objects in her studio (four examples of which are shown here), then used the photos as a basis for portraits of the tripod. The "dress" of the title refers to a drawing tossed over the tripod to dry after a drunken friend threw up on it. Thankfully, it's not on view. Through Jan. 10. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. 212-247-0082.)

Short List

KIM SOOJA
The Project, 37 W. 57th St. 212-688-4673.
Through Dec. 20.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

HOWARD HODGKIN
The British smoothie shows new painting objects, many of them unusually large for him: canvases (or slabs of wood) and frames slathered all over with paint that is plangent in color and dashing in gestural stroke. The works broadcast assurance, in all senses: confidence, warranty (this is capital-A Art), and presumption. Hodgkin's strong suit is color. Vibrant primaries generate French-horn sonorities; pungent earth and mud and thumping blacks add oboe and timpani. The compositions are weakly generic, especially when Hodgkin employs landscape or interior motifs and unwisely stirs memories of Turner, Vuillard, or Matisse. This is éclat for éclat's sake. Through Dec. 20. (Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. 212-741-1111.)

ISAAC JULIEN
The British artist's latest film is an eleven-minute blend of blaxploitation films, "Matrix"-style theatrics, and a museum-docent tour. It opens against a gray Baltimore backdrop and tracks the parallel (occasionally intersecting) journeys of a woman and a man (the filmmaker Melvin van Peebles) down city streets and through unpopulated interiors. She flies. He comes face to face with his doppelgänger (courtesy of the Great Blacks in Wax museum). Through Dec. 14. (Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 212-206-7100.)

TRACY MILLER
From "Pie Hole" to "Shrimp Shapes" and "Ways with Meat," each of these chaotic buffets in oil is rendered in an appropriately vast array of techniques, including a sign painter's folk realism, a loose, sketchy cartoonist's stroke, and a Pollock drip. Miller, a hipster foodie who trades novelty cakes with friends—favorites have included one shaped like a six-pack of Bud and another like a roast turkey with bread-pudding stuffing—confirmed, in preparations for the show, that her cooking influences her art more than the other way around. Indeed, the chaotic "Blue Ribbon" spreads out its picnic of Key-lime pie, bananas, and a doughnut under two enormous, benevolent cans of the King of Beers. Through Dec. 19. (Feature, 530 W. 25th St. 212-675-7772.)

THOMAS NOZKOWSKI
Nozkowski's stubbornly independent brand of small, gnarled, gnomic abstract paintings, long the cynosure of devoted fans, here qualifies for the big time. It has grown in size and panache. Nozkowski still visibly labors through many layers of paint and varieties of technique to give his variously cartoonish, biomorphic, and heraldic pictures—every one of them unique in motif and even style—a satisfactory urgency. He seems as disinclined as ever to make the work easier for the viewer than it is for himself. But his victories are ever less Pyrrhic. In particular, a suite of large drawings hints that he has been ambushed by mastery. Through Dec. 20. (Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. 212-633-6999.)

Short List

SARAH MORRIS
Petzel, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-680-9467.
Through Dec. 20.

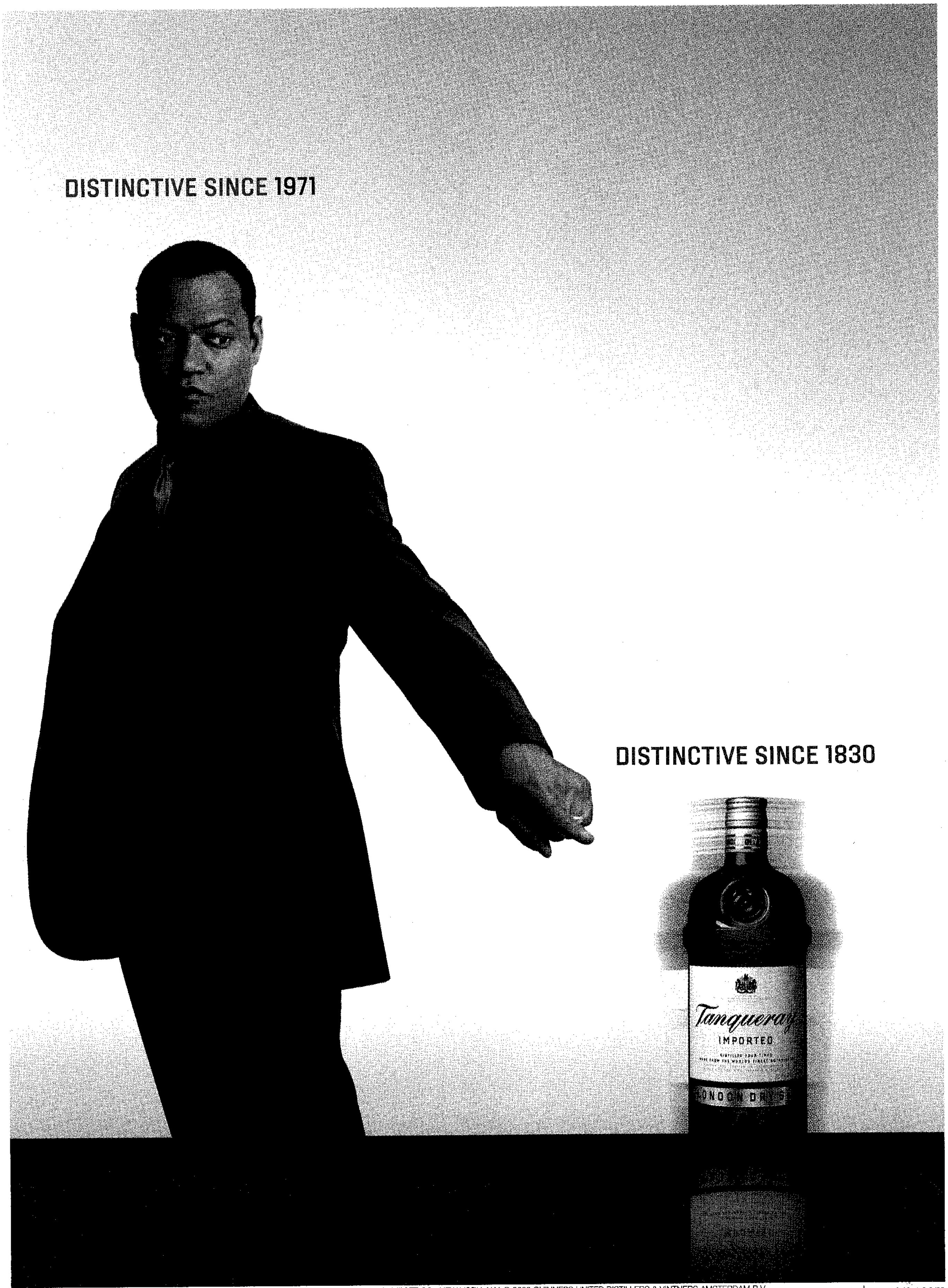
GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

"WOMEN BEWARE WOMEN"
Drawings the color of blood and lipstick, all portraits of women by Naomi Fisher, line the entrance to this cunning show, which takes its title from a Jacobean play by Thomas Middleton, rife with lust and slaughter. A triptych by Colleen Asper suggests a Northern Renaissance altarpiece by way of Anne Rice (ghostly flesh, dripping blood). "Moby-Dick" emerges as an unlikely subplot in a drawing, by Aaron Morse, of whalers caught in a shark attack, and, most hauntingly, in delicate drawings of lone sailors by Hernan Bas. The curator David Rimanelli, whose last show riffed on Flaubert, may be the art world's answer to Cliff's Notes. Through Dec. 20. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 212-343-7300.)

Short List

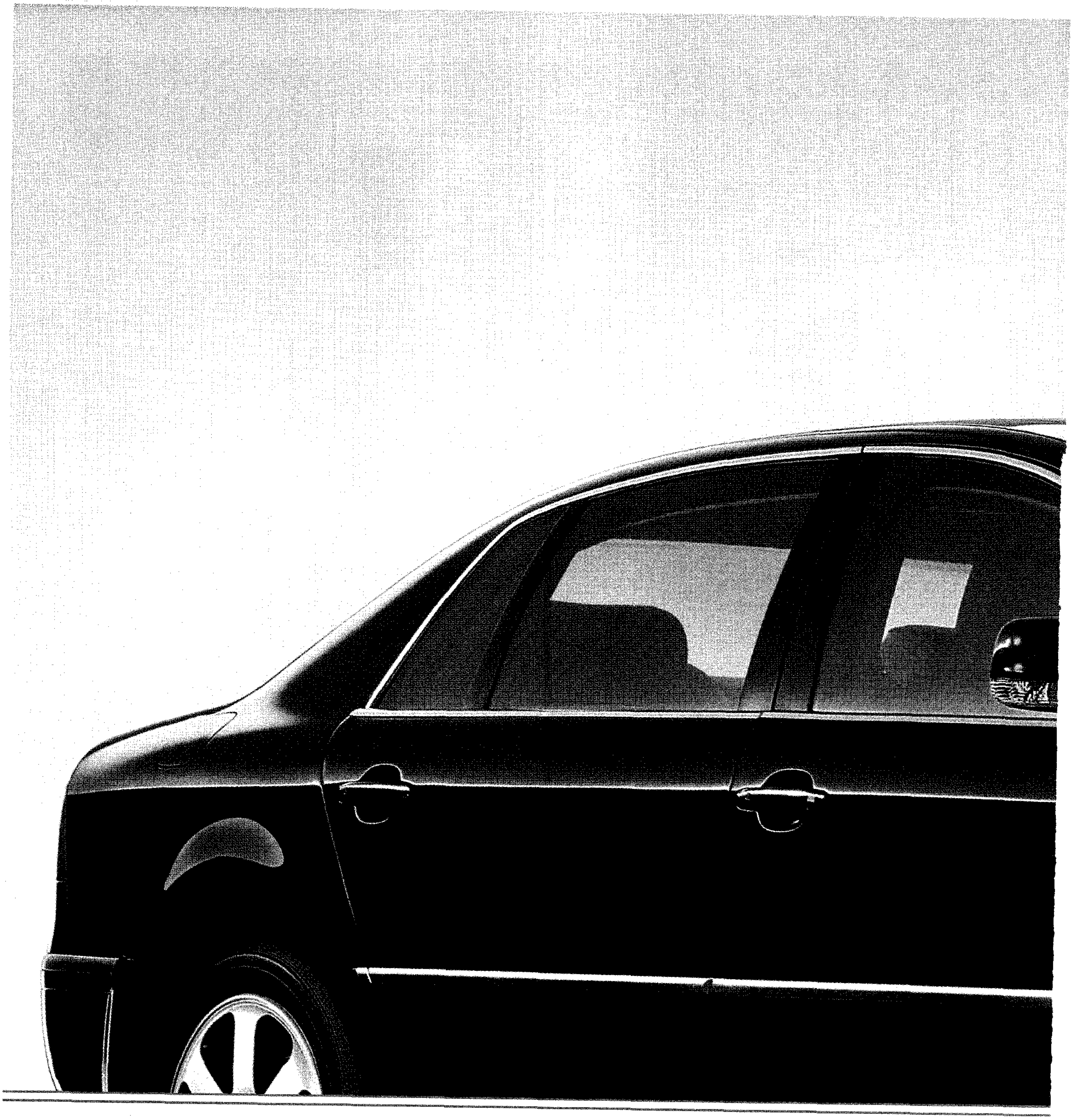
ALFONSE BORYSEWICZ
D.F.N., 176 Franklin St. 212-334-3400.
Through Dec. 13.

"The Hands," part of Tina Barney's show devoted to French aristocrats, at Janet Borden (see Photography).

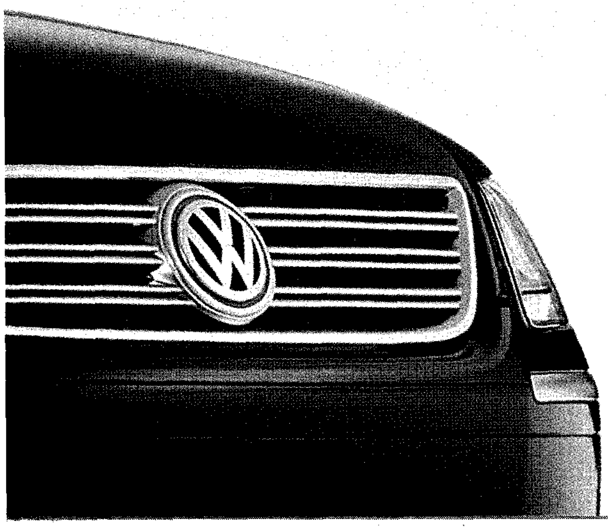

DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1971
DISTINCTIVE SINCE 1830
Tanqueray
IMPORTED
LONDON DRY

IMPORTED LONDON DRY GIN 47.3% ALC./VOL., 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHIEFFELIN & SOMERSET CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © 2003 GUINNESS UNITED DISTILLERS & VINTNERS AMSTERDAM B.V.

www.tanqueray.com



Bet you didn't see this one coming.



But then who'd expect us to build a luxury car? Most people would think we have our niche pretty well carved out. So why change?

But that's exactly the point. This was never just about making a luxury car. This was about moving a company forward, making it smarter, forcing it to invent better ways to think. And as a result of these changes, some new things happened.

Like advanced Climatronic,™ a 4-zone climate-control system that gives passengers the ability to control their own micro-climates.

Or the W12,* a 420 horsepower, 12-cylinder engine that cleverly fits in the space normally taken by a V8.

What's more, our hand-picked group of designers and engineers worked in tandem. So the end result was something wholly functional and beautiful.

Amazing stuff, really.

But now that the shock has worn off, how about a test drive?

Introducing the Phaeton. A new kind of luxury car. From Volkswagen.

Drivers wanted.®

PHOTOGRAPHY

TINA BARNEY
Painterly, lushly colored, four-by-five-foot portraits of tony French people in luxe environments, the latest installment in Barney's "Europeans" series. The pictures of French aristocrats, like those of Italians and Brits in earlier shows, seem more formal and staged than the photographs of Barney's family of American blue bloods eating breakfast or dressing for parties. In one of the new images, young blond sisters, posed in front of an oddly small fireplace decorated with a paper crown, seem too large for the room. In another, two respectable gentlemen are dwarfed by the grand appointments and the orchids of a hotel lobby. Through Dec. 31. (Borden, 560 Broadway, 212-431-0166.)

JAMES CASEBERE
The claustrophobia-inducing interiors of a palazzo in Siena, a Spanish bath, and a red wallpapered parlor are filled with water and are disorientingly beautiful. The flooded rooms in the large photographs (some six feet by eight feet) aren't really rooms, of course, but table-size architectural models awash in a clear resin and meticulously lit. An arched tunnel and a series of minimalist spaces with geometric windows are austere by comparison, but all the interiors shimmer in the diffuse light. Through Dec. 6. (Kelly, 528 W. 29th St. 212-239-1181.)

LEON STEELE
Steele's richly colored images of the backs and haunches of cattle and horses create their own horizon lines. In one, a streak of white light across a black horse echoes a break in the dark sky above it. In another, eddies of white hair swirl in front of leafless trees. Steele uses the painstaking Carbro color process, a technique developed in the eighteen-sixties. Each print takes ten days to make, and another week to dry. Layers of pigments normally used in oil paints produce a three-dimensional, pointillistic effect that makes you want to pet the pictures. Through Dec. 20. (In Camera, 511 W. 25th St. 212-647-7667.)

WOLFGANG TILLMANS
Like William Eggleston and Gary Winogrand, Tillmans makes photographs that don't seem to be about much—old socks balled up on a couch, a still-life of blue plums and a yellow tomato, a red carpeted stairway—but they are curiously subversive, not least because of the way he hangs them: taped to the gallery walls in a consciously haphazard manner, with "snapshots" of young people dancing and smiling for the camera next to a dazzling picture of gold bars, a series of aerial snowscapes, and two huge pinkish-red inkjet prints made by manipulating light on photographic paper. These abstractions could be some hidden body part. Are those delicate black lines hairs? Through Dec. 6. (Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 212-627-6000.)

Short List

ROBERT ADAMS
Marks, 523 W. 24th St. 212-243-0200.
Through Dec. 20.

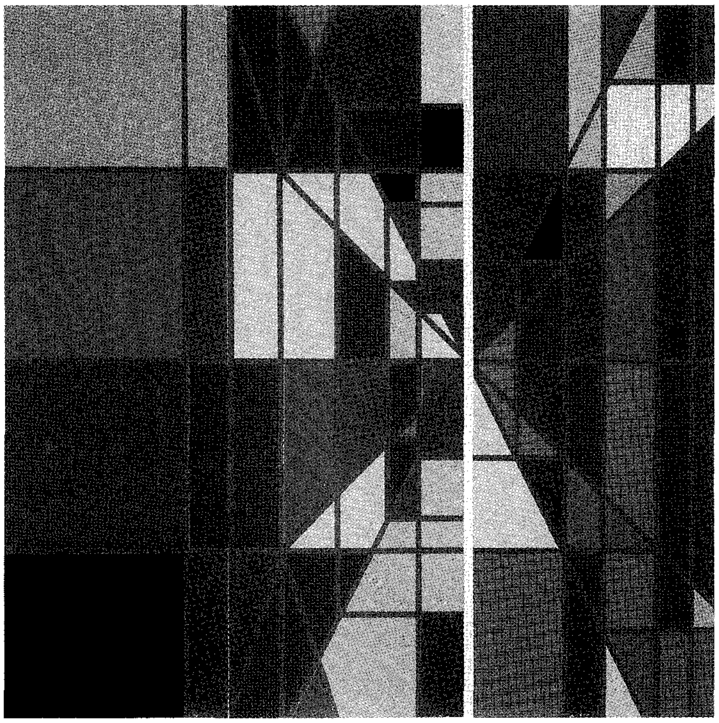
HENRY HORENSTEIN
Morthland, 511 W. 25th St. 212-242-7767.
Through Dec. 20.

LEN JENSHEL / DIANE COOK
Klotz/Sirmon, 511 W. 25th St. 212-741-4764.
Through Dec. 20.

NIKKI S. LEE
Tonkonow, 535 W. 22nd St. 212-255-8450.
Through Dec. 20.

MAN RAY
Carosso, 42 E. 76th St. 212-744-5400.
Through Dec. 20.

ART SINSABAUGH
Greenberg, 41 E. 57th St. 212-334-0010.
Through Dec. 13.



"Pools-Cocowalk, Miami," by Sarah Morris, at Petzel.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S
Dec. 3 at 10:15 A.M.: A busy week at the auction house begins with a two-part sale of American paintings, drawings, and sculpture. The two highlights balance each other nicely: Homer's quietly intimate "In the Garden," from 1874, and the mute grandeur of Bierstadt's "Yosemite Valley" (expected to bring up to six million dollars), a post-Civil War hymn to Providence. ♦ Dec. 3 at 2: The afternoon sale includes a bushel of trompe-l'oeil pictures and genre scenes (along with a quartet of Guy Wiggins's genteel New York snowscapes). ♦ Dec. 4-5 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: H. P. Kraus, the legendary New York book dealer, feared his own good luck (he dubbed his affliction the "Polycrates complex," after the sixth-century-B.C. tyrant who enjoyed fantastic fortune before suffering a lurid death). But as the unparalleled inventory of his store (later run by his wife) makes clear, he knew books, and he amassed them with great acumen. The auctioning of his inventory will not only close a significant chapter in the rare-books world but will also disperse some true gems throughout the market, such as a Martin Luther Bible from 1561 and an illuminated gospel lectionary from the fifteenth century. ♦ Dec. 6 at 9:30 A.M. and 2: A sale of wine. ♦ Dec. 9 at 2: Classical and Near Eastern antiquities. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 212-606-7000.)

CHRISTIE'S
Dec. 4 at 10 A.M.: There is plenty of lush color and elegant form, and little to jar the eye or the mind, at this season's sale of American paintings, drawings, and sculpture. Among the more than one hundred landscapes, still-lifes, portraits, genre scenes, and busts are works by Cassatt, Sargent, Cole, and Homer, whose nostalgic "The Last Days of Harvest" is a highlight of the auction. ♦ Dec. 4 at 2: Eighteenth-century American furniture from the collection of Caroline Ryan Foulke at the Stratford Hall plantation in Virginia, where Robert E. Lee was born. ♦ Dec. 8 at 1: More than two hundred watches by Cartier, Rolex, and others, including a pink-gold Patek Philippe "asymmetrical" wristwatch from 1962 that would have looked smashing on the wrist of Austin Powers. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.)

PHILLIPS
Dec. 8 at 10 A.M.: A sale devoted to design from the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. (450 W. 15th St. 212-940-1200.)

DOYLE
Dec. 3 at 11 A.M.: Modern and contemporary art works. ♦ Dec. 3 at noon and 4: Two paintings by Jack Butler Yeats, from the estate of the director George Roy Hill, are among the highlights of a sale of European and American art. (175 E. 87th St. 212-427-2730.)

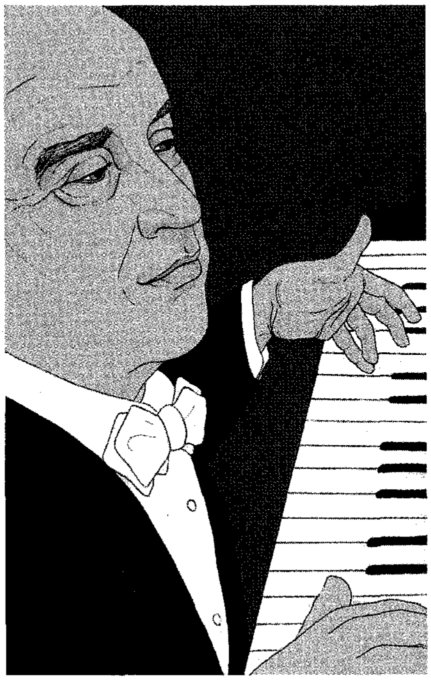
SWANN
Dec. 4 at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30: Sixteen issues of *The Reflector*, a newspaper printing of a part of "The Book of Mormon" that preceded the publication of the work in book form, highlight an auction of printed and manuscript Americana. ♦ Dec. 9 at 10:30 A.M. and 2: Photographs and photographic literature. (104 E. 25th St. 212-254-4710.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
Herbert Wernicke's stunning 2001 production of Strauss's **"Die Frau Ohne Schatten,"** with Deborah Voigt (as the Empress), Deborah Polaski, Jane Henschel, Glenn Winslade, and Wolfgang Brendel; Philippe Auguin conducts. (Dec. 3 at 7:30.) ♦ With Sue Patchell replacing Voigt. (Dec. 6 at 12:30.) ♦ 2003, a banner year for Berlioz in New York, closes out with the first-ever Met performances of **"Benvenuto Cellini,"** a gloriously unwieldy opera, set during the Renaissance, so rarely offered that only a handful of Berlioz fanatics have ever seen it live. The house has brought in the redoubtable Andrei Serban (in his Met début) to tame the work's exuberant energy; he directs a cast that includes Isabel Bayrakdarian, Marcello Giordani (in the title role), Alan Opie, and Robert Lloyd. The conductor is James Levine. (Dec. 4 and Dec. 8 at 8.) ♦ **"La Juive,"** Fromental Halévy's 1832 grand opera, is a long-winded but timely work in which anti-Semitism and religious fanaticism are driving themes. (Mahler adored it, as you can hear in his symphonies.) Neil Shicoff, a Brooklyn-born cantor's son, has the triumph of his career as Eléazar, the Jewish father who becomes as hateful as his persecutors; Soile Isokoski sings the role of Rachel, his daughter, with an immensely secure and richly expressive soprano. Marcello Viotti leads a forceful, kinetic performance, but the heavy-handed symbolism of Günter Krämer's staging stifles the drama. (Dec. 5 at 8 and Dec. 9 at 7:30.) ♦ **"Le Nozze di Figaro,"** with Hei-Kyung Hong, Dorothea Röschmann, Katharine Goeldner, Dwayne Croft, and Ferruccio Furlanetto; James Levine conducts. (Dec. 6 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 212-362-6000.)

"THE DEATH OF KLINGHOFFER"
John Adams's opera has had a rough time since it was first staged in 1991. Alice Goodman's starkly evenhanded treatment of its subject—the 1985 hijacking of the cruise ship Achille Lauro by Palestinian terrorists and the subsequent murder of Leon Klinghoffer, a Jewish American passenger—was seen by many as insensitive and naïve; Adams's eclectic, pastichelike music, structured in imitation of the Bach Passions, did not escape criticism either. BAM's Next Wave Festival, which presented the American première of the work, has gamely brought it back in the form of a "staged concert performance" by Bob McGrath's Ridge Theatre com-

pany, which might sharpen the edges while deflating the rhetorical pretense. The production will feature extensive visual décor by Bill Morrison and Laurie Olinder and a cast that includes Stephen Powell, James Maddalena, Nancy Maultsby, and Phyllis Pancella; Robert Spano conducts the Brooklyn Philharmonic and the New York Virtuoso Singers. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Dec. 3 and Dec. 5-6 at 7:30.)



The Beaux Arts Trio, which has dominated the American piano-trio scene for most of its forty-eight seasons, has always been anchored by the formidable presence of Menahem Pressler (the group's pianist and its only remaining founding member), whose gentlemanly manner belies a musical mind of sparkling fantasy and persuasive logic. His December 6 concert—part of the Metropolitan Museum's eightieth-birthday tribute to the pianist—is a rare treat: a solo recital of Schubert (the Sonata in B-Flat Major, D. 960) and Chopin (the Préludes, Op. 28).

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Marcello Viotti, who has been leading the revival of "La Juive" at the Met, crosses Lincoln Center to conduct a travelogue program of music by Ibert ("Ports of Call"), Saint-Saëns (the "Egyptian" Concerto, with the débuting pianist Stephen Hough), and Respighi ("Fountains of Rome" and "Pines of Rome"). (Dec. 4 at 7:30, Dec. 5 at 11 A.M., and Dec. 6 at 8. Avery Fisher Hall. 212-875-5656.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S
Julian Rachlin, an energetic violinist with a luxuriant tone, was one of the bright young things on the scene about a decade ago; he makes a welcome, if overdue, Carnegie Hall début with the orchestra in the Brahms Violin Concerto. Donald Runnicles, the conductor, begins the program with two works that refract and refine the Romantic tradition, Liszt's "The Black Gondola" (in the arrangement by John Adams) and Schoenberg's "Transfigured Night." (212-247-7800. Dec. 4 at 8.)

ALARM WILL SOUND: MUSIC BY HARRISON BIRTWISTLE
Birtwistle's music is a love-it-or-hate-it proposition: his gnarled sounds and uncompromising intellectualism give the listener no middle ground. He is fortunate to have the patronage of Alan Pierson's eager and virtuosic ensemble, which will team up with players from the Manhattan School of Music in a big orchestral concert that includes such classics as "Silbury Air" along with the American première of "Theseus Game." (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 212-854-7799. Dec. 5 at 8.)

ORPHEUS CHAMBER ORCHESTRA
The conductorless group, tipping its hat to the Berlioz bicentennial, offers the composer's "Nuits d'Été" (sung by Jennifer Larmore) on an early-Romantic program that also includes music by Weber (the seldom heard First Symphony) and Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Dec. 5 at 8.)

NEW YORK YOUTH SYMPHONY
John Corigliano's "Chaconne" from his score to "The Red Violin," played by the violinist (and alumnus) Cho-Liang Lin, is but one of two contemporary works heard on the conductor Paul Haas's latest program, which includes a commissioned work by the young composer Andrew Norman along with Shostakovich's Symphony No. 5. (Carnegie Hall. 212-581-5933. Dec. 7 at 2.)

SALZBURG CAMERATA
An all-Mozart program led by the group's chief conductor, Roger Norrington, featuring the "Posthorn" Serenade and the Violin Concerto No. 5 (with Leonidas Kavakos). (Alice Tully Hall. 212-721-6500. Dec. 7 at 2.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE
Robert Bass conducts the estimable group (and the Orchestra of St. Luke's) in music by Bach (the Magnificat), Handel, and Mark Adamo (the New York première of his "Cantate Domino"); the excellent Brooklyn Youth Chorus has the stage to itself for Britten's glistening "Ceremony of Carols." (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Dec. 9 at 8.)

RECITALS

"RUSSELL SHERMAN: THE MASTER AND HIS STUDENTS"
Edward Said once invoked Baudelaire's epigram "In everything beautiful there is something strange" to describe the pianism of the iconoclastic American musician, teacher, and author Russell Sherman. Long a cult-classic concert artist, Sherman has also been an impassioned teacher for more than forty years, enthusiastically emphasizing the need for originality; this weeklong festival—sponsored by the Rock Hotel PianoFest—promises to reveal both Sherman's convictions and those of his students. Dec. 3 at 8: Christopher Taylor, a fiercely intellectual yet athletic musician, performs his signature work, Messiaen's epic, evening-long "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant-Jésus." (Angel Orensanz Center, 172 Norfolk St.) ♦ Dec. 4 at 8: HaeSun Paik plays music by Debussy, Beethoven, and Liszt. ♦ Dec. 5 at 8: Christopher O'Riley, whose latest recording consists of Radiohead songs for solo piano, performs some more traditional repertory here, including two Shostokavich preludes and fugues along with works by Scriabin, Rameau, and Brahms. ♦ Dec. 6 at 8: The seventy-three-year-old Sherman offers a program of Brahms, Schubert, and the New York première of a sonata by another Bostonian individualist, Leon Kirchner. ♦ Dec. 9 at 8: Randall Hodgkinson plays pieces by Beethoven, Schumann, and the former Harvard professor Donald Martino. (All concerts, except where noted, are at Ethical Culture Society Hall, 2 W. 64th St. 212-307-7171.)

MUSIC AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Dec. 4 at 8: A group of eminent, old-school Brahmsians—the pianist Leon Fleisher, the hornist David Jolley, and the violist Michael Tree—kick off a three-concert series devoted to the composer with a program featuring the Horn Trio (along with works by Schubert and Beethoven). ♦ Dec. 6 at 8: Menahem Pressler, the Beaux Arts Trio's incomparable pianist, performs music by Schubert and Chopin. (Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 212-570-3949.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
Dec. 7 at 5: The violinist Jennifer Frautschi, the cellist Fred Sherry, and other musicians gather to play a concert of Schubert (the Piano Trio in E-Flat Major, Op. 100), Schoenberg, and Telemann. ♦ Dec. 9 at 7:30: Music by Bartók ("Contrasts"), Tchaikovsky (the Piano Trio), and Mozart, performed by an ensemble featuring the clarinettist David Shifrin, the violinist Colin Jacobsen, and the pianist Orion Weiss. (Alice Tully Hall. 212-875-5788.)

NEW MILLENNIUM ENSEMBLE
"Come Round," one of the last works by the late Jacob Druckman (whose vividly colored music has retained its appeal), is the high point of a concert of music by the contemporary composers Shulamit Ran, Steven Burke, and others. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Dec. 7 at 3.)

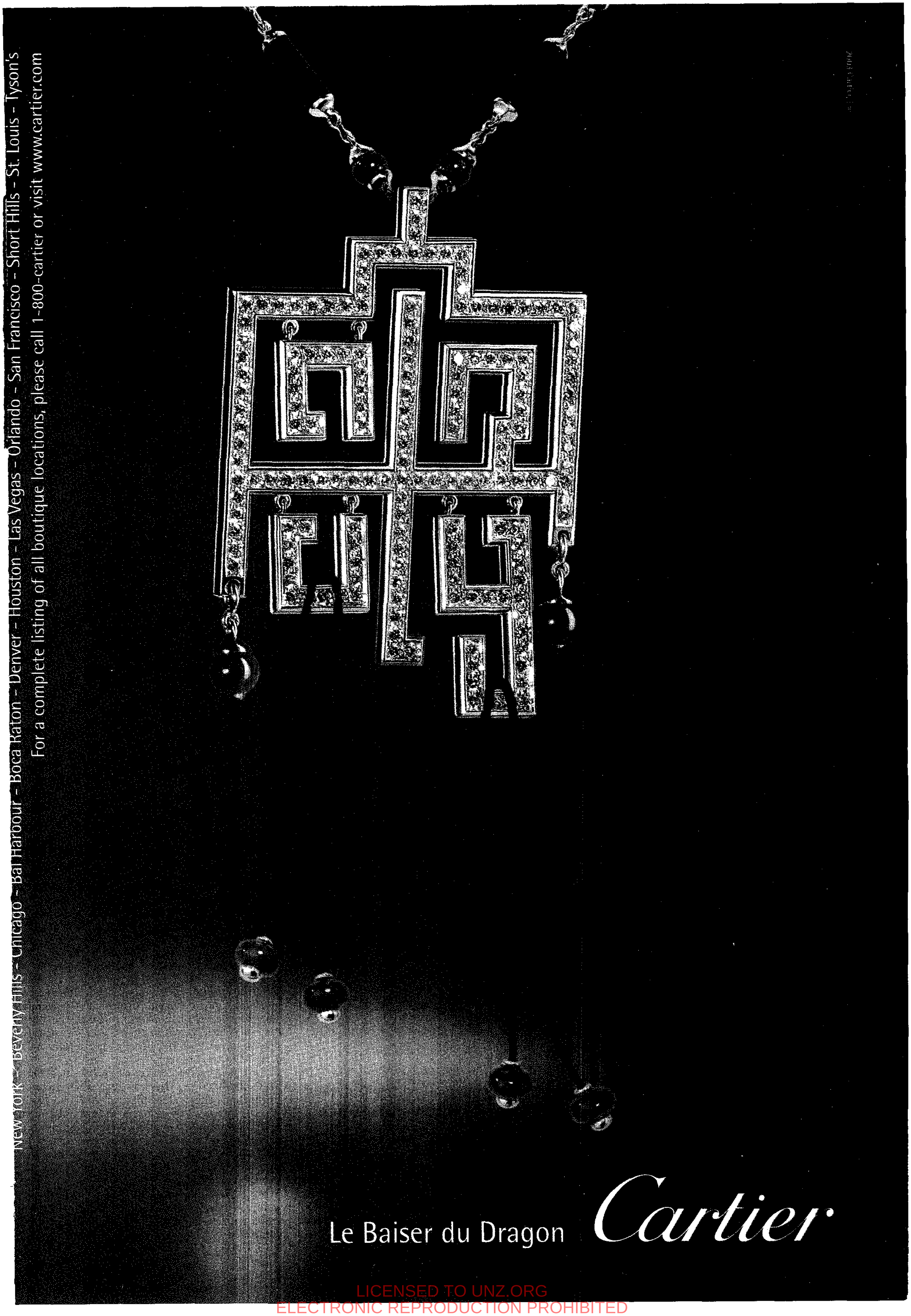
ALARM WILL SOUND
The ensemble follows up its Birtwistle evening with a première by a very different composer, Aaron Jay Kernis, who will conduct his rambunctious Concerto for Toy Piano and Chamber Orchestra (with Margaret Leng Tan, the instrument's leading advocate). (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, 220 Vesey St. Dec. 9 at 7. No tickets required.)

DINA KUZNETSOVA AND BRIAN ZEGER
The soprano, with one of New York's most able accompanists, sings a program of Rossini, Granados, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, and Wolf. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Dec. 9 at 7:30.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

READINGS
Dec. 4 at 7:30: The poets John Ashbery, Eavan Boland, Carl Phillips, and C. D. Wright join the four inaugural Poetry Society of America Chapbook Fellows. (Tishman Auditorium, the New School, 66 W. 12th St. For more information, call 212-254-9628) ♦ Dec. 8 at 5:30: Jeffrey Frank, an editor at this magazine, and the Danish linguist Diana Crone Frank read from their new translation of "The Stories of Hans Christian Andersen." The master storyteller Rolf Kristian Stang will also be on hand. (Norwegian Seaman's Church, 317 E. 52nd St. For more information, call 914-939-1325.) ♦ Dec. 9 at 7: The Kitchen's "Necessary Translations" reading series focusses on the modern poetry of Turkey, with the critic Edward Foster and the poets Murat Nemet-Nejat, Mustafa Ziyalan, and Küçük Iskender. (512 W. 19th St. 212-255-5793.)

TALKS
Dec. 4 at 7:30: The writers Tariq Ali, Ian Buruma, Jane Kramer, Bernard Henri Levy, Peter Schneider, and Carles Torner gather for "Mind the Gap," a forum on the cultural divide between the U.S. and Europe. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. For more information, call 212-334-1660, ext. 107.) ♦ Dec. 6 at 7: Gehlek Rimpoche, one of the last Tibetan lamas to have been trained in his native country, and Robert A. F. Thurman, a professor of Indo-Tibetan studies at Columbia University, engage in a traditional Tibetan Buddhist-style debate (following rules that are five hundred years old) on the subjects of ethics, love, compassion, and reincarnation. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, 7 E. 7th St. For more information, call 914-767-0024.) ♦ Dec. 8 at 7: *The Believer,* a monthly magazine published by McSweeney's, presents a sort of literary variety show, with the writer Touré interviewing the hip-hop musician Q-Tip; a discussion about the challenges of post-9/11 political fiction with Susan Choi, Jennifer Egan, and Stephen Elliott; and a talk about graphic design with Chip Kidd and Milton Glaser, among other events. The writer John Hodgman is the master of ceremonies. (Tishman Auditorium, the New School, 66 W. 12th St. 212-229-5488.)



New York - Beverly Hills - Chicago - Bal Harbour - Boca Raton - Denver - Houston - Las Vegas - Orlando - San Francisco - Short Hills - St. Louis - Tyson's
For a complete listing of all boutique locations, please call 1-800-cartier or visit www.cartier.com

Le Baiser du Dragon
Cartier

MOVIES OPENING

FORGET BAGHDAD
The video artist Samir directed this documentary about the shifting cultural identity of Iraqi Jews. Opening Dec. 5. (Cinema Village.)

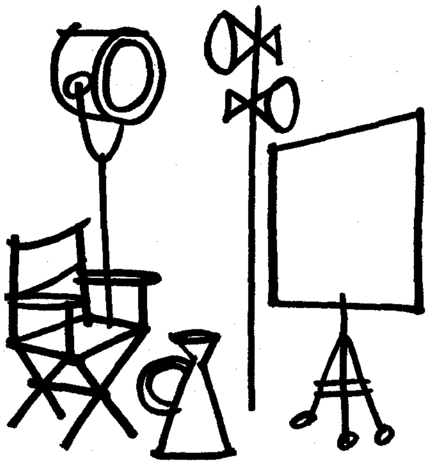
HONEY
A drama in which a music-video choreographer (Jessica Alba) starts up an inner-city dance studio. Bille Woodruff directed. With Mekhi Phifer and Lil’ Romeo. Opening Dec. 5.

THE LAST SAMURAI
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Dec. 5.

MONSIEUR IBRAHIM
Omar Sharif plays an elderly Muslim man who befriends a young Jewish boy (Pierre Boulanger) in nineteen-sixties Paris. François Dupeyron wrote and directed. In French. Opening Dec. 5. (Sunshine Cinema.)

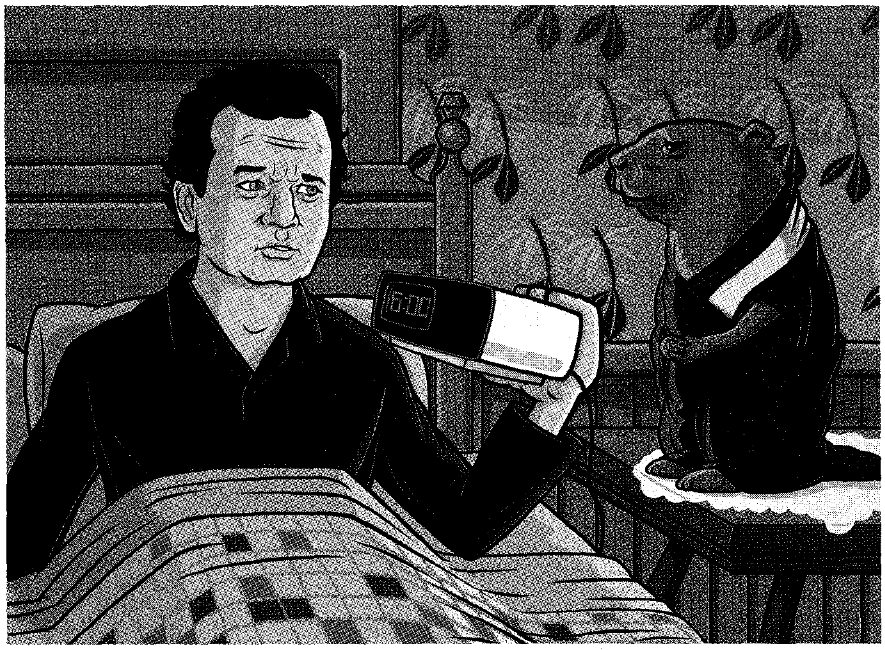
PRISONER OF PARADISE
A documentary about the actor and cabaret star Kurt Gerron, who was forced to direct pro-Nazi propaganda films while imprisoned in a concentration camp. Directed by Malcolm Clarke and Stuart Sender. Opening Dec. 5. (Quad Cinema.)

WHAT ALICE FOUND
The writer-director A. Dean Bell’s drama about a young woman (Emily Grace) who is lured into the world of truck-stop prostitution. Opening Dec. 5. (Quad Cinema.)



FILM NOTES

ALICE IN WONDERLAND
This tale of a yellow-haired girl following the White Rabbit and going subterranean is a lot more fun than the “Matrix” sequels and (apart from the anthology film “Fantasia”) the closest the Disney Studio ever came to “Yellow Submarine.” It may not be Lewis Carroll, but this 1951 version has a loony visual momentum all its own. As always, if Alice weren’t so maddeningly literal, the whole movie would collapse because of the centripetal force of the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the hookah-smoking Caterpillar, and the diva Queen of Hearts. If Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum are disappointing, the animators make up for this shortcoming with their refreshingly brisk and heartless rendering of the saga of the Walrus and the Carpenter and with the film’s true star: an undulating, ubiquitous Cheshire Cat.—*Michael Sragow* (Gramercy Theatre; Dec. 5-6.)



THE WAY OF THE WOODCHUCK *The 1993 comedy “Groundhog Day” may seem like an odd choice to open* MOMA’s *film series “The Hidden God: Film and Faith,” but the movie, which stars Bill Murray as an arrogant weatherman who magically repeats the same day thousands of times before selflessly doing good, has apparently been embraced by Hasidic Jews, Jesuits, and Buddhists as an apt expression of their beliefs.*

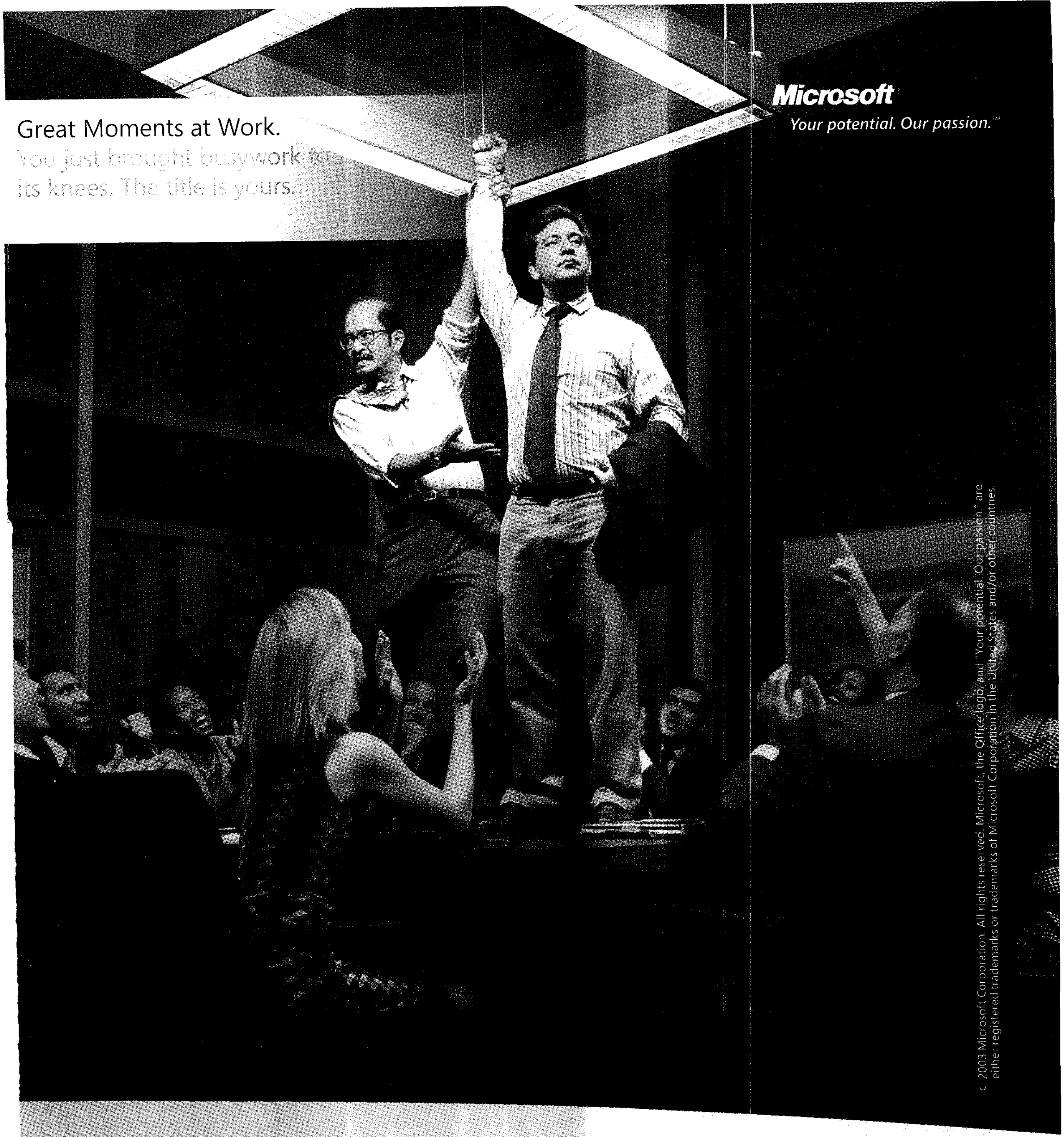
THE BARBARIAN INVASIONS
Rémy (Rémy Girard), the plumply boisterous philanderer of Denys Arcand’s 1986 film, “The Decline of the American Empire,” is now in his early fifties and dying of cancer in a Quebec hospital. His investment-banker son, Sébastien (Stéphane Rousseau)—a svelte, devastatingly efficient young man who disapproves of his reprobate father—shows up from London, arranges for Rémy’s comfort as best he can, and reassembles the gang of gabby intellectuals who were Rémy’s friends and colleagues in the earlier movie. The hospital room becomes the site of an ongoing party: sexual memories, bawdy jokes, political tirades, and regrets bang off the walls at all hours. Eventually, the entire group relocates to a house on the same lake that was the setting for “Decline”; as Rémy grapples with his failures and satisfactions, the movie shuts up and calms down. Arcand’s film might be called an idyll of death, and the concluding scenes, in which Rémy tries to pass something on to the next generation, are intensely moving. In French.—*David Denby* (Reviewed in our issue of 11/24/03.) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Sunshine Cinema.)

THE CONVERSATION
The writer-director, Francis Ford Coppola, took a suggestion from his fellow-filmmaker Irvin Kershner—to check out the expanding world of electronic eavesdropping—and developed it into a near-triumph about a hermetic, guilt-wracked bugging master named Harry Caul (Gene Hackman) who believes he hears intimations of murder on his surveillance tapes. When the film premièred, in 1974, the technological tricks and sleek corporate backdrop evoked Watergate. Thanks to Walter Murch’s keen, intuitive sound montage and Hackman’s clammy, subtle performance, the movie captures a more elusive and universal fear—that of losing the power to respond, emotionally and morally, to the evidence of one’s senses. With Cindy Williams, Frederick Forrest, and Robert Duvall.—*M.S.* (Moving Image; Dec. 6-7.)

FROM HERE TO ETERNITY
Prewitt, the bugler hero of James Jones’s Dreiserian novel about Army life in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor, is a soldier who loves the Army, yet he believes that “if a man don’t go his own way, he’s nothin’.” The conflict between his status and his determination to have his rights is the mainspring of the action. This 1953 movie succeeds by the smooth efficiency of Fred Zinnemann’s lean, intelligent direction and by the superlative casting. Montgomery Clift’s bony, irregularly handsome Prewitt is a hardhead, a limited man with a one-track mind, who’s intensely appealing. Clift has the control to charm—almost to seduce—an audience without ever stepping outside his inflexible, none-too-smart character. Burt Lancaster has a role that’s just about perfectly in his range as Sergeant Warden, the man’s man who’s also a ladies’ man (the lady is Deborah Kerr); Frank Sinatra, in his first straight acting part, surprised audiences with a softly modulated, likable performance as Maggio. This was the movie of its year, as “On the Waterfront” was to be the next year, and not just because each swept the Academy Awards but because these films brought new attitudes to the screen that touched a social nerve.—*Pauline Kael* (Film Forum; starting Dec. 5.)

THE HIDDEN FORTRESS
This sublime Japanese medieval entertainment, released in 1958, renders a comedy of ethical equilibrium as a giant sixteenth-century civil-war epic. At the center is a righteous, ornery princess in disguise, piercing enemy lines to seek sanctuary in a friendly province, and a valiant, no-nonsense general (Toshiro Mifune) who sacrifices his own sister to protect her. But Akira Kurosawa tells the story from the perspective of two peasant helpers who hope only for a piece of her dynastic treasure and can’t even be trusted with her real identity. (George Lucas has acknowledged these antiheroes as the inspiration for R2-D2 and C-3PO in “Star Wars.”) Using widescreen technology for the first time, Kurosawa turns his sprawling frames into kinetic tapestries of anarchy, with chases and duels boasting the oversized choreography and ruthless movements that would influence Leone and Peckinpah. It’s Mifune’s most gloriously uncomplicated performance—in repose his conscience may haunt him, but in battle he rouses the innocent fervor of Fairbanks or Flynn at their best. In Japanese.—*M.S.* (Thalia Theatre; Dec. 6-7.)

THE HUMAN STAIN
Robert Benton, the maker of such muted films as “Nobody’s Fool,” has now turned his attention to the somewhat louder material of Philip Roth, whose infuriated tale of love in the age of Kenneth Starr was published in 2000. Anthony Hopkins is Coleman Silk, born black, but pale of skin, who, with smarting irony, is hounded from his post as a professor of classics for an allegedly racist remark. His lover, who sweeps floors and milks cows for a living, is played by Nicole Kidman, whose bearing, unfortunately for Benton, becomes more aristocratic with every passing film. The miscasting is completed by Gary Sinise, who takes the part of


Great Moments at Work.
You just brought busywork to its knees. The title is yours.
Microsoft
Your potential. Our passion.™

© 2003 Microsoft Corporation. All rights reserved. Microsoft, the Office logo, and "Your potential. Our passion." are either registered trademarks or trademarks of Microsoft Corporation in the United States and/or other countries.

Introducing the new Microsoft® Office System.

Eliminate the little things. Start thinking big. It's all possible with innovations that help you automate your day-to-day tasks, track project information on your own, and access stored company data that until now, you couldn't. It's all about working smarter, not harder. Way to go, champ.

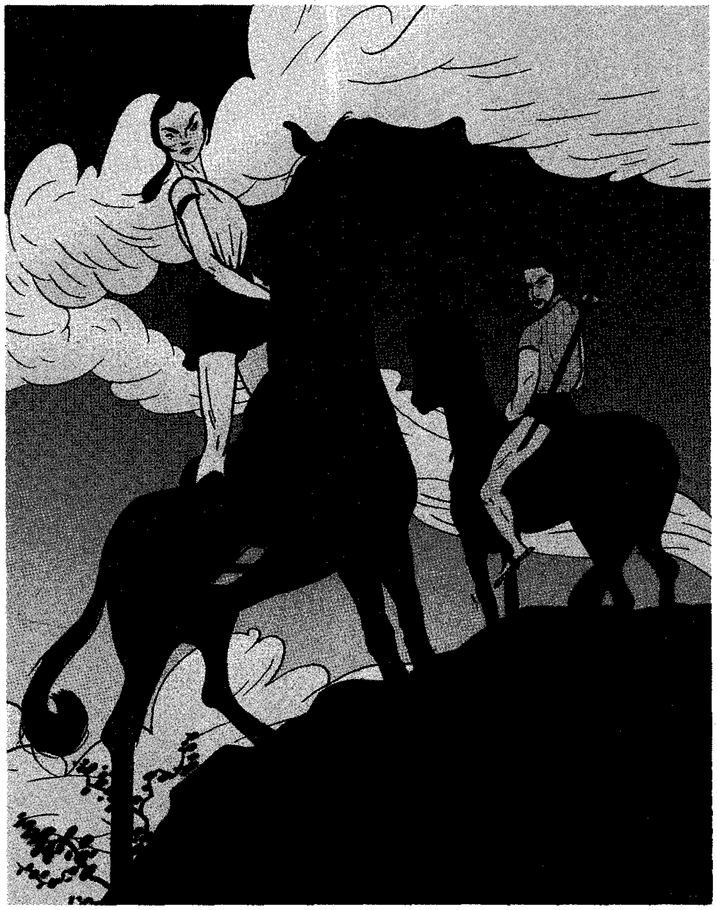
Gear up for great moments at microsoft.com/greatmoments

Microsoft® Office™

Nathan Zuckerman, one of Roth's roster of stand-ins. The result is calm, wintry, and plaintive—in other words, a world away from the novel. That is no crime, but Benton's decorous approach leaves the movie floundering in implausibilities. With Wentworth Miller as the younger (and more compelling) Silk.—*Anthony Lane* (11/3/03) (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 2, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, and Union Square.)

IN AMERICA

The tale of an Irish family that travels to New York in search of a better life, or, at any rate, a life. Johnny (Paddy Considine), his wife, Sarah (Samantha Morton), and their daughters, Christy (Sarah Bolger) and Ariel (Emma Bolger), settle near Hell's Kitchen and wrestle, as you would expect, with outlandish local customs such as air-conditioners and Halloween. Despite the title, the director, Jim Sheridan, is gripped less by the country in which his characters find themselves than by their own hope and anguish: there was a third child, a boy, who died before they came to the States. The movie has a busy intensity but lacks the rooted confidence of Sheridan's Irish work, as seen in "My Left Foot" and "In the Name of the Father." What ties it down, if anything, is the performance of Sarah Bolger—ten years old when the picture was made, but the sanest and saddest person on the block.—*A.L.* (12/1/03) (Beekman, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square.)



At the Thalia Theatre, Akira Kurosawa's "The Hidden Fortress."

LOONEY TUNES: BACK IN ACTION

Don't worry, it's much better than "Space Jam." Joe Dante, a big fan of Chuck Jones and all things Looney, directed this silly adventure that properly places Bugs and Daffy center stage. For the grown-ups, he's packed the film with inside jokes that pay homage not just to Warner Bros. cartoons (Speedy Gonzales, alas, is having trouble finding work in these politically correct times) but to all of movie history. For the kids, there's plenty of good old-fashioned mugging and make-believe violence. The human actors, led by Brendan Fraser, blend in well with their animated co-stars, although there's still that nagging problem of eye contact. More troublesome is the pacing: Dante packs the movie with enough clamorous action to tax even the most hyper ten-year-old. Still, a few sequences—like a chase through the paintings at the Louvre—display a surreal creativity worthy of Master Jones himself.—*Michael Agger* (Battery Park 16, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 34th Street Theatre, and Village East Cinemas.)

MASTER AND COMMANDER: THE FAR SIDE OF THE WORLD

Finally, the work of Patrick O'Brian arrives onscreen. Two of his twenty Jack Aubrey novels have been requisitioned for this new Peter Weir film; instead of receiving a gentle introduction, we are launched straight into a fogbound firefight, and from there into a race around Cape Horn. The casting of Russell Crowe as Aubrey will divide the fans; he can handle the sway of action with aplomb, but O'Brian readers may flinch at his sullen air and pine for the bluffness of the original. Paul Bettany does a delicate job with the role of Stephen Maturin, Jack's best and cleverest friend; we sense his quiet eagerness—common to the work of Weir and O'Brian—to press on toward the darker reaches of the world and discover more. For all the foul weather, and despite the charming amputation scene, we feel ourselves to be in good company with these men, and strangely jealous of their packed and salted lives.—*A.L.* (11/17/03) (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Metro Twin, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, Union Square, and Ziegfeld.)

THE MISSING

Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

MY ARCHITECT

A traditional quest, superbly told. Nathaniel Kahn seeks to understand the life of his father, the architect Louis I. Kahn; his task is made even more difficult by the fact that Kahn had three separate and coexisting families: a wife and two mistresses with one child apiece. For his part, Nathaniel was an illegitimate son and only eleven when his father died; his interviews are laced with raw, uncut feeling for a man he never really knew. Throughout the documentary, he uses Kahn's buildings (beautifully photographed) as a kind of wedge into his father's motivations and personality. He discovers that Kahn's more famous contemporaries, like I. M. Pei, appear haunted by his career: is it better to have designed three or four unexampled buildings, as Kahn did, or to have had a successful, high-profile architectural practice? Perhaps more surprising, the women in Kahn's life don't regret the way he treated them. Anne Tyng, Kahn's co-worker and mistress, explains her affection this way: "The ideas that you work on together connect you always somehow." In the end, Nathaniel's homage to his father demonstrates what it was like to be caught in his creative whirlwind.—*M.A.* (Film Forum.)

MYSTIC RIVER

Clint Eastwood's sombre masterpiece, from a novel by Dennis Lehane (Brian Helgeland did the adaptation), is about a working-class Catholic community in Boston held in thrall by an old crime. Back in the seventies, one of three eleven-year-old boys who were close friends was taken away by two men pretending to be cops and sexually assaulted for days before he finally escaped. But it turns out that Dave (Tim Robbins) never escaped at all. Twenty-five years later, he is still shrouded in dreams and terror, and his two friends, Sean (Kevin Bacon), a homicide detective, and Jimmy (Sean Penn), an ex-con who runs a corner grocery, still feel the shame of not helping him. When Jimmy's nineteen-year-old daughter is murdered, the three are uneasily brought back together again. The movie's feeling for the neighborhood milieu is so convincing because there's no distinction between background and foreground—everything we see (faces, living rooms, back yards, weather, battered old cars) is dramatically relevant. Eastwood directs in a gray, end-of-day light and with a minimum of camera rhetoric; he lets the script and the actors do the work. Penn does a few semi-psychotic soliloquies in which he takes off into the stratosphere, joining Marlon Brando as one of the great tragic actors of the screen.—*D.D.* (10/13/03) (Battery Park 16, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, 64th and 2nd, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

PIECES OF APRIL

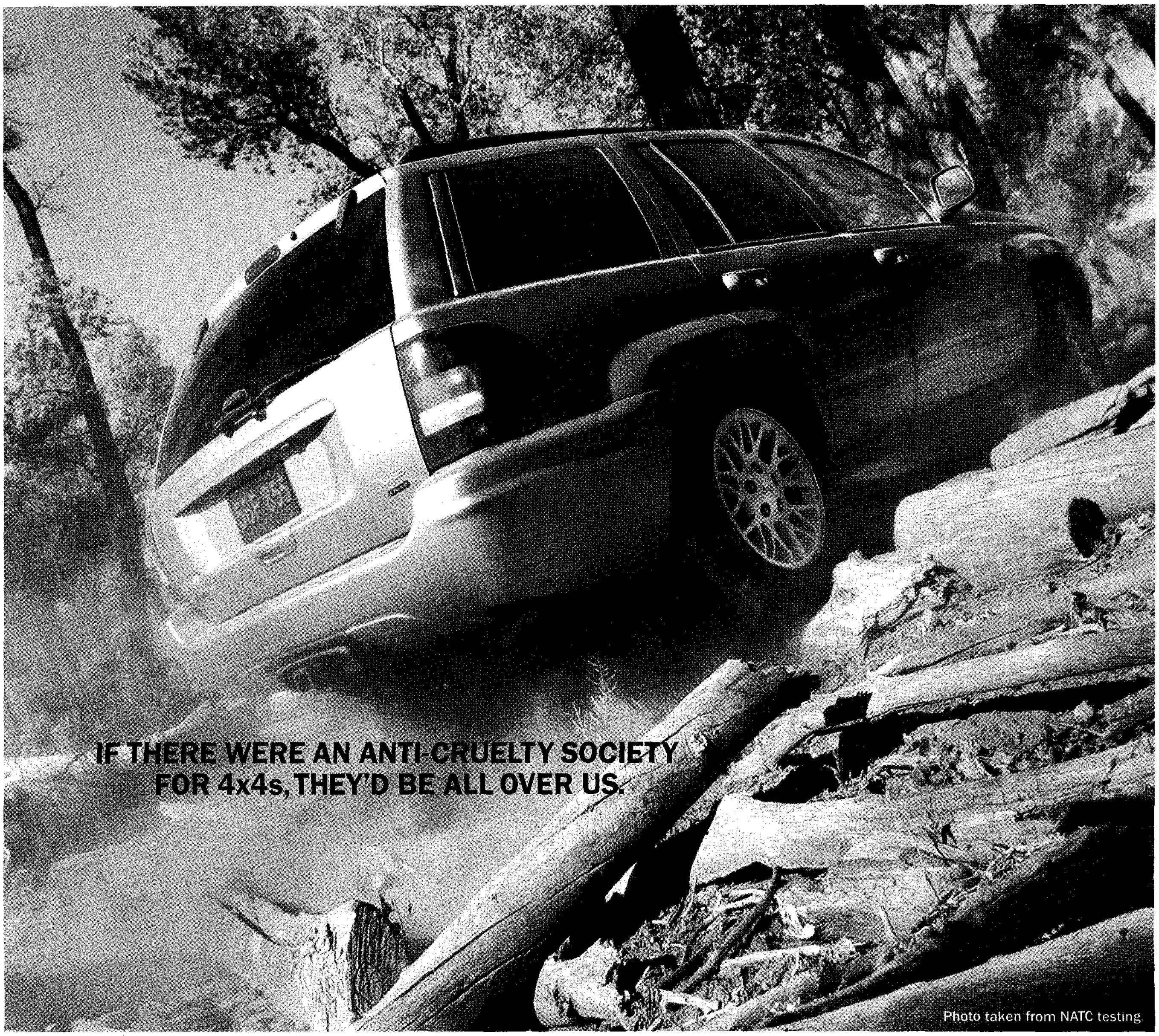
Katie Holmes continues to distance herself from her "Dawson's Creek" past, in this sensitive drama written and directed by Peter Hedges. The apple-cheeked actress surrounds her eyes with black liner and slumps her shoulders as April, a rebellious daughter living a shabby-chic life on the Lower East Side. Her transformation works, for the most part, but the movie's real center of gravity is Patricia Clarkson, as April's mother, who is suffering from breast cancer. It's a challenging role; Hedges wrote the character as someone who can no longer tolerate sympathy, and Clarkson manages to express vulnerability along with the dry, caustic wit of a woman who has made her reckoning with death. The movie has April reuniting with her mother for Thanksgiving, but it's not a depressing or cheaply sentimental story. With Oliver Platt, Alison Pill, Alice Drummond, and Derek Luke lending fine support as family and boyfriend. Shot on digital video, in a style that is sometimes claustrophobic.—*M.A.* (Lincoln Square and Sunshine Cinema.)

SHATTERED GLASS

If you are searching for the definitive illustration of a tempest in a teacup, look no further. The writer and director Billy Ray has filmed the story of Stephen Glass, the young reporter who forged facts in a string of pieces that he wrote for *The New Republic* in the late nineteen-nineties. Glass is expertly played by Hayden Christensen as a puppyish geek, digging himself into ever deeper holes. Glass's editors at the time were Michael Kelly (Hank Azaria), who was fired in the midst of the Glass farrago, and then Chuck Lane (Peter Sarsgaard), who fired Glass himself. Insiders may lap this stuff up, but visitors from the outside world will wonder what the fuss is about, and the movie is scripted, shot, and scored with such undying solemnity that fits of shameful giggles may be heard in cinemas across the land. With Chloë Sevigny, naturally, as one of Glass's fellow-reporters.—*A.L.* (11/3/03) (Angelika Film Center and Paris.)

THE STATION AGENT

The writer and director Tom McCarthy has turned his attention to a New Jersey backwater and come up with something lyrical, taciturn, and stripped of sentimentality. Peter Dinklage plays Fin, a dwarf


IF THERE WERE AN ANTI-CRUELTY SOCIETY
FOR 4x4s, THEY'D BE ALL OVER US.
Photo taken from NATC testing.

TRAIL RATED 4x4

Traction
Articulation
Ground Clearance
Maneuverability
Water Fording

THE JEEP® TRAIL RATED™ SYSTEM. Yeah, we're tough on our 4x4s. We put them through a series of rigorous tests under grueling conditions with unreasonably high expectations. The result? A TRAIL RATED badge that shows every Jeep® 4x4 is capable of getting you safely through some of the most extreme situations. To learn all about the incredibly capable TRAIL RATED Jeep 4x4s and their impressive 7-year/70,000-mile Powertrain Limited Warranty,* please visit us at jeep.com/trailrated **IF IT'S NOT TRAIL RATED, IT'S NOT A JEEP 4x4.**

ONLY IN A
Jeep
JEEP.COM

Jeep and Trail Rated are trademarks of DaimlerChrysler Corporation.
*See dealer for a copy of this limited warranty. Transferable to second owner with fee. A deductible applies.

who inherits a cabinlike home beside a railroad track in Newfoundland, in Morris County. Fin loves trains and not much else—hardly surprising, given that the world has shown him little more than a laugh and a sneer—and he is none too thrilled when his quiet space is invaded. Over time, though, he warms to the invaders: Joe (Bobby Cannavale), loud and lonely, who sells coffee and hot dogs from a neighboring van, and Olivia (Patricia Clarkson), a painter, still mourning the loss of a young son. The three of them fall in with one another, then fall out, then gradually fall back in; like some of the best short stories, the picture evades grandeur, mature enough to linger on what nearly happens. None of the central performers put a foot wrong, and McCarthy takes care not to insist that small is beautiful; rather, he and Dinklage leave us reflecting that small can be angry, tired, and tough.—*A.L.* (10/6/03) (Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THE TRIPLETS OF BELLEVILLE
A boy is given a bicycle. He grows up to compete, under the tutelage of his ferocious grandmother, in the Tour de France, only to be kidnapped and smuggled overseas. The old lady, with a panting hound in tow, tracks and retrieves the unfortunate cyclist, aided by three crones who feast on a casserole of murdered frogs. Such is the gritty, fantastic plot of Sylvain Chomet's animated film, which could only have emerged from a culture in which the worship of comic books approaches the status of an organized religion. Indeed, there is much to revere in Chomet's swollen caricatures and vertiginous angles, although agnostics may be tempted to point out that a little elastic surrealism goes a long way, and that to learn the exact details of somebody else's dreams—which is what this movie feels like—can be at once haunting and tiresome. In French, just about, though most of it is noise, and no subtitles are required.—*A.L.* (12/1/03) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Sunshine Cinema.)

21 GRAMS
Impassioned and affecting as some of it is, this desperately sincere drama of life and death in Nowheresville, U.S.A., is also an arrogant failure. Benicio Del Toro, dolorously made up with clown circles under his eyes, plays the Jesus-freak ex-con who accidentally runs down a man and his two little girls. Sean Penn, some sort of math professor with a bad ticker, gets the heart of the dead man, at which point he begins to follow around the grieving widow (Naomi Watts). Written by Guillermo Arriaga and directed by Alejandro González Iñárritu, the same team responsible for the powerful "Amores Perros," the picture moves every which way but straight ahead. The intent of the scrambled syntax, one imagines, is to show how three sensitive and damaged people might encroach upon one another's lives, even infiltrate one another's unconscious, a process that works independently of time. But we don't know where we are in the story or why a given action should matter. The jagged pieces of the mosaic keep dropping off the wall and falling to the floor with a clatter. Yet the three stars act the hell out of their tormented roles, and, at times, they are amazing to watch.—*D.D.* (11/24/03) (Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, and Village Theatre VII.)

ALSO PLAYING

THE COOLER
Angelika Film Center, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Square.

ELF
Battery Park 16, Cinema 1, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.

HUKKLE
Cinema Village.

KILL BILL—VOL. 1 (10/13/03)
Battery Park 16, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, Sutton 1 and 2, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.

LOST IN TRANSLATION (9/15/03)
BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Quad Cinema, and Village Theatre VII.

LOVE ACTUALLY
Battery Park 16, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, 72nd Street East, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.

THE MATRIX REVOLUTIONS (11/10/03)
Astor Plaza, Battery Park 16, Chelsea West, Cinema 3, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.

SYLVIA (10/20/03)
Angelika Film Center.

TIMELINE
Battery Park 16, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.

TO BE AND TO HAVE (9/29/03)
Cinema Village and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 212-777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Battery Park 16, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (212-398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (212-757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 66th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 139-143 E. Houston St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Dec. 14: A Francis Ford Coppola retrospective. Dec. 6 at 2: "The Cotton Club" (1984). ♦ Dec. 6 at 4:30: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (1987). ♦ Dec. 6-7 at 6:30: "The Conversation" (†). ♦ Dec. 7 at 1: "Gardens of Stone" (1987). ♦ Dec. 7 at 3:30: "Tucker: The Man and His Dream" (1988).

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES
32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (212-505-5110)—Through Dec. 10: The African Diaspora Film Festival. For the complete schedule and film descriptions, see http://www.nyadff.org.

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—Dec. 3 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:30: "The Apple (a.k.a. Star Rock!)" (1980, Menahem Golan). ♦ Films by the Russian director Boris Barnet. Dec. 4 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Dark Is the Night" (1945; in Russian). ♦ Dec. 8 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Okraina" (1932; in Russian). ♦ Dec. 9 at 7:30: "The Girl with the Hat Box" (1927; silent). ♦ Bollywood films. Dec. 5 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Bhoot" (2003, Ram Gopal Varma; in Hindi). ♦ Dec. 6 at 2 and 7: "Lagaan" (2001, Ashutosh Gowariker; in Hindi). ♦ Dec. 7 at 3 and 7: "Asoka" (2001, Santosh Sivan; in Hindi).

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—Dec. 3-4 at 1, 4:30, and 8: "The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly" (1966, Sergio Leone). ♦ Starting Dec. 5 at 1:30, 4, 6:30, and 9: "From Here to Eternity" (†).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—Through Dec. 23: "Petits Bijoux," underappreciated French films. Dec. 2 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" (1972, François Truffaut; in French).

GRAMERCY THEATRE
127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900)—"Grant Munro Rediscovered." Dec. 4 at 6: Animated shorts (1945-2003). ♦ Through Feb. 27: "The Hidden God: Film and Faith." Dec. 4 at 8:15: "Groundhog Day" (1993, Harold Ramis). ♦ Dec. 5 at 2: "The Word" (1955, Carl Th. Dreyer; in Danish). ♦ Dec. 5 at 4:15: "The Green Way" (1986, Eric Rohmer; in French). ♦ Dec. 5 at 9:15: "Babette's Feast" (1987, Gabriel Axel; in Danish and French). ♦ Dec. 6 at 7:15: "Love Affair" (1939, Leo McCarey). ♦ Dec. 6 at 9: "Unforgiven" (1992, Clint Eastwood). ♦ Dec. 7 at 2: "Andrei Rublev" (1969, Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian). ♦ "The Art and Flair of Mary Blair." Dec. 5 at 6:30: A lecture on the Disney designer followed by a screening of "Alice in Wonderland" (†). ♦ Dec. 6 at 1: An additional "Wonderland" screening without a lecture. ♦ Through Jan. 31: "Margarethe Von Trotta and New German Cinema." All films are in German. Dec. 4 at 2: "Freak Orlando" (1981, Ulrike Ottinger). ♦ Dec. 6 at 2:45 and Dec. 7 at 6: "Fitzcarraldo" (1982, Werner Herzog). ♦ Dec. 6 at 5:45 and Dec. 8 at 6: "Fate" (1994, Fred Kelemen).

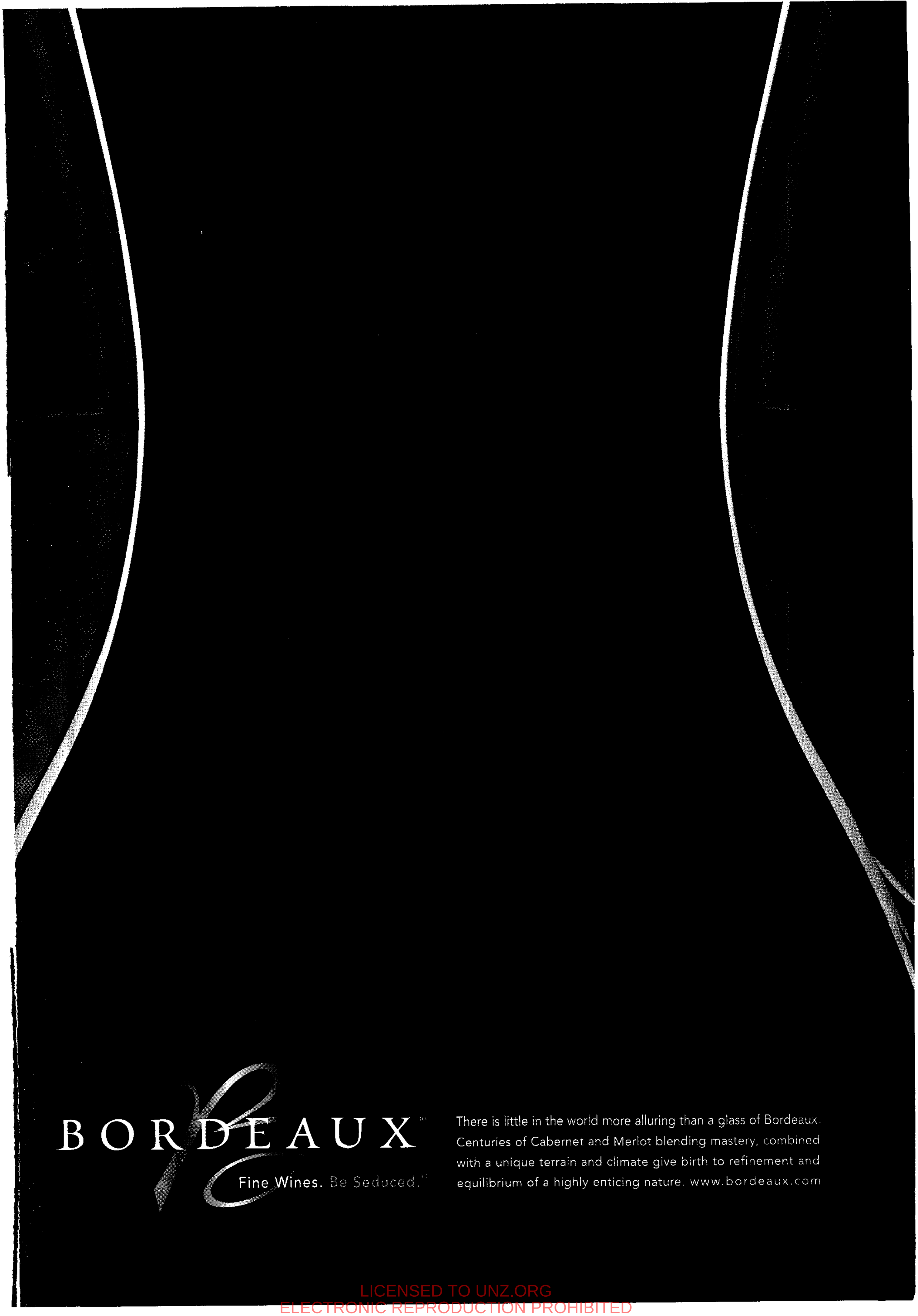
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—Through Jan. 14: A Federico Fellini retrospective. All films are in Italian. Dec. 3 and Dec. 5 at 7: "8½" (1963). ♦ Dec. 6 at 3: "I Clowns" (1971). ♦ Dec. 6 at 7: "Roma" (1972).

THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
One Bowling Green (212-514-3700)—Dec. 4-7: The 2003 Native American Film and Video Festival. The public screenings begin on Dec. 4 at 7 with a documentary about the Manitoba Native leader John Joseph Harper, titled "Cowboys and Indians" (2003, Norma Bailey). For the complete schedule, see http://www.nativenetworks.si.edu.

SUNSHINE CINEMA
139-143 E. Houston St. (212-358-0573)—Midnight movies. Dec. 5-6: "Stripes" (1981, Ivan Reitman).

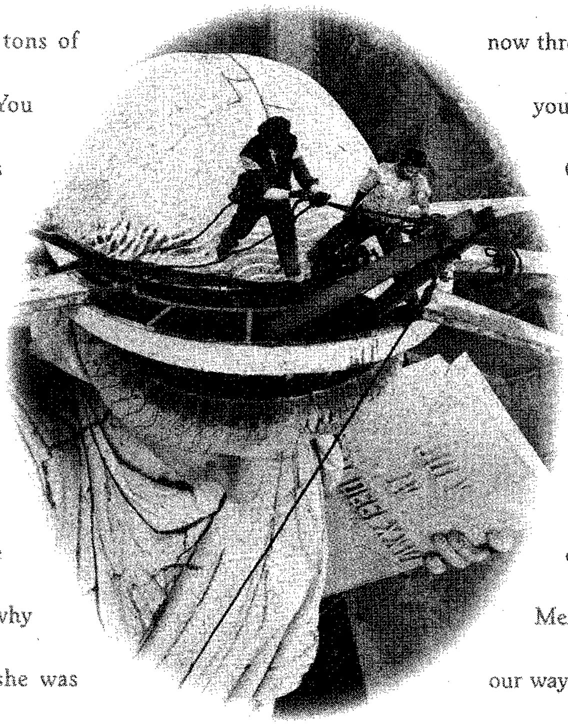
THALIA THEATRE
Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (212-864-5400)—An Akira Kurosawa retrospective. All films are in Japanese. Dec. 6 at 3 and Dec. 7 at 8: "The Hidden Fortress" (†). ♦ Dec. 6 at 6 and Dec. 7 at 3: "I Live in Fear" (1955). ♦ Dec. 6 at 8 and Dec. 7 at 5: "Ikiru" (1952).

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—Through Dec. 4: "Another Russia: A Tribute to Lenfilm Studios." All films are in Russian. Dec. 3 at 8:15: "Russian Ark" (2002, Alexander Sokurov). ♦ Dec. 4 at 8:15: "Poor, Poor Pavel" (2003, Vitaly Melnikov). ♦ Through Dec. 24: "Spanish Cinema Now." All films are in Spanish. Dec. 5 at 1 and Dec. 7 at 4:15: "South from Granada" (2003, Fernando Colomo). ♦ Dec. 5 at 3:15, Dec. 6 at 3, and Dec. 9 at 5: "The Hidden City" (2002, Carlos Balagué). ♦ Dec. 5 at 9:30, Dec. 6 at 9:15, and Dec. 7 at 6:45: "In the City" (2003, Cesc Gay). ♦ Dec. 6 at 6:45, Dec. 7 at 9, and Dec. 9 at 2:30 and 6:45: "The Galíndez File" (2003, Gerardo Herrero). ♦ A salute to Filmoteca Española. Dec. 6 at 1:15 and Dec. 9 at 1 and 9: "Flamenco" (1952, Edgar Neville). ♦ Dec. 6 at 5 and Dec. 7 at 2:30: "Frivolinas" (1927, Arturo Carballo).


BORDEAUX™
Fine Wines. Be Seduced.™

There is little in the world more alluring than a glass of Bordeaux. Centuries of Cabernet and Merlot blending mastery, combined with a unique terrain and climate give birth to refinement and equilibrium of a highly enticing nature. www.bordeaux.com

REOPEN LADY LIBERTY
AND YOU CAN SEE UP CLOSE WHAT OUR COUNTRY IS MADE OF.



Visit the Statue of Liberty and you don't just get a closer look at the 225 tons of metal it took to build her. You learn the story of her creators who persevered over 20 years to see her finished, and how ordinary citizens raised half a million dollars for her construction. She is a physical reminder of the ideals that make this country great. Which is why we all lost something when she was closed to the public due to safety concerns.

Now you can do something about it. From now through January 2004, every time you use your American Express® Card, we will make a donation to The Statue of Liberty - Ellis Island Foundation to help fund her necessary security upgrades. You can also go to www.statueofliberty.org to charge a donation or to donate Membership Rewards® points. It is our way of making sure this part of the American story is told for generations to come.

HELP REOPEN LADY LIBERTY
statueofliberty.org

American Express will donate a total of $3,000,000 to The Statue of Liberty-Foundation, Inc. The donation will consist of a direct corporate contribution of $500,000 and a contribution of $2,500,000 that is based on one cent per eligible Card purchase between December 1, 2003 and January 31, 2004. Eligible Card purchases include all purchases made with a personal American Express Card, or an American Express Business Card from OPEN: The Small Business Network.℠ To make a donation using Membership Rewards℠ points, call 1-800-AXP-EARN (297-3276). Donations are not tax-deductible by Cardmembers. Membership Rewards program terms and conditions apply. © 2003 American Express Company.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

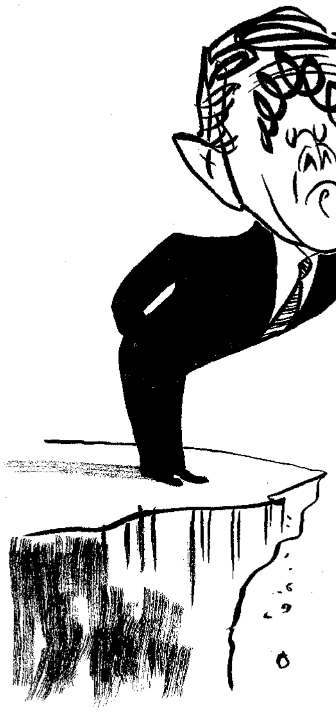
COMMENT
DEMOCRACY HYPOCRISY

The Presidential election of 2000 was the first in which neither major-party candidate had held a military position in the Second World War since—well, if you count Commander-in-Chief as a military position—before the Second World War. But if the Presidential run of the "greatest generation" had ended, the run of the generation shaped by the sixties had already begun, with the 1992 Clinton campaign. It's not going to be a short one, either. At the very least, it will last through the end of Hillary Clinton's second term, in 2017, nearly fifty years after the sixties ended.

George W. Bush, more than is immediately apparent, is himself a sixties President. True, he was formed in opposition to the sixties, but he is still a product of that era, as are many members of his Administration. Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld worked together in the War on Poverty. Karl Rove was in student-movement politics. It matters a lot that they were on the non-intuitive side of their youthful historical moment, but it also matters a lot that they participated.

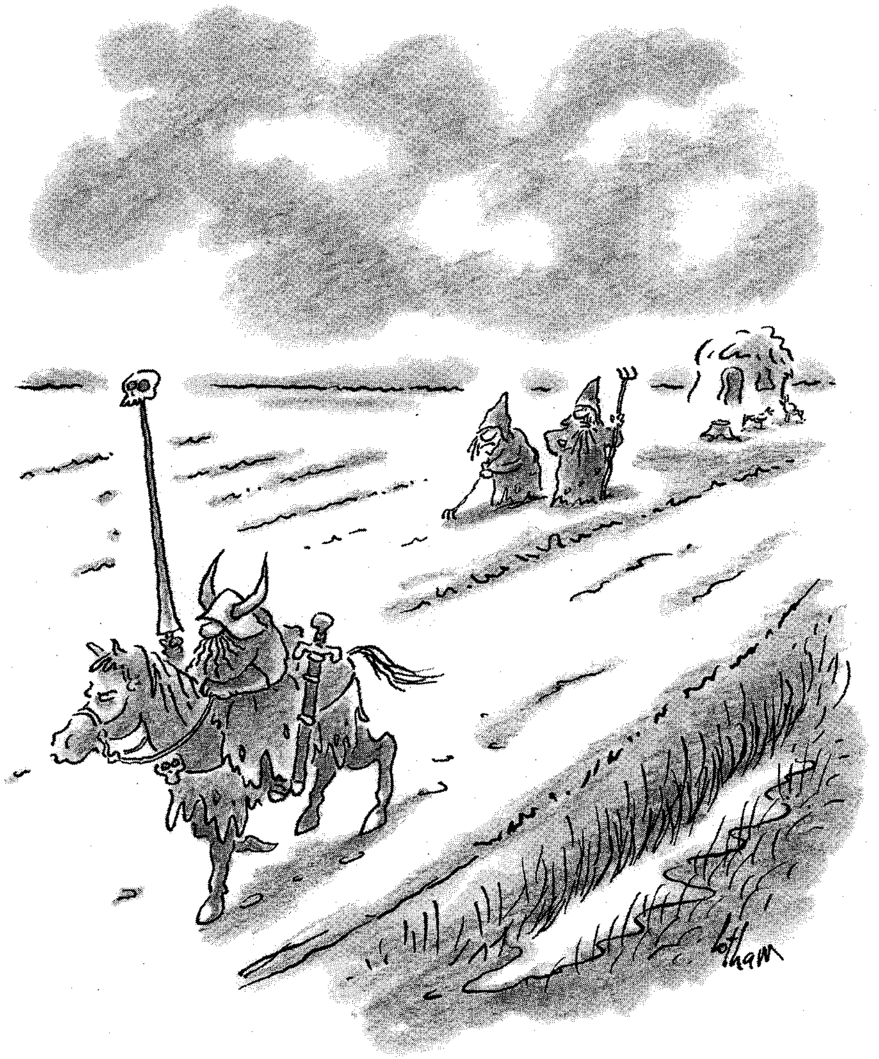
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

Bush's sixties side shows itself in the form of an unperturbed confidence that the world can now be remade entirely, and that all the efforts of the past few generations can be dismissed as cautious and unimaginative. The example most readily at hand is Bush's attitude toward democracy in the Middle East, which, in its way, is right out of "The Times They Are A-Changin'." "We must shake off decades of failed policy in the Middle East," he announced from the podium of the Royal Banqueting House of Whitehall Palace, on his recent trip to London. "Your nation and mine in the past have been willing to make a bargain: to tolerate oppression for the sake of stability. . . . Now we're pursuing a different course, a forward strategy of freedom in the Middle East. We will consistently challenge the enemies of reform and confront the allies of terror."



The music is very Bush, but the words are relatively new. In January, in the State of the Union address, when he listed at length his justifications for the imminent war with Iraq, he barely mentioned democracy. It made its début as a major regional theme a month later, in a speech Bush gave at the American Enterprise Institute. More recently, however, as the justification that he gave first and most often before the war—that Saddam Hussein's regime represented a direct military threat to the United States, because of his nuclear-weapons program and his ties to Al Qaeda—has dematerialized, the President has rhetorically brought democracy to the fore. Last month, in a speech at the National Endowment for Democracy, he asked—in a spirit that was closer to "Blowin' in the Wind"—"Are the peoples of the Middle East somehow beyond the reach of liberty? Are millions of men and women and children condemned by history or culture to live in despotism? Are they alone never to know freedom, and never even to have a choice in the matter? I, for one, do not believe it. I believe every person has the ability and the right to be free."

Bush is correct in that previous Presidents hardly ever talked about democracy in the Islamic countries of the Middle East. For most of the past half-century, where such a country was concerned, they cared, first, whether it was aligned with the United States or the Soviet Union; second, how hospitable it was to American business; and, third, whether its rulers



"I trust him on military issues."

• •

were willing to adopt, if only privately, non-eliminationist attitudes toward Israel. If these Presidents were asked Bush's righteously indignant questions, they probably would have answered, after a deep, exasperated, greatest-generation sigh, by citing some combination of impracticability and respect for sovereignty. Indeed, past Presidents sometimes allowed themselves jauntily optimistic sentiments about Islamic nations. Ronald Reagan, after paying a pre-Presidential visit to the Shah of Iran, in 1978, said, in a radio address, "Iran must receive the worst press of almost any nation. Where have we read of the great effort the government is making to upgrade the standard of living and to eliminate poverty?"

In the National Endowment for Democracy speech, Bush named not only Iraq but also Iran, the Palestinian Authority, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and Syria as countries that are insufficiently democratic. At the moment, there isn't much we can do about the others, but we own Iraq, and that puts Bush in a position to deliver on his promises there. Instead, just a week after the speech, the President abruptly brought L. Paul Bremer III, the provisional administrator, back to Washington and dismantled Bremer's plan for slowly and deliberately instituting democracy in Iraq. Under the new plan, Bremer will leave without Iraq's having democratically ratified a constitution or instituted a new judicial system or a free press. Local caucuses, presumably convened by the United States, will elect representatives to a new national assembly, which will appoint a government—most likely, a specifically Islamic one—to which Bremer, next summer, will hand over power.

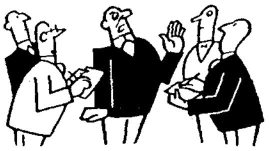
This arrangement will certainly be preferable to living under the thumb of Saddam Hussein, but it is far short of what Bush offered, with characteristic confidence, shortly before the war, when he declared that "the United States has no intention of determining the precise form of Iraq's new government." Under the new plan, we seem to have every intention of determining the precise form, and whether it is democratic really depends on what the meaning of "democratic" is. In the short run, there will be neither free national elections nor true sovereignty nor the protection of minority rights—and that's assuming that the new plan, unlike most things in postwar Iraq, works as it's supposed to, rather than producing a less attractive result.

Bush is changing course in Iraq, obviously, because Americans are dying there, an election year has nearly arrived, and the kind of painstaking post-Second World War-style occupation that he originally put in place was beginning to seem politically unsustainable. But isn't this where we came in? In Washington, the new plan seemed to engender far more approval than disappointment, as if to demonstrate that maybe, by golly, the old, stability-valorizing generation had some good sense after all. But if Bush's embrace of democracy in the Middle East turns out to have been merely gestural, and unable to withstand the long period of adversity that fulfilling it would entail, then he will look not so much cynical as callow. The absence of democracy in Iraq will be bad for Iraqis, and outside Iraq it will mean that the cynicism that has attached itself to America's reports about military threats will also be attached to America's promises of political salvation.

—*Nicholas Lemann*

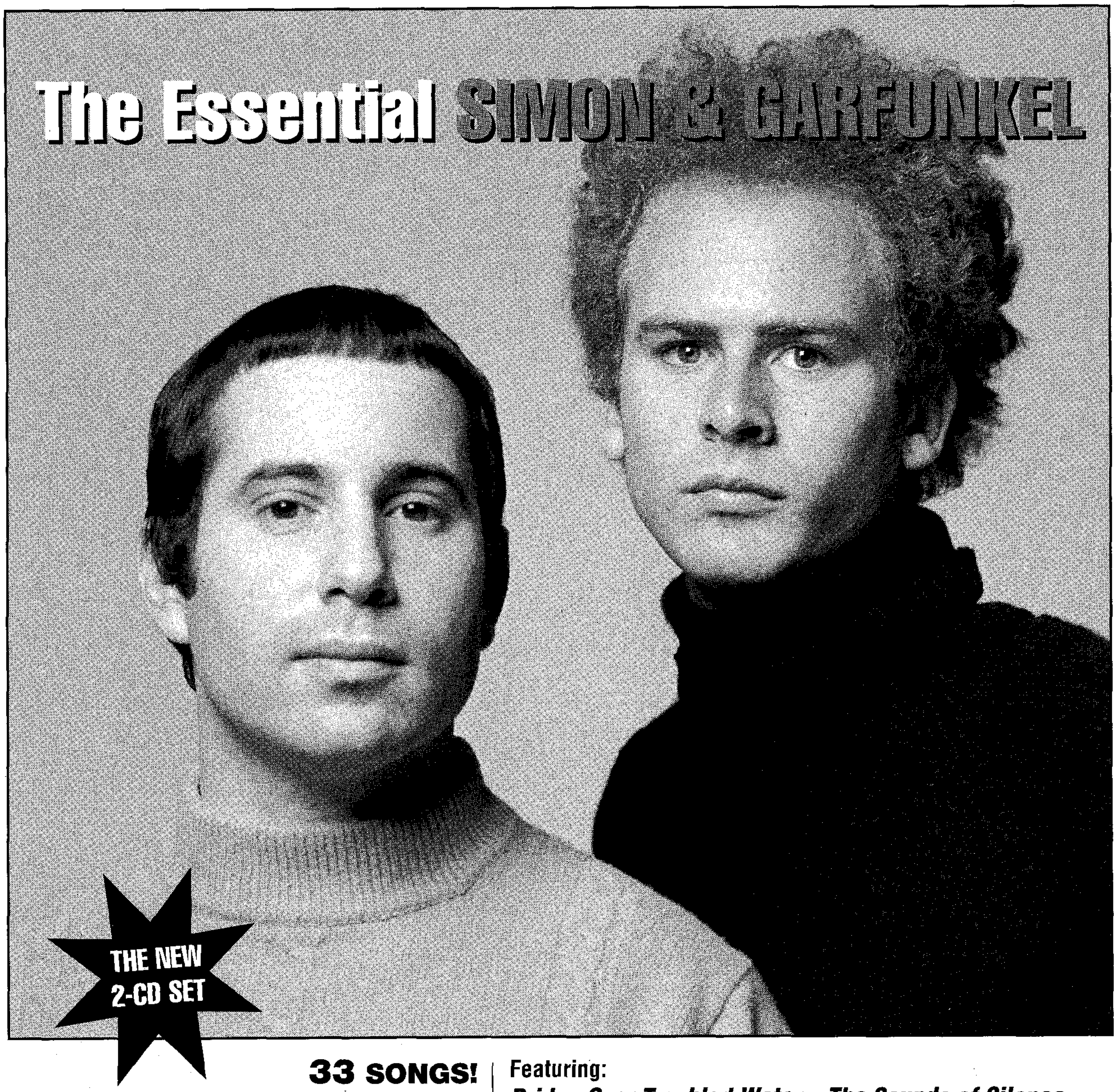
INK

BARON/BIOGRAPHER



Not many historical biographers attract hordes of reporters and photographers to their book signings, but, then, not many historical biographers are also press barons who have just admitted

THIS HOLIDAY, REUNITE WITH OLD FRIENDS.


The Essential SIMON & GARFUNKEL
THE NEW 2-CD SET

33 SONGS!
Over **2 HOURS** of music from
the voices that defined a generation.

Featuring:
Bridge Over Troubled Water • The Sounds of Silence
Mrs. Robinson • Homeward Bound • I Am A Rock
The Boxer • Hazy Shade Of Winter • My Little Town
and more!

Also Available: **The Expanded Editions**
Featuring newly remastered sound with rare and previously-unreleased bonus tracks.

Sounds of Silence

WEDNESDAY MORNING, 3AM
SIMON & GARFUNKEL
Wednesday Morning, 3AM

Parsley, Sage, Rosemary & Thyme

Bookends

Bridge Over Trouble Water

old friends
simon & garfunkel
Old Friends - 3 CD Boxed Set

Old Friends: The 2003 Concert Event of the Year! Congratulations to Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel on their sold out shows Dec. 2, 3 & 4 at Madison Square Garden & Dec. 7 & 8 at Continental Airlines Arena.

Available at **BORDERS®**
BOOKS MUSIC MOVIES CAFE

COLUMBIA LEGACY
"Columbia," ●, "Legacy" and L Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada./℗ 2003 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

receiving seven million dollars from their company without the approval of the board of directors. "This is a terribly unfortunate thing," Conrad Black, a.k.a. Lord Black of Crossharbour, was saying the other night to a throng of reporters in the faculty dining room at Hunter College who had more or less hijacked what was supposed to be a panel discussion about his new book, "Franklin Delano Roosevelt: Champion of Freedom."

A few days earlier, Black had resigned as chief executive of the financially troubled Hollinger International, which publishes the Chicago *Sun-Times*, the Jerusalem *Post*, and the London *Daily Telegraph*, among other papers. He was understandably keen to talk about his book, which took him four years to write, but the journalists were more interested in discovering how he would get along without his corporate jet, which he has had to give up. (According to one article, it had recently been redecorated, on his wife's orders, at a cost of three million dollars.)

"When was the last time you flew commercial?" a reporter from the New York *Post* demanded.

"Two weeks ago; it's not such a rarity," Black replied.

"First class?"

"On that occasion, yes."

"What about the book tour?"

"If I don't fly commercial, I will pay for it out of my own pocket."

Black, who in 2001 gave up his Canadian citizenship to become a British life peer, is an imposing man: he is tall, broad, and possessed of a fierce temper. In the past, he has often lashed out at reporters who don't work for him—and, at times, at some who do—but on this occasion he seemed unusually subdued. After answering a number of questions, he said, almost plaintively, "I ask you to contemplate the possibility that those who benefit from the presumption of innocence may, in fact, be innocent."

With that, he mounted the stage and turned his attention to the liberal icon he considers to be the greatest man of the twentieth century—a surprising verdict from such a staunch conservative, whose newspapers reflect his views. One of the panelists, Roger Hertog, who is the chairman of the Manhattan Institute, a conservative think tank, asked Black why he had written such an "adoring" biography. "Not adoring," Black said. "Admiring." He went on, "My feeling is that we have to emancipate Roosevelt from the left, who have grappled him so close to their bosom that they won't let anybody else near him. The fact is he belongs to the country, and he was, essentially, a centrist. He was not a bleeding heart."

Whatever Black's merits as a custodian of stockholders' funds, he certainly gives his readers value for money. His biography, at almost thirteen hundred pages and more than four pounds, covers everything from the thirty-second President's stamp collection (extensive) to his marital relationship (distant). While some of Black's fellow-conservatives dislike the book, the *Times* and others have praised it. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the author of "The Age of Roosevelt," a three-volume work, said, by telephone from Rome, that he hadn't finished it yet. "I have difficulty lifting it," he said.

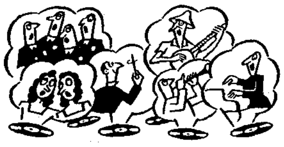
Black's prolixity is not confined to the page. When a member of the audience asked him about Roosevelt's refusal to allow the St. Louis, a ship packed with German Jewish refugees from Nazi Germany, to dock in the United States, his answer took more than twenty minutes. When he was asked about Roosevelt's relationship with Churchill, he went on for almost as long, drawing blank stares from the media section.

After he finally finished talking and sat down to sign books, the reporters had another crack at him. This time, however, he gave as good as he got, pointing out that, despite resigning as Hollinger's chief executive, he was still the company's chairman, as well as its controlling stockholder. "The New York *Times* man—is he here?" he demanded. "Your paper represented this as a case of embezzlement, although it didn't use that word." In actuality, Black said, it was merely a case of "insufficient documentation." He insisted, "I, myself, had nothing to do with it."

A British journalist asked Black about the prospect of being forced to sell the *Daily Telegraph*, the historic newspaper that turned him into a well-known figure and eased his path into the House of Lords. "Very distressing, very distressing," he replied, and his mood seemed to darken again. "I am being pilloried as a scoundrel," he huffed. "And I am not a scoundrel."

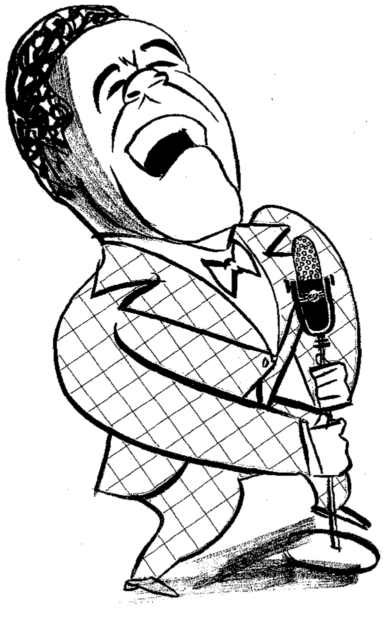
—*John Cassidy*

DEPT. OF SOUND
NO. 9



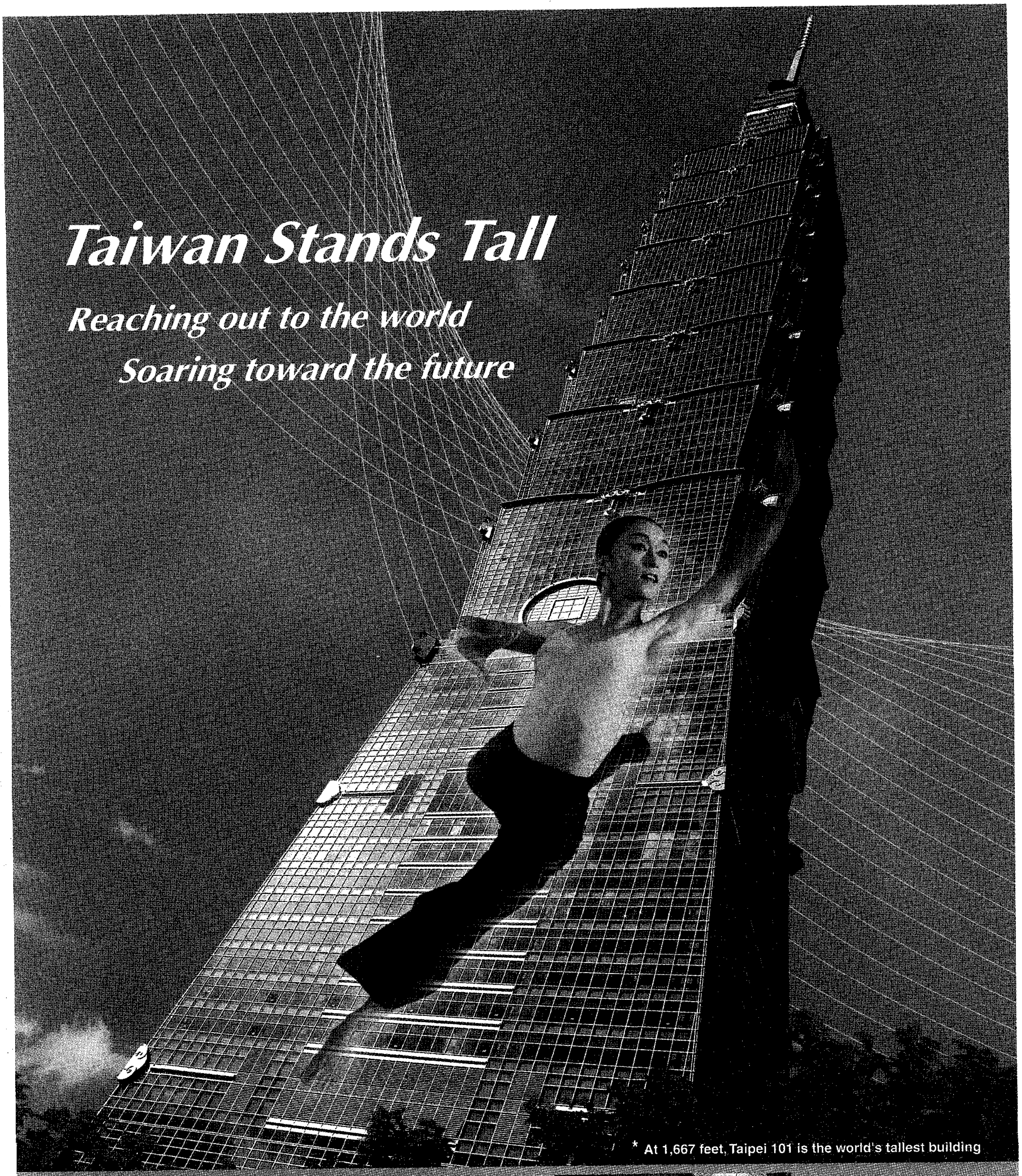
Recently, Blue Note released "I Can't Stop," the Reverend Al Green's first secular album in almost a decade, and only his second recording with the producer Willie Mitchell since 1976. The songs that Green collaborated on with Mitchell in the early seventies, including "Let's Stay Together" and "Love and Happiness," are some of the most stirring soul recordings ever made. These days, Green, who has been the pastor of the Full Gospel Tabernacle Church in Memphis since 1976, tends to credit his worldly successes to the Lord, but Mitchell knows better. "The reason Al has to come back to me, the reason that he sounds so good when he gets in my studio, is because of No. 9," Mitchell said the other day, from his home in Memphis.

"Man, Willie, he's talking too much," Green said. He was in his car, speaking on a cell phone, his voice loud and raspy. "He's giving away our secret recipe. That's our eleven herbs and spices. We need to keep that under wraps."



Al Green

No. 9 is the microphone that Mitchell first used to record Green, more than three decades ago. He hasn't allowed anyone to sing into it since. "Willie loves


Taiwan Stands Tall
Reaching out to the world
Soaring toward the future
* At 1,667 feet, Taipei 101 is the world's tallest building

Taipei 101 has claimed the title as the world's tallest skyscraper. It is a fitting landmark for a country with the foremost growth competitiveness in Asia and fifth highest in the world as ranked by the World Economic Forum. With advanced technology and spectacular natural beauty, Taiwan has more to offer the international investor and tourist. Come to see how Taiwan can surprise you.

Photo of dancer by Liu Chen-hsiang courtesy of Cloud Gate Dance Theatre

TODAY'S TAIWAN
REPUBLIC OF CHINA
www.gio.gov.tw

that mike, man, he does," Green said. "It sounds full and it sounds wholesome. Every time I come down there, he takes No. 9 down off the shelf and out of that same box and polishes it just like a baby.

"I'm not learned in sound. But I know that we got some magic going. Like on 'Ayyyyyyyye, I'm so in loooove with yooouuuuu' "—Al Green on the line, ladies and gentlemen—"I sing like that, in his studio on that mike, and Willie tells me, 'Now, that's what Al Green sounds like. Damn.' 'Let's' "—an encore!—" 'let's stay together. Lovin' you whether, whether times are good or bad, happy or sad.' Now, that's Al Green."

"When I first got Al to come into the studio," Mitchell said, "I knew he was special and I knew I had to be perfect to capture it. So I tried to use all kinds of mikes for his voice. And when I heard him on No. 9 I said, 'Oh my God, this is the real thing.' I put numbers on the mikes we used that day so I could keep track of them. At least I think that's why I put numbers on them—I was drinking vodka. But when I got to this one I put a nine on it. It has a real romantic sound, a soft, warm sound. Like on 'How Can You Mend a Broken Heart?' when he breathes on the mike, you hear that."

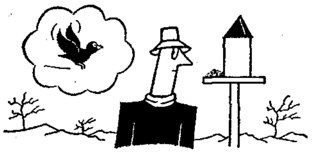
No. 9 is an RCA 77DX ribbon microphone, one of those iconic capsule-shaped mikes similar to the ones that Larry King and David Letterman keep on their desks. Ribbon microphones are extremely delicate and can pick up the subtlest variations in volume, which is why Green's recorded murmurings and half whispers sound as emotional and intense as his shouts and yelps.

"Nobody else is ever gonna use that mike," said Mitchell, who is seventy-five years old and spent seven months of last year in the hospital being treated for complications from diabetes. "I always knew he was coming back. I knew one day he'd want to make some real music again, and to do that I knew he had to come back here."

Before Green recorded "I Can't Stop," he thought about what God would want him to do. "There's the oneness in the universe, and some people see it in the rivers or the mountains. We get in that studio, and Willie's there with his little shot of vodka, and he puts his orange juice in it, and we have the musicians, and then we have No. 9, and there's the same oneness with the universe. There's the love. And God is love, and love is universal. How can that not be right?"

—*Seth Mnookin*

WELLFLEET POSTCARD
THE OFF-SEASON



Ever wonder what goes on up on the Cape when all the summer people are long gone, settled for the winter back in their metropolis? Nothing world-shaking, but the world is shaking enough, wouldn't you say? I'll start with blackbirds: Just before I packed up myself, in late September, I looked out the window and hundreds (and I mean *hundreds*) were settled on the lawn, turning it into a mass of darkness against a gray sky and fallen leaves. And then, just as suddenly, they all flew off somewhere (Paris? Las Vegas?), leaving the lawn empty except for a lone tortoise, an ancient creature who was present at the inauguration of John Adams. That tortoise has been making his way across my lawn for years now, one millimetre at a time.

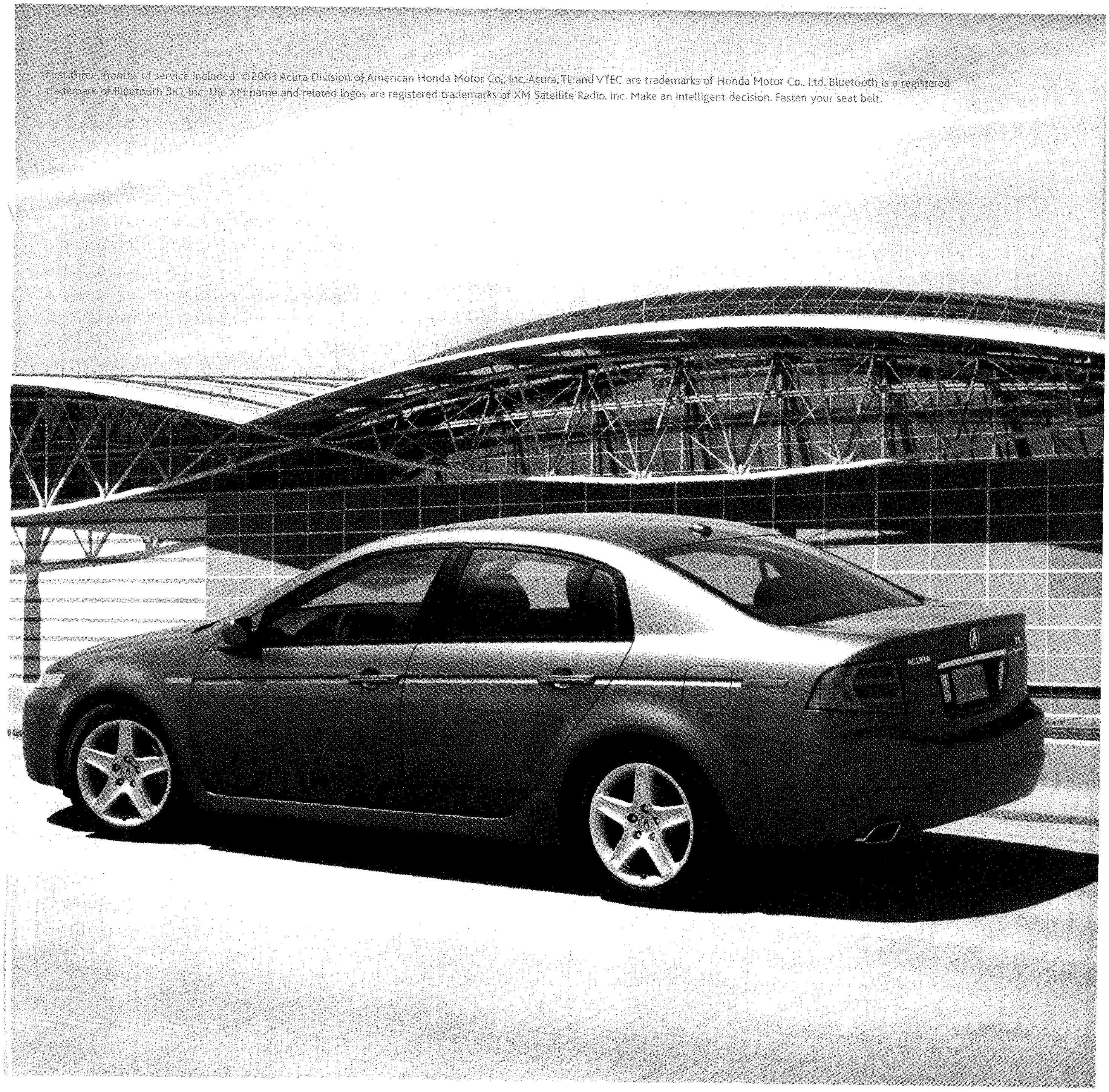
Come fall, we are a village again—just a couple of thousand folks, down to the hard core from the sixfold or sevenfold swelling of the summer months. Of course, the ocean (Atlantic) is still there, pounding away, and soon after everyone left, with the hurricane season acting up, that mighty sea was a sight to behold: churning waves, a monumental roar, and a sense that what is left (not much) of the famed Wellfleet dunes would be washing away, perhaps taking the entire Cape along with it.

Main Street is dreary. The drugstore has departed the town for good. So has the newspaper store. You can get the *Times* at the local grocery or delivered in waterproof blue plastic bags. Restaurants: everything closed but a few year-round joints. The big, popular Moby Dick's on Route 6 is shut tight. Finest fried oyster on the Cape. Fresh seafood every day, including small, succulent Wellfleet oysters by the dozen. (Queen Victoria is said to have had Wellfleets shipped to her, wrapped in seaweed, in barrels.) During peak season, the lines stretch around Moby Dick's like those anticipating the return of Broderick and Lane. The owners, Todd and Mignon Barry, are hands-on: they watch every dish served up. His big sliced onion has become a Cape celebrity, perhaps the only onion celebrity on the Cape, or anywhere, except Hollywood, which is overrun with onion celebrities.

Some parents have gone into home-schooling, setting up strict regimens for their kids and teaching them without having had formal training. This is privatization on a fascinating (if slippery) slope, and we'll just have to see how it works out. And then there are the artists—painters and sculptors, the most prominent being Penelope Jencks, who sculpted the peaceful, beautiful eight-foot-high statue of Eleanor Roosevelt that stands in Riverside Park at Seventy-second Street. Well, Jencks is working on a statue of Robert Frost, commissioned by the Amherst College Class of 1957. He will be seated, on some rocks (Jencks's people sit on rocks), holding a book in his hand and facing the Frost Library. Jencks is a perfectionist—a month on a thigh or an ankle. She plans for the statue to be in granite. "He has a granite face," she says. "At first when I was asked to do this I said no—I was all burned out from Eleanor. I preferred Eliot to Frost when I was at Swarthmore—Eliot was my boy. But I finally said I would do it. I won't do the carving myself—that will be done by wizard artisans from my model. People tell me he had a mean streak. I don't give a damn about that. I'm interested in the face and the thoughts behind it."

Getting back to Main Street: The true center of town is the library. Nothing but activity there—readings, art exhibitions, concerts, and every new book you would want to read. One of the major fish stores has closed, and the best fresh-vegetable stand is closed, too. The owners (brother and sister) are probably hiking somewhere in the far West. The feverish red poison-ivy clumps have faded to an ominous brown. The sand roads are still treacherous. On a clear, crisp night, the moon is a neighbor.

—*Philip Hamburger*



*First three months of service included. ©2003 Acura Division of American Honda Motor Co., Inc. Acura, TL and VTEC are trademarks of Honda Motor Co., Ltd. Bluetooth is a registered trademark of Bluetooth SIG, Inc. The XM name and related logos are registered trademarks of XM Satellite Radio, Inc. Make an intelligent decision. Fasten your seat belt.

ACTUALLY, IT IS ROCKET SCIENCE. You don't need a Ph.D. to appreciate an advanced 3.2-liter VTEC® engine and cutting-edge suspension. The new TL is a high-velocity genius. With XM® Satellite Radio,* DVD-Audio sound, Bluetooth® hands-free phone technology and available satellite-linked navigation with voice recognition, you can push the envelope without taking a hand off the wheel. Take off at acura.com or call 1-800-To-Acura. **The all-new 270-hp Acura TL. A higher form of performance.**

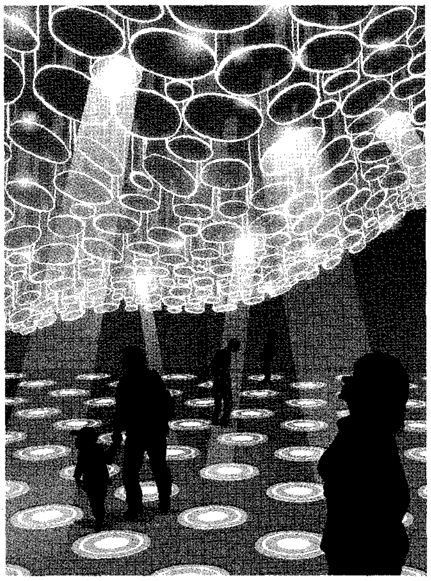
ACURA

THE SKY LINE
MEMORIES

The most famous image from the bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building in Oklahoma City was a photograph of a fireman holding a dead baby pulled from the wreckage. So when the architectural competition for a memorial to the victims was held, the guidelines stipulated that designs avoid representations of a "known person, living or dead," thus heading off at the pass any twenty-foot-high statues of firemen. The Lower Manhattan Development Corporation, which is in charge of the memorial to the victims of the attack on the World Trade Center, didn't rule out that sort of statue, but the judges who were assembled made it highly unlikely that a sentimental or kitschy design would be chosen. Anita Contini, a well-known curator who had run an alternative arts project called Creative Time, managed the process, putting together a jury that included Maya Lin, the designer of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington; Susan K. Freedman, the head of the Public Art Fund in New York; Michael Van Valkenburgh, an avant-garde landscape architect; the artist Martin Puryear; and James E. Young, a historian who was involved in the city of Berlin's choice of Peter Eisenman to design a Holocaust memorial. You couldn't imagine a group with better artistic credentials.

Eight designs were chosen from 5,201 submissions—a record for an architectural competition of this type—and all were abstract. It is clear that Maya Lin was the dominant figure on the jury, although we don't know what went on in the meetings. But she didn't have to say a word. Her Vietnam memorial, the nation's first really abstract monument, has been enormously influential. It made the notion of modern design accessible to many people and insured that in the future tragic events would be marked as commemorations of individuals, not as collective disasters. The rules for the World Trade Center memorial competition stipulated that the nearly three thousand victims be recognized specifically. The competitors were urged to "convey the magnitude of personal and physical loss at this location," and also "encourage reflection and contemplation" and "create an original and powerful statement of enduring and universal symbolism."

Every one of the final schemes, which will be on display in the Winter Garden in Battery Park City, across from Ground Zero, for the next few weeks—until the jury selects a winner—is intelligent and fairly sophisticated, but they have all been received lukewarmly by critics and by the public, not least because, in the post-Vietnam-memorial age, we may have come to expect too much of a memorial. Maya Lin was an undergraduate architecture student who created a brilliant scheme that won out over hundreds of other entries, some from well-known designers; she got it built, and it succeeded beyond anyone's imagination. The L.M.D.C. understandably hoped that this would happen again but should not be surprised that it hasn't. Lin's Vietnam memorial set the bar very high.



A few of the finalists' designs are promising and could be developed to work reasonably well with Daniel Libeskind's master plan for Ground Zero, which calls for depressing the memorial area around the footprints of the original Twin Towers. This scheme isn't easy to work with, since Libeskind has all but designed a memorial himself, and a couple of the finalists ignored him altogether. An austere design by Michael Arad, for example, defies not only Libeskind's memorial site but also the underground infrastructure that is already being built—thus making Arad's plan more or less unfeasible. The most inventive of the designs, "Passages of Light: Memorial Cloud," by Gisela Baurmann, Sawad Brooks, and Jonas Coersmeier (almost all the finalists are young and little known), would create an awe-inspiring space by means of what its authors describe as "ten thousand vertical conduits for light," encouraging people to look up as well as inward. Another strong design, "Inversion of Light," by Toshio Sasaki, calls for the footprint of the south tower to become a reflecting pool above a circle of lights. The floor plan of the north tower would be illuminated from below, and a blue laser light would shine into the sky, in a manner reminiscent of a much admired temporary memorial—twin beacons of light representing the destroyed towers. The five other schemes are well-meaning, but they are marred by some degree of hokeyness. (All the designs have sappy titles, perhaps taking a cue from the way Daniel Libeskind names his plans.) Each light in "Garden of Lights" represents a victim of the attack on September 11th, and there is an "offering path" where people can place flowers. The victims' names would appear on alabaster cylinders that the designers call altars. In another scheme, "Dual Memory," there would be a gallery with pictures of victims projected onto glass. And in "Votives in Suspension" lights, one for each victim, would hang in an underground space—shimmering stars that could make the place feel a bit like a fancy modern restaurant in Dallas.

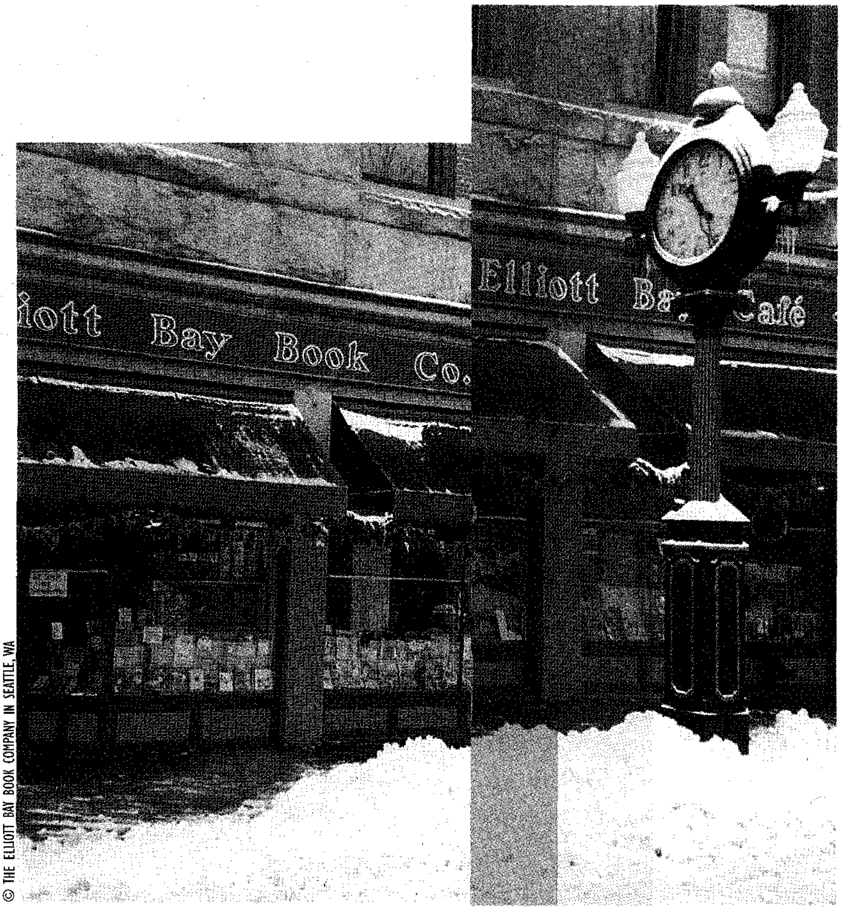
One of the best ideas proposed after September 11th was to preserve the twisted and burned shards of steel from the façade of the Twin Towers, but that seems to have been forgotten, as if these relics were too specific, or too painful. We have opted instead for designs that could be commemorating any sadness, not the particular horror of the World Trade Center disaster, and most of them have the bland earnestness of a well-designed public plaza.

—Paul Goldberger

BOOKED FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Great Gift Ideas from Your Independent Booksellers

By Douglas Chilcott



© THE ELLIOTT BAY BOOK COMPANY IN SEATTLE, WA

A meandering stroll through Venice? A co-starring role with Orson Welles on the stage? An aboriginal odyssey? A road trip with a rock band? A ringside seat at the turning point of western civilization? Who said there weren't some fantastic holiday gift ideas for 2003?

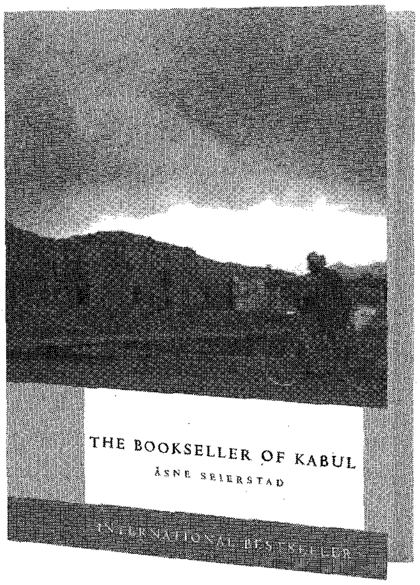
Concealed in elegant bindings or colorful wrapping paper, each of these voyages arrives courtesy of the unique imagination of a writer. Conveyed as simply words on a page, books transport us to new places or forgotten eras, and our intellectual lives are enriched with unforgettable characters and novel inspirations. Though the experiences conjured up by books are priceless, they're readily available and affordable at your local independent bookstore.

Choosing the best from the staggering list of new books published every year can be challenging, but the resident sages at your local independent bookstore can help. Consult them for what's new, what's interesting, and what might be the perfect gift for each person on your holiday shopping list. The collective insights of booksellers are gathered bimonthly in "Book Sense 76," a list of gift recommendations and current selections from many of America's most prestigious independent booksellers.

The "astounding"*
international bestseller

THE BOOKSELLER OF KABUL

"An unblinking account of the inner workings of an Afghan family."
—Alan Riding, *New York Times*



"A searing attack on the way Afghan men treat women."
—William Wallace, *Los Angeles Times*

CECILIE OWREN

by ÅSNE SEIERSTAD

**Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

Read an Excerpt Online at www.twbookmark.com

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
A Division of Time Warner Book Group

Reading Minds

Just as sports enthusiasts collect memorabilia about their favorite pastimes, inveterate readers revel in opportunities to explore the fundamental building blocks of language itself.

Intrigued by how books and words affect family, friends, and the real world, Sara Nelson ambitiously set out to read a book a week for a year. Her plan, chronicled in **So Many Books, So Little Time: A Year of Passionate Reading** (G.P. Putnam's Sons) proved unrealistic in the end, but her effort reveals much about the relationship between readers and books, and it ponders the question of who chooses whom? Suzanne Wargo of Booklovers' Gourmet in Webster, Massachusetts, found Sara's account "funny and warm. It will definitely spark interest with bibliophiles who feel a bit 'strange' about their own reading addictions."

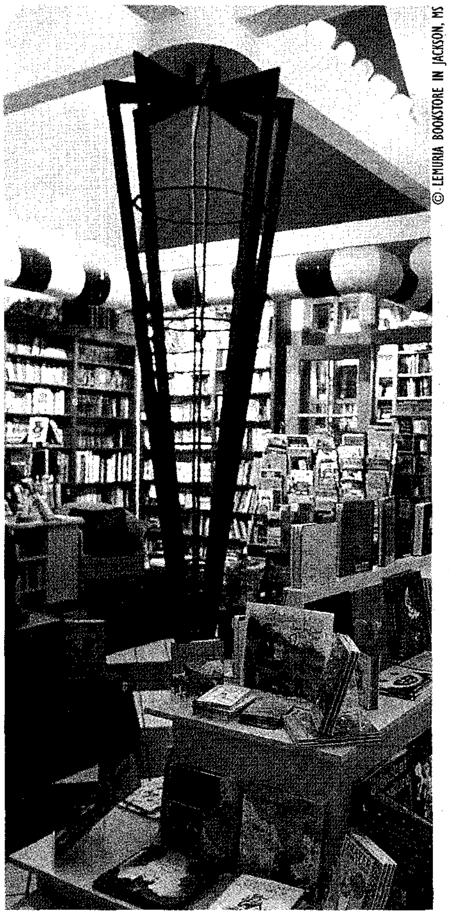
In his best-seller "The Professor and the Madman," Simon Winchester told the story of the obsessiveness that helped create the Oxford English Dictionary. His sequel, **The Meaning of Everything: The Story of the Oxford English Dictionary** (Oxford University Press), adds to the tale and provides a full account of the evolution of this ancestor of all word books. Brad Smith of Paulina Springs Books in Sisters, Oregon, heartily recommends this treatise. "Winchester covers the incredibly arduous process of creating the O.E.D., which included the efforts of literally hundreds of people over the course of nearly seventy years."

Going Places

World travel can occur without passports, visas, or airport security checks. And literary excursions to faraway regions make perfect gifts for those in your life with wanderlust.

The isolation of winter has provided a setting for many memorable forays into the human condition. A remote village north of the Arctic Circle in northern Sweden is the frigid backdrop for the novel, **Popular Music from Vittula** by Mikael Niemi (Seven Stories Press). Paul Ingram of Prairie Lights Books in Iowa City, Iowa, describes Niemi as "Jack London with the imagination of Borges!" He notes that, "Only this chilly Swede with his intrepid translator, Laurie Thompson, could have made so much art out of so much ice."

Another desolate terrain, albeit milder



© LEMURIA BOOKSTORE IN JACKSON, MS

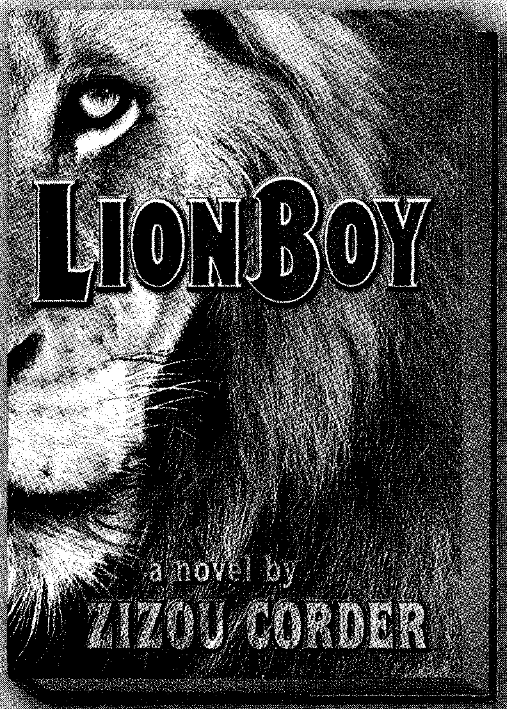
Share the
ADVENTURE
of the season
with your kids

"*Lionboy* deserves a roar of approval."
—*The Observer*

"All the classic elements of a great yarn."
—*The Times*

Coming December 29th
to a bookstore near you.
Reserve your copy now.

DIAL BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS
A DIVISION OF PENGUIN YOUNG READERS GROUP
www.penguin.com/youngreaders


LIONBOY
a novel by
ZIZOU CORDER

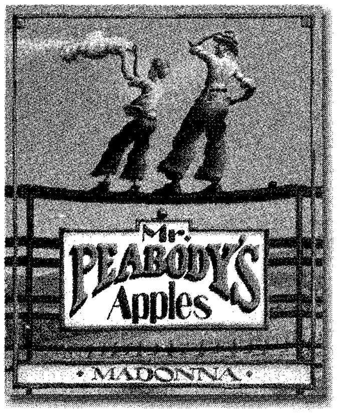
A *rousing adventure*
for readers ages 8 and up

NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLERS

The English Roses
by
MADONNA

The English Roses

"Harry Potter,
watch out!"
—*Reuters*


Mr.
PEABODY'S
Apples
• MADONNA •

Mr. PEABODY'S Apples

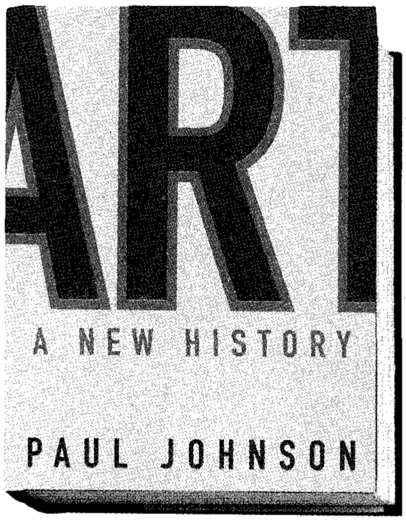
BY
MADONNA

Coming April 26, 2004 *YAKOV AND THE SEVEN THIEVES*

CALLAWAY ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

COPYRIGHT © 2003 BY MADONNA. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

A CHALLENGING NEW HISTORY OF ART BY THE BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *MODERN TIMES.*



"A master of narrative history... he writes with such an engaging combination of passion and instruction that the reader longs to hurry off to the nearest museum."
—*Los Angeles Times Book Review*

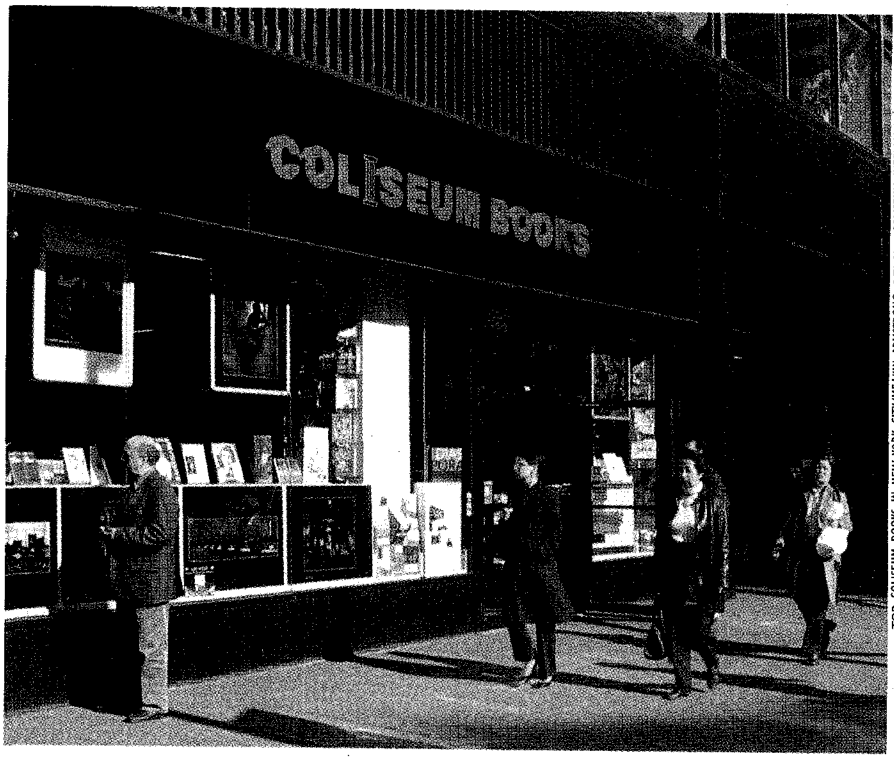
"Engaging... with many fresh points of view. [Johnson] takes you beyond the facts to a deeper understanding of value and accomplishment."
—*Wall Street Journal*

"Celebrates the entire realm of man-made beauty with an inclusiveness and zest that are contagious...[Johnson] writes at a lively pace, with flair, intelligence, and good humor."
—*Weekly Standard*

ART: A NEW HISTORY
with 300 color illustrations

Also available by Paul Johnson:
Modern Times
A History of the Jews
A History of the American People

HarperCollins*Publishers*
www.harpercollins.com



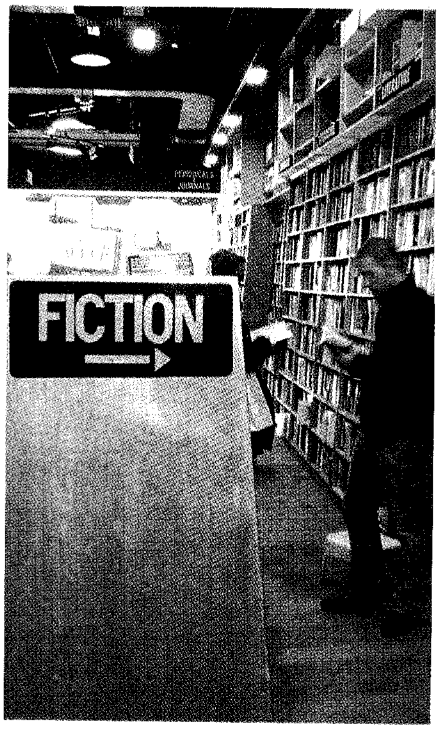
TOP: COLISEUM BOOKS IN NEW YORK CITY/MEAKIN ARMSTRONG; *BELOW:* COLISEUM INTERIOR/EMERSSON BARILLAS

in climate, is the remote, blood-red landscape of the Australian bush. This is the setting for **The Voices** by Susan Elderkin (Grove Press). When a thirteen-year-old boy hears the haunting song of an aboriginal girl, he is about to discover something larger and more powerful than himself. Curt Witteveen of Annie Bloom's Books in Portland, Oregon, describes the book as "a fascinating, complex, and beautiful novel that reveals themes that resonate far beyond its specific setting."

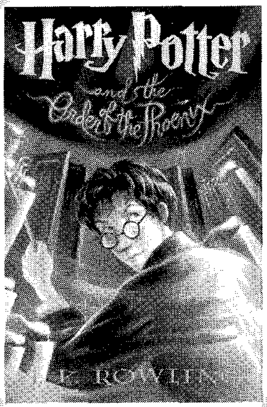
The cluster of small, urban islands that comprises Venice is one of the world's most alluring destinations. In **Paradise of Cities: Venice in the 19th Century** by John Julius Norwich (Doubleday), the greatest living chronicler of Venetian history describes this charming city as seen through the eyes of visitors such as Napoleon, Lord Byron, John Ruskin, Henry James, Richard Wagner, and Robert Browning. The author "may know more about this most beautiful and romantic of cities than just about anybody," notes Susan Avery of Ariel Booksellers in New Paltz, New York.

Star Sightings

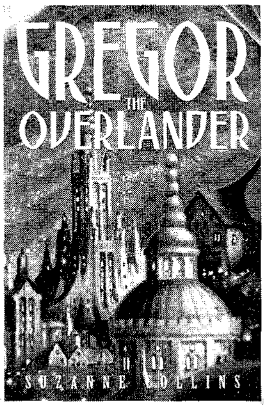
Clandestine celebrity sightings may be the purview of the gossip columnist or the paparazzi, but famous faces also find their way into the plots of contemporary novelists.



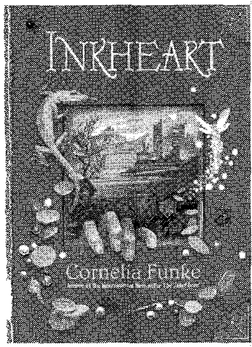
This holiday, give fairies, centaurs and fantastic new worlds.


Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix
J. K. ROWLING

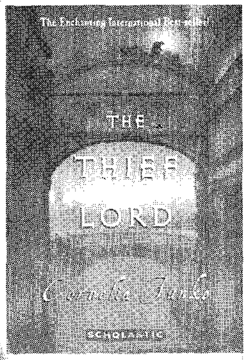
Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix
"Bravura storytelling... Ms. Rowling has imagined this universe in such minute and clever detail that we feel we've been admitted to a looking-glass world as palpable as Tolkien's Middle Earth or L. Frank Baum's Oz."
—*Michiko Kakutani, The New York Times*


GREGOR THE OVERLANDER
SUZANNE COLLINS

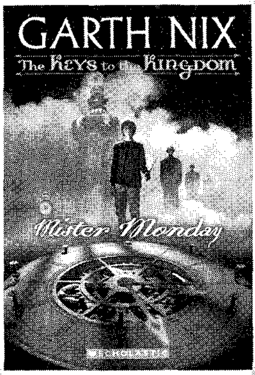
Gregor the Overlander
★"*Wonderful...riveting... supremely absorbing.*"
—*Kirkus Reviews*, starred review


INKHEART
Cornelia Funke

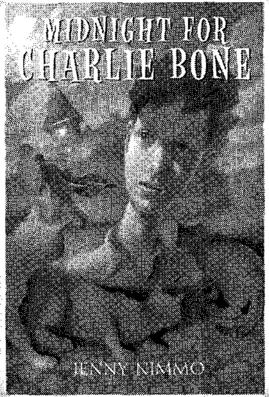
Inkheart
★"Delectably thick and transfixing fantasy... Readers will be captivated by the chilling and thrilling world [Funke] has created here."
—*Publishers Weekly*, starred review


The Enchanting International Best-seller!
THE THIEF LORD
Cornelia Funke
SCHOLASTIC

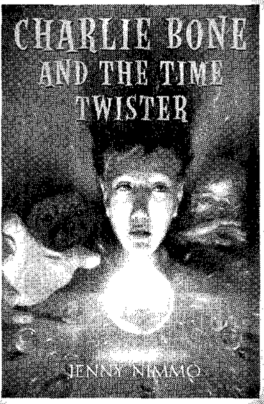
The Thief Lord
"*The Thief Lord* will steal the hearts of young readers.... Displays the kind of zest that makes you inhale a book in as few sittings as possible."
—*USA Today*


GARTH NIX
The Keys to the Kingdom
Mister Monday
SCHOLASTIC

The Keys to the Kingdom: Mister Monday
★"Magic splashes *across virtually* every page... sure to garner a host of fans."
—*Publishers Weekly*, starred review


MIDNIGHT FOR CHARLIE BONE
JENNY NIMMO

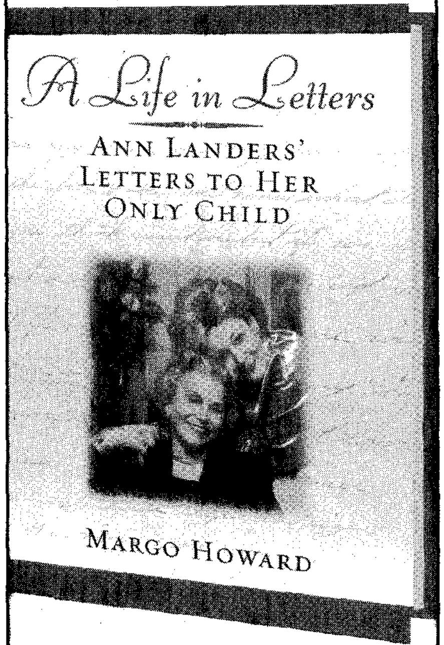
Midnight for Charlie Bone
"[An] exciting, fast-paced adventure tale."
—*Booklist*


CHARLIE BONE AND THE TIME TWISTER
JENNY NIMMO

Charlie Bone and the Time Twister
"Charlie Bone is a likable character to whom kids will turn to for a fix after they've finished the latest Harry Potter for the fifth time."
—*School Library Journal*

ARTHUR A. LEVINE BOOKS Scholastic Press SCHOLASTIC ORCHARD BOOKS Scholastic Paperbacks The Chicken House

For anyone who's ever had a mother... or been a daughter.



"My mother wrote this book, it took her forty years..." —Margo Howard

"In writing to her daughter, the advice columnist's personality comes through with more clarity then was ever evident in her published work." —*Publishers Weekly*

America's most beloved columnist saved the best advice for last.

A LIFE IN LETTERS

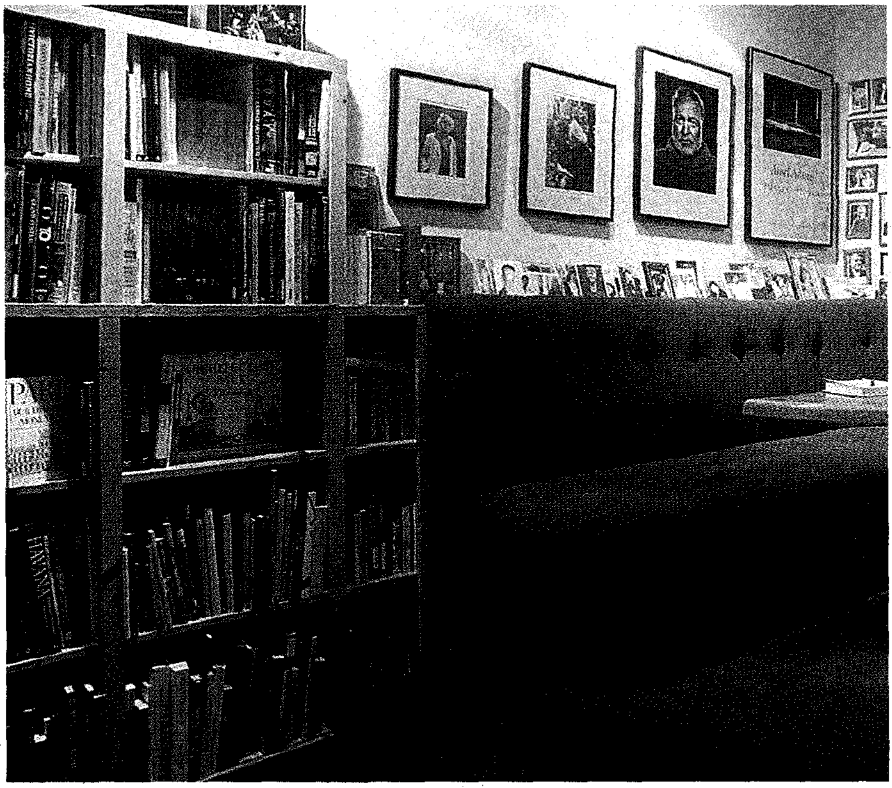
Available in Hardcover
Read an Excerpt Online at www.twbookmark.com

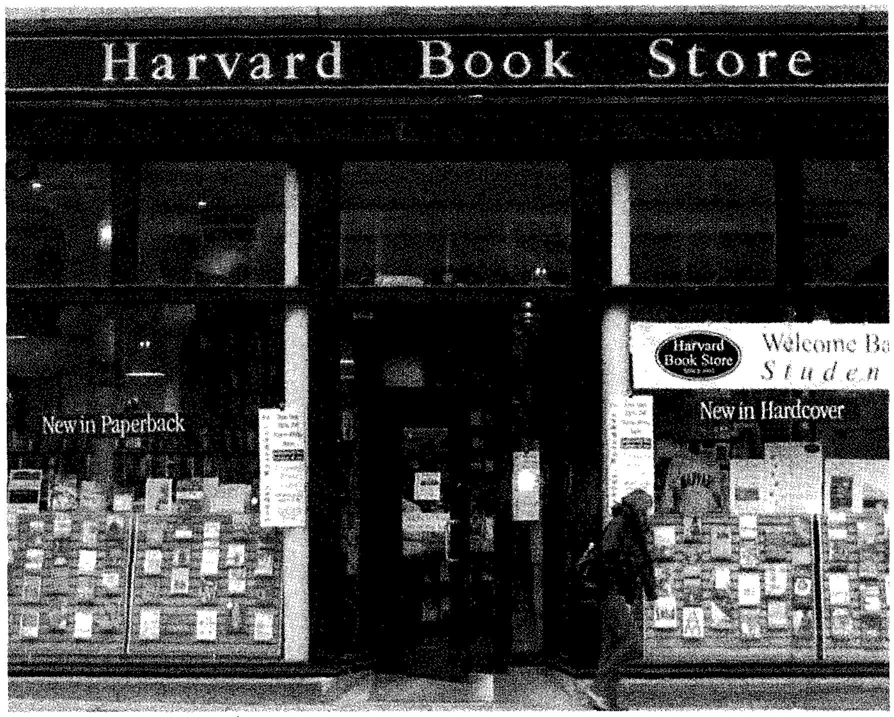
WARNER BOOKS
A Division of Time Warner Book Group

Imagine landing a bit part in a stage production destined to catapult a young Orson Welles into the entertainment stratosphere? Such is the premise of **Me and Orson Welles** by Robert Kaplow (MacAdam/Cage Publishing). Cheryl Townsend of Cat's Impetuous Books in Stow, Ohio, loves this fantastic, behind-the-scenes account. "Humor to the nth degree abounds in this satirical tale of the making of Orson Welles' 'Julius Caesar,' and how one young man survives it all!"

An imaginative answer to the question where are they now, **Mr. Timothy** by Louis Bayard (HarperCollins Publishers) purports to track down "Christmas Carol" scene-stealer, Tiny Tim. As a child star left to suffer the ignominy of adulthood, the no longer tiny one confronts the realities of the work ethic as a tutor in a Victorian brothel in London. "Louis Bayard doesn't squander his great premise," writes Caleb Wilson of Davis-Kidd Booksellers in Nashville, Tennessee. "He manages to write a thriller using Dickens' characters without going against Dickens' spirit. 'Mr. Timothy' is lots of fun."

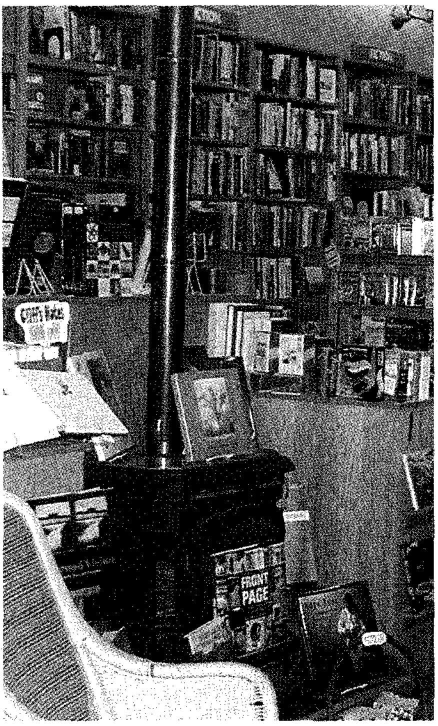
When a bedraggled, sixteen-year-old mushroom picker claims to see the Virgin Mary, her story attracts both spiritual aspirants and international journalists, and a young priest is sent to verify her vision. With **Our Lady of the Forest** (Alfred A. Knopf), David Guterson, author of "Snow Falling on Cedars," earns raves from Jan Sloan of The King's English bookstore in Salt Lake City, Utah. Says Sloan, "Guterson tells a satisfying tale through vivid characters and takes a compassionate look at the moral quandaries of our modern life."




Harvard Book Store
Harvard Book Store
Welcome Ba
Studen
New in Paperback
New in Hardcover

Books Rock

The fault lines of the generation gap can usually be found tucked in the folds of music and culture. Several new titles this season provide some compelling ways to bridge the chasm.



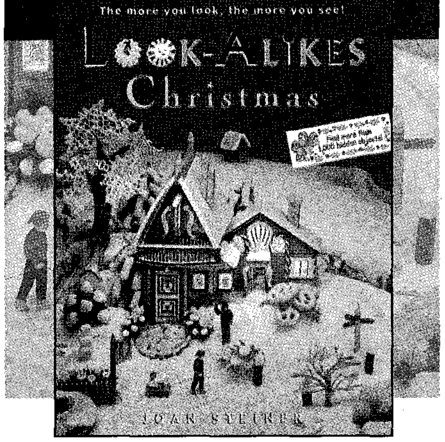
© HARVARD BOOK STORE IN CAMBRIDGE; RIGHT: © TOME ON THE RANGE IN LAS VEGAS, NM

The Sex Pistols may have had the first word with their "Never Mind the Bollocks" in vintage vinyl, but humorist Neal Pollack is getting the last word with **Never Mind the Pollacks: A Rock and Roll Novel** (HarperCollins Publishers). A satire of that most excessive of journalistic genres—rock-music criticism—this book was launched with a mini national tour of the author's faux punk-rock band, Neal Pollack Invasion. "This is powerful stuff!" says Virginia Hobson Hicks of Books on the Bluff in Townsend, Georgia. "Pollack is a teller of true tales and what weird tales they are!"

Reading like the erratic vicissitudes of a late-night channel surf, **Sex, Drugs, and Cocoa Puffs: A Low Culture Manifesto** by Chuck Klosterman (Scribner) attempts to distill the ultimate meanings of "Saved by the Bell," "Star Wars," and other milestones in between. "This is the best book written on popular culture since Tom Wolfe's heyday," writes Michael Lindgren of the newly reopened Coliseum Books in New York City. "Klosterman riffs on the most mundane aspects of contemporary life and has an

continued

The More You Look, the More You See!

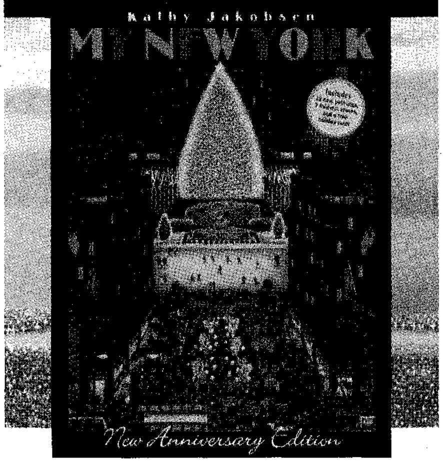

The more you look, the more you see!
LOOK-ALIKES
Christmas
JOAN STEINER

Look-Alikes® Christmas
by Joan Steiner

"In Steiner's hands, the ordinary becomes extraordinary."
—*Publishers Weekly*

The perfect holiday gift for puzzlers and art lovers of all ages.

EVERYBODY IS A NEW YORKER!


Kathy Jakobsen
MY NEW YORK
New Anniversary Edition

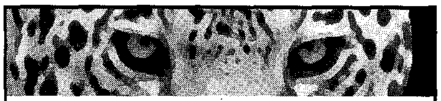
My New York
by Kathy Jakobsen

"A splendid tribute to the city that never sleeps."
—*Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

An extraordinary celebration of New York City featuring paintings by acclaimed folk artist Kathy Jakobsen.

Visit us at www.lb-kids.com

LB 1837
Megan Tingley Books
LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
Children's Publishing
Engaging ❧ *Educating* ❧ *Entertaining*
Time Warner Book Group



"I am indebted to Mr. Moacyr Scliar for the spark of life."

—Yann Martel, winner 2002 Man Booker Prize for *Life of Pi*

MAX AND
THE CATS

A novel by
MOACYR SCLIAR
Translated by Eloah F. Giacomelli

FLEEING FROM THE NAZIS, MAX FINDS HIMSELF ADRIFT IN A LIFEBOAT WITH A HUNGRY JAGUAR, SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HIS OWN FEVERED IMAGINATION AND THE COAST OF BRAZIL.

"Brilliant"

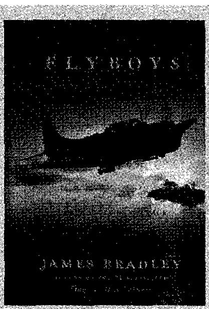
—*The New York Times*

"[Scliar]has a humorous and recognizable style that perfectly suits his own fabulous vision."

—*The Village Voice*

WHEREVER PAPERBACKS ARE SOLD
Plume
Member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.
www.penguin.com

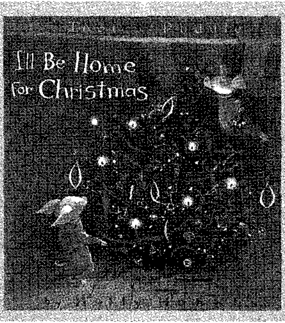
PUBLISHERS' PICKS



In a story of wartime bravery and political treachery, **Flyboys: A True Story of Courage** by James Bradley (Little, Brown and Company) reveals the secrets about what happened to eight flyers shot down over the Pacific during the Second World War, and whose ultimate fates were buried deep within American war records.

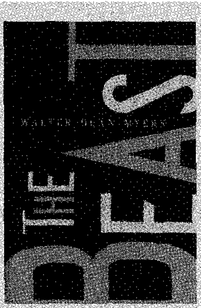
Like a modern day man without a country, Michael Moore ponders the question **Dude, Where is My Country?** (Warner Books) as he offers an acerbic analysis of the state of America. Moore's manifesto issues nothing short of a call to arms for regime change here at home.

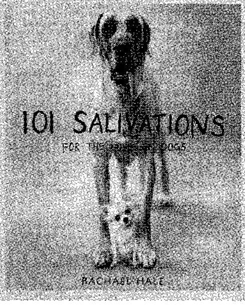
MICHAEL MOORE
DUDE, WHERE'S MY COUNTRY?



In **Toot & Puddle: I'll Be Home for Christmas** by Holly Hobbie (Walker Books), those winsome pigs of yore celebrate the holidays in a Boston-area blizzard with a luscious fruitcake, a trimmed tree, and a special friend in a sleigh.

Caldecott Award-winner Walter Dean Myers' latest coming-of-age novel **The Beast** (Scholastic Press) finds seventeen-year-old Anthony Witherspoon, aka "Spoon," returning home to Harlem after his first semester away at a mostly white prep school. The readjustment is harder than he anticipates. Among other distressing revelations, Spoon discovers his poet girlfriend has been seduced by drugs.



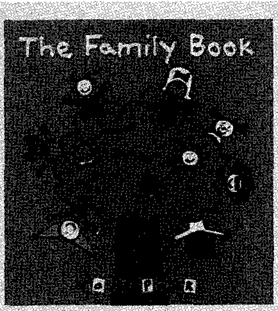


Award-winning Kiwi animal portraitist Rachael Hale makes eye contact with more than a hundred splendid canine breeds from Corgis to Gordon setters. In an extraordinary compilation of heartwarming images, **101 Salvations: For the Love of Dogs** (Bulfinch Press) is a must-have for dog lovers this holiday season.

SkippyjonJones
Judy Schachner

In Judy Schachner's **SkippyjonJones** (Dutton Children's Books), a Siamese cat is not content being a mere feline. The charming furball with ears too big for his body has an oversized imagination that spins out a series of adventures. Donning a mask and a newfound accent, Schachner's irrepressible cat takes young readers down a desert road in Mexico, where he befriends a pack of "Chimichangos."

Families come in all shapes, sizes, and colors. Todd Parr's new picture book, **The Family Book** (Megan Tingley Books/Little, Brown and Company) celebrates this wondrous diversity, while also touching on how families ultimately share a commonality *through their love and support of each other.*


The Family Book

Jan Brett
On Noah's Ark

Written and illustrated by the Times best-selling author Jan Brett, **On Noah's Ark** (G.P. Putnam's Sons) is a picture book for youngsters that demonstrates Brett's great love of nature and animals. Told from the perspective of Noah's granddaughter, the biblical tale of the great flood gets a tender slant as its young protagonist attempts to untangle the jumble of animal duos aboard the ark in order to make them more comfortable while they sleep.

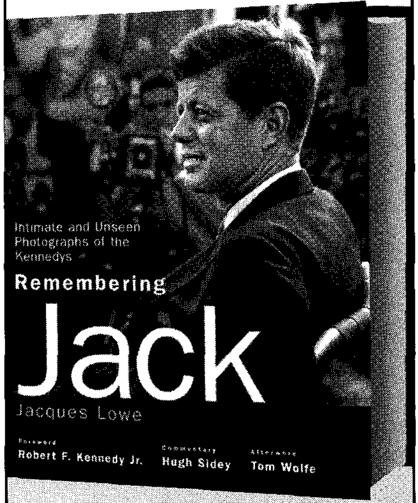
In an enchanting tale of off-beat parenting, Luis Sepúlveda's **The Story of the Seagull and the Cat Who Taught Her to Fly** (Arthur A. Levine Books/Scholastic Press), translated by Margaret Sayers Peden with illustrations by Chris Sheban, chronicles what happens when a fat, black cat named Zorba is commissioned to raise a young seagull and teach it how to soar into the skies.

The Story of a Seagull and the Cat Who Taught Her to Fly

Since 1978, French photographer Frédéric Brenner has chronicled the Jewish Diaspora. An elegant two-volume set, **Diaspora: Homelands in Exile** (HarperCollins Publishers), offers a photographic record of Brenner's search in forty countries spanning more than five continents along with a collection of evocative essays exploring the meaning of this cultural phenomenon.

THE PHOTOS THAT SHAPED THE LEGEND

"**REMEMBERING JACK**, which appears on the eve of the 40th anniversary of J.F.K.'s death, is in many ways the most complete account of that youthful political insurgency and the magic it left behind."
—Hugh Sidey


Intimate and Unseen Photographs of the Kennedys
Remembering
Jack
Jacques Lowe
Foreword Robert F. Kennedy Jr.
Commentary Hugh Sidey
Afterword Tom Wolfe

AS SEEN ON *20/20* AND *GOOD MORNING AMERICA*

"Jacques Lowe played a critical role in explaining the Kennedy family to the rest of America."
—Senator Edward M. Kennedy

Read an Excerpt Online at
www.bulfinchpress.com
BULFINCH PRESS
A Division of Time Warner Book Group

PUBLISHERS' PICKS
continued

Give the gift of the year unlike any other with **This Book Will Change Your Life** by Ben Carey and Henrik Delehag aka "Benrick" (Plume Paperbacks/The Penguin Group). Equal parts instruction manual and sheer anarchy, it offers radical alternatives to everyday life with 365 days of life-changing activities and ideas—from proposing to a stranger to getting a street named after you.

One of the most explosive homicides of the twentieth century is retold in **And The Dead Shall Rise: The Murder of Mary Phagan and the Lynching of Leo Frank** by Steve Oney (Pantheon Books). The book provides a compelling account of the slaying of a thirteen-year-old girl in an Atlanta pencil factory and examines the injustice that plagued a Jewish man accused of the crime.

The paperback version of author Nick Hornby's **Songbook** (Penguin/Riverhead Books) has added five new essays to a collection of disarming riffs on Hornby's favorite songs. Meanderings, musings, and the keen ability to dissect what makes a song tick may fondly remind readers of assorted "High Fidelity" characters' spot-on record-bin rantings and the sheer joy of listening.

Philip Pullman's "His Dark Materials" trilogy riveted readers young and old. In **Lyra's Oxford** (A David Fickling Book/Alfred A. Knopf Books for Young Readers), Pullman offers a thrilling new episode in this magical universe with a harrowing tour of Belacqua, a unique city of demons and humans where windows open to another universe.

Books Rock *continued*

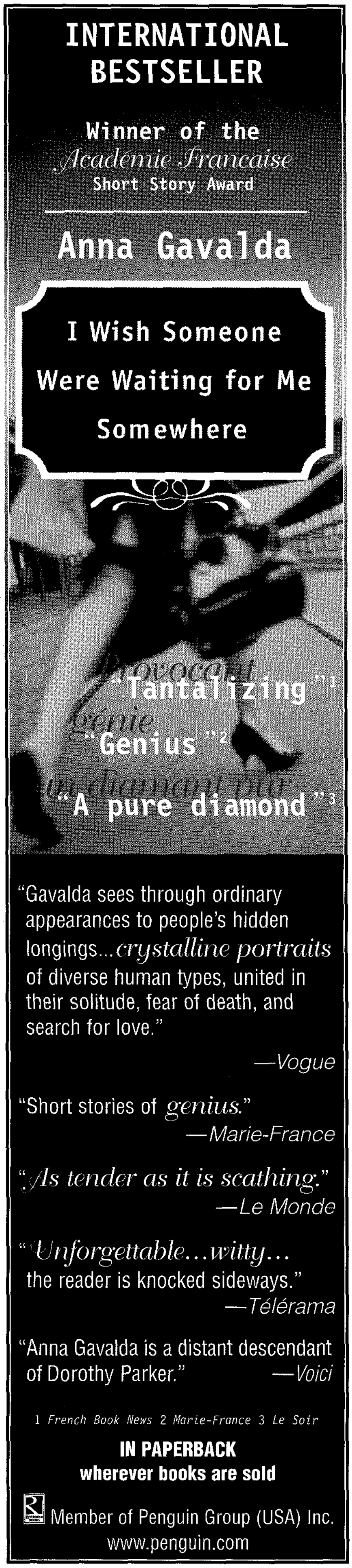
uncanny gift for making connections that are as exhilarating and delightful as a really good, late-night dorm room bull session."

The flood of new, comic book franchise films isn't a surprise to connoisseurs who have long recognized the genre's allegorical power. **Mythology: The DC Comics Art of Alex Ross**, with art direction, design, and text by Chip Kidd, and photography by Geoff Spear (Pantheon Books), relates stories of the DC Comics superheros' universe, as told by a visionary artist who is regarded by many as the Norman Rockwell of comics. "Magnificent! Sublime! Transcendent!" raves Linda Marotta of Shakespeare & Co. Booksellers in New York City. "Ross captures the soaring soul that glows beneath the sticky surface of all us 'nerds'."

McLEAN & EAKIN

Turning Points

Clichés can speak volumes. The notion that truth is often stranger and more compelling than fiction bears itself out in several new historical works.



INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER

Winner of the
Académie Française
Short Story Award

Anna Gavalda

I Wish Someone Were Waiting for Me Somewhere

"Tantalizing"[1]
"Genius"[2]
"A pure diamond"[3]

"Gavalda sees through ordinary appearances to people's hidden longings...*crystalline portraits* of diverse human types, united in their solitude, fear of death, and search for love."
—*Vogue*

"Short stories of *genius*."
—*Marie-France*

"*As tender as it is scathing.*"
—*Le Monde*

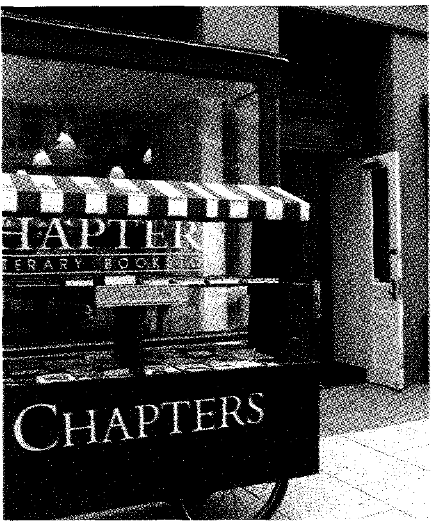
"*Unforgettable...witty...* the reader is knocked sideways."
—*Télérama*

"Anna Gavalda is a distant descendant of Dorothy Parker." —*Voici*

1 *French Book News* 2 *Marie-France* 3 *Le Soir*

IN PAPERBACK
wherever books are sold

Member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.
www.penguin.com



© CHAPTERS: A LITERARY BOOKSTORE IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

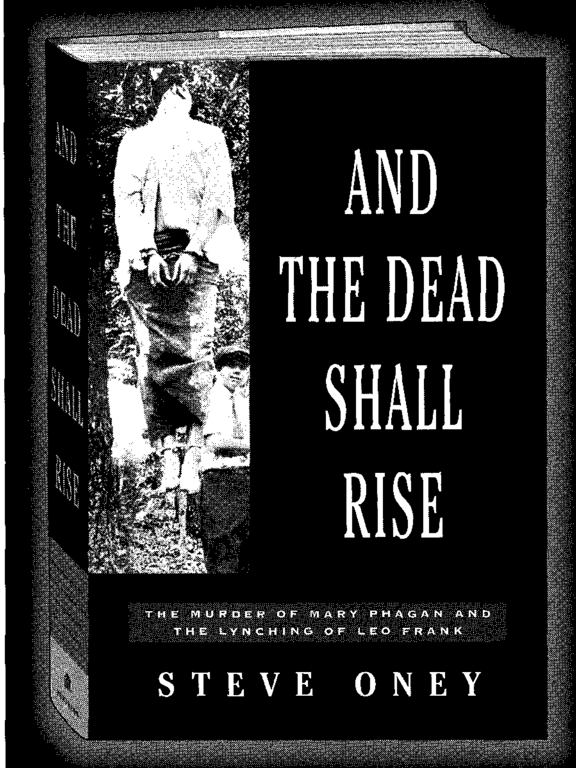
Although Rome wasn't built in a day, its relentless expansion was halted in a single brutal battle in A.D. 9. **The Battle That Stopped Rome** by Peter S. Wells (W.W. Norton & Company) relates how a traitor from the Roman military led an army of barbarians that butchered three Roman legions, dealing a blow to the empire from which it never recovered. Observes Kyle Rogers of Lemuria Bookstore in Jackson, Mississippi, "This was truly one of the historical turning points in the Western world, if not in world civilization."

Although Ferdinand Magellan's place in history is secure, the full story of his travels has never been told. **Over the Edge of the World: Magellan's Terrifying Circumnavigation of the Globe** by Laurence Bergreen (William Morrow Publishers) chronicles the three-year odyssey that Magellan, himself, did not survive. "Filled with tales of heroism and ambition, ruthlessness and treachery, murder and torture, this gripping story is destined to become a classic tale of the sea," says Michal Drannen of Powell's Books in Portland, Oregon.

For other great gift book ideas or to locate an independent bookseller nearest you, visit www.BookSense.com.

||||

"A MAJOR ACHIEVEMENT"*



STEVE ONEY'S "definitive recounting" of this "fascinating and complex true-crime story" is "a fine work of history."
—**Los Angeles Times*

"POIGNANT.... teems with fresh information [and] moves with a steady, somber power." —*Time*

"THE BEST BOOK...to date [on] one of the most sensational and resonant incidents in U.S. criminal and legal history."
—*Publishers Weekly,* starred review

At bookstores now PANTHEON www.pantheonbooks.com

THE INSTANT NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER!

Discover *the* fantasy trilogy for a new generation!

ERAGON
Christopher Paolini

"A teenager's Tolkienesque fantasy is outselling [the] Harry Potter books."—*The New York Times*

"One of the most extraordinary publishing stories of the year."
—*The Observer* (UK)

"Christopher Paolini make[s] literary magic with his precocious debut. . . ."—*People*

Over 500,000 copies in print!

ERAGON
by Christopher Paolini
BOOK ONE OF THE INHERITANCE TRILOGY
Available wherever books are sold.

#1 BOOK SENSE 76 PICK
A SELECTION OF THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

Read a chapter excerpt at www.alagaesia.com
Also available on audio from LISTENING LIBRARY RHCB Alfred A. Knopf

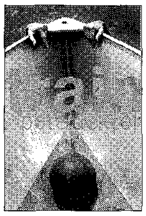
Book Sense 76

INDEPENDENT BOOKSELLER RECOMMENDATIONS

The Top Ten recommendations from the November/December Book Sense 76, as voted by independent booksellers

So Many Books, So Little Time
A Year of Passionate Reading
Sara Nelson

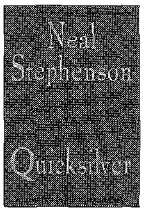
1. SO MANY BOOKS, SO LITTLE TIME: *A Year of Passionate Reading*, by Sara Nelson (Putnam, $22.95, 0399150838) "Funny and warm, *So Many Books* will definitely spark interest with any bibliophiles who feel a bit 'strange' about their own reading addictions. My own 'piles' of books will never be looked at the same way again."—**Suzanne Wargo, Booklovers' Gourmet, Webster, MA**



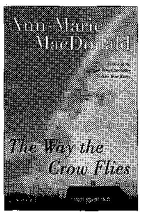
2. TRAIN, by Pete Dexter (Doubleday, $24.95, 0385505914) "Dexter has created characters so thoroughly captivating that each pitiful act, corrupt choice, or foolish mistake they make feels like our own. Amid themes of race, trust, loyalty, and forgiveness, he has crafted a superb novel."—**Kelly Medici, New York University Bookstores, New York, NY** Also a Recorded Books Audio (1402563604, Unabridged Cassette)

SLOW WAY HOME
MICHAEL MORRIS

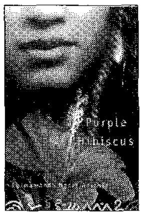
3. SLOW WAY HOME, by Michael Morris (HarperSanFrancisco, $22.95, 0060568984) "This is a thought-provoking story of a young boy who has suffered abuse, neglect, and abandonment. Morris' eloquent writing style lends invaluable insight into the thoughts, perceptions, and coping mechanisms of abused children everywhere."—**Maryalice Hurst, That Bookstore at Mountebanq Place, Conway, AR**



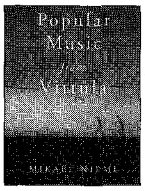
4. QUICKSILVER: *Volume One of the Baroque Cycle*, by Neal Stephenson (Morrow, $27.95, 0380977427) "Firmly grounded in the muddy, bloody world of the 17th century, this mind-boggling novel is an examination of the painful, messy birth of modern science, and, with it, the modern world." —**Joe Chevalier, Kepler's Books & Magazines, Menlo Park, CA**



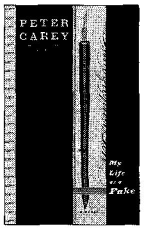
5. THE WAY THE CROW FLIES, by Ann-Marie MacDonald (HarperCollins, $26.95, 0060578955) "A gripping story of a troubled Air Force family in the '60s when both East and West were racing to be the first to the moon."—**June Applen, The Book Mark, Atlantic Beach, FL** Also a HarperAudio (0060578963, Unabridged Cassette)



6. PURPLE HIBISCUS, by Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie (Algonquin, $23.95, 1565123875) "Kambili, a 15-year-old Nigerian girl, attends a private school and attains top grades, all while keeping the ugly secrets of her wealthy family. Freedom beckons in the form of a visit to her Aunty Ifeoma, a university lecturer. The resulting clash between tyranny and independence is both horrifying and liberating."—**Susan M. Taylor, Wellesley Booksmith, Wellesley, MA**



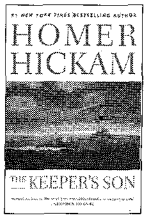
7. POPULAR MUSIC FROM VITTULA, by Mikael Niemi, Laurie Thompson (Trans.) (Seven Stories Press, $21.95, 1583225234) "Jack London with the imagination of a Borges might have produced a work so wise and witty in weather so unpleasant, but, probably, only Mikael Niemi could have made so much art out of so much ice. It's like the invention of ice cream."—**Paul Ingram, Prairie Lights Books, Iowa City, IA**



8. MY LIFE AS A FAKE, by Peter Carey (Knopf, $25, 0375414983) "Two-time Booker Prize-winner Peter Carey spins another magnificent story filled with characters that you can neither love nor hate but can't stop reading about! At turns brutal and astonishing, but also poignant—a classic Carey work!" —**Stephanie Good, Canterbury Booksellers, Madison, WI** Also a Recorded Books Audio (1402556004, Unabridged Cassette)

ME AND ORSON WELLES

9. ME AND ORSON WELLES, by Robert Kaplow (MacAdam/Cage, $18.50, 1931561494) "Humor to the nth degree abounds in this satirical tale of the making of Orson Welles' production of the play *Julius Caesar* and how one young man survives it all. Two thumbs up!"—**Cheryl A. Townsend, Cat's Impetuous Books, Kent, OH**



10. THE KEEPER'S SON, by Homer Hickam (Thomas Dunne, $24.95, 0312301898) "Masterful storytelling, the complexities of war, characters so real they'll leap off the pages, and a mystery not so easily solved are just a few of the things you have to look forward to in *The Keeper's Son*."—**Deborah Woolsey, Dragonwings Bookstore, Waupaca, WI** Also a Random House Audio (0739307622, Abridged Cassette)

Get the full Book Sense 76 list at independent bookstores now.

BOOK sense

Independent Bookstores for Independent Minds

Pass along the joy of browsing at an independent bookstore to your family and friends living anywhere in America. Just send the new BOOK SENSE GIFT CERTIFICATE, available and redeemable at over 1,200 independent bookstores nationally. Books make great gifts and, now, so do BOOK SENSE GIFT CERTIFICATES.

For an independent bookstore near you, call 1-888-BOOKSENSE or visit BookSense.com.

PERSONALITY - PASSION - KNOWLEDGE - COMMUNITY - CHARACTER

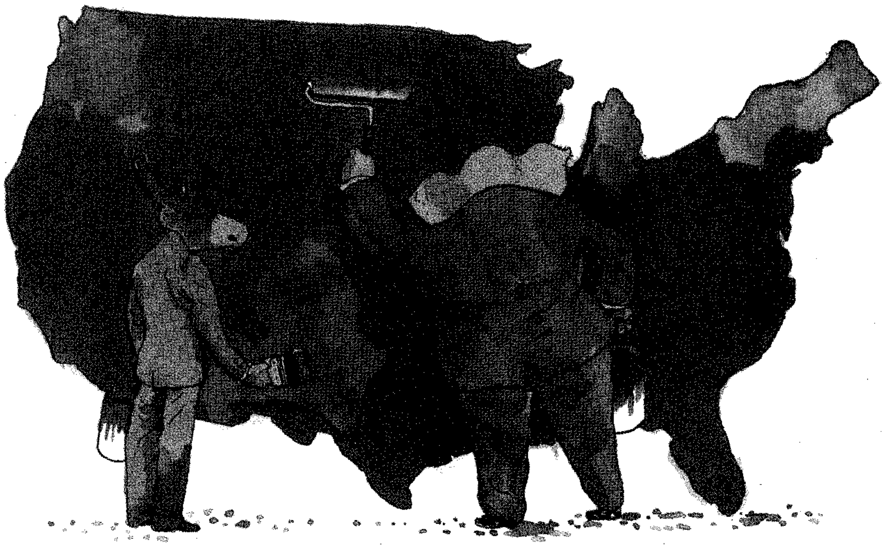
ANNALS OF LAW

THE GREAT ELECTION GRAB

When does gerrymandering become a threat to democracy?

BY JEFFREY TOOBIN

With his West Texas twang, loping swagger, and ever-present cowboy boots, Charlie Stenholm doesn't much look like or sound like anybody's idea of a victim. Since 1979, he has been the congressman for a sprawling district west of Dallas, and his votes have reflected the conservative values of the cattle, cotton, and oil country back home. He opposes abortion, fights for balanced budgets, and voted for the impeachment of President Clinton. His Web site features photographs of him carrying or firing guns. Through it all, though, Stenholm has remained a member of the Democratic Party, and for that offense he appears likely to lose his job after the next election.

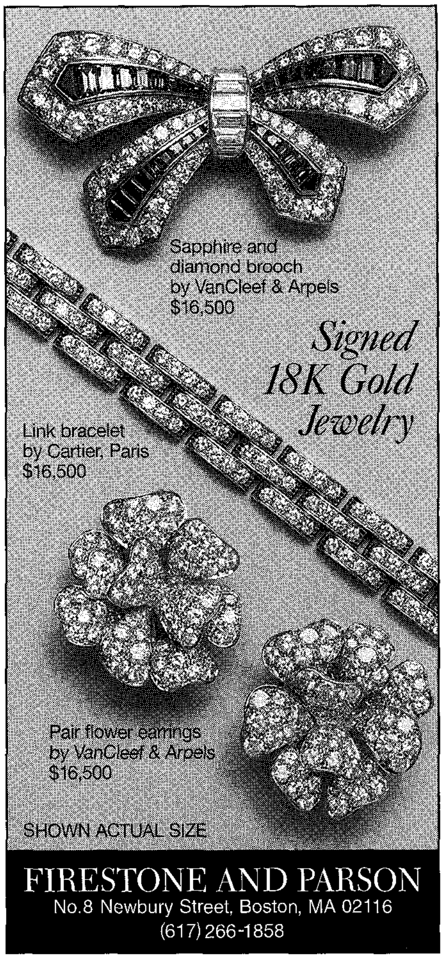


In 2002, only four House challengers beat incumbents, a new low in the modern era.

BARRY BLITT

Stenholm was a principal target in one of the more bizarre political dramas of recent years—the Texas redistricting struggle of 2003. Following the 2000 census, all states were obligated to redraw the boundaries of their congressional districts in line with the new population figures. In 2001, that process produced a standoff in Texas, with the Republican state senate and the Democratic state house of representatives unable to reach an agreement. As a result, a panel of federal judges formulated a compromise plan, which more or less replicated the current partisan balance in the state's congressional delegation: seventeen Democrats and thirteen Republicans. Then, in the 2002 elections, Republicans took control of the state house, and Tom DeLay, the Houston-area congressman who serves as House Majority Leader in Washington, decided to reopen the redistricting question. DeLay said that the current makeup of the congressional delegation did not reflect the state's true political orientation, so he set out to insure that it did.

"This was a fundamental change in the rules of the game," Heather Gerken, a professor at Harvard Law School, said. "The rules were, Fight it out once a decade but then let it lie for ten years. The norm was very useful, because they couldn't afford to fight this much about redistricting. Given the opportunity, that is all they will do, because it's their survival at stake. DeLay's tactic was so shocking because it got rid of this old, informal agreement." But Texas law



Sapphire and diamond brooch by VanCleef & Arpels $16,500

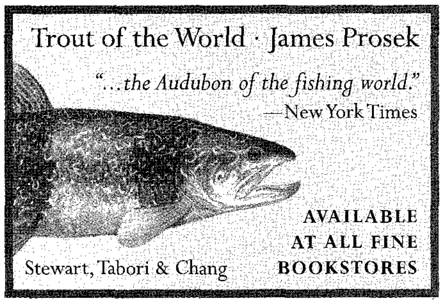
Signed 18K Gold Jewelry

Link bracelet by Cartier, Paris $16,500

Pair flower earrings by VanCleef & Arpels $16,500

SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
No.8 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
(617) 266-1858



Trout of the World · James Prosek
"...the Audubon of the fishing world."
—New York Times

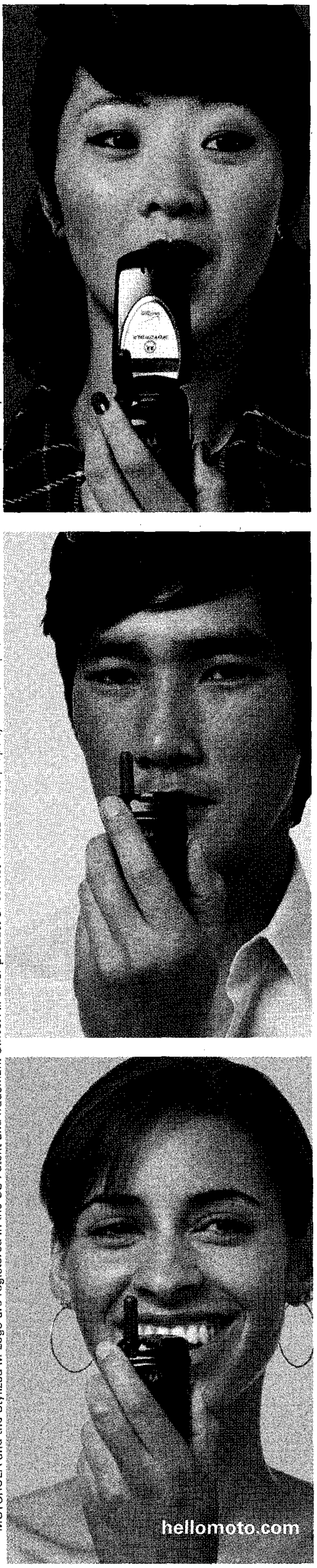
AVAILABLE AT ALL FINE BOOKSTORES

Stewart, Tabori & Chang

videos cards posters CDs
images
products of world spiritual culture
www.worldspirit.org.uk

AFRICA ◆ CHINA ◆ INDIA ◆ JAPAN ◆ NEPAL ◆ SRI LANKA ◆ TAIWAN
Since 1989
UPTON TEA IMPORTS
Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas
1-800-234-8327
www.uptontea.com
Free catalog listing over 380 varieties of garden-fresh, loose tea
34-A Hayden Rowe St. Hopkinton, MA 01748

Silver Hill Hospital
The Choice for Psychiatric and Addiction Treatment
New Canaan, CT
Talk To Us. We Can Help.
800-899-4455 • TDD: 203-966-6515
www.silverhillhospital.com

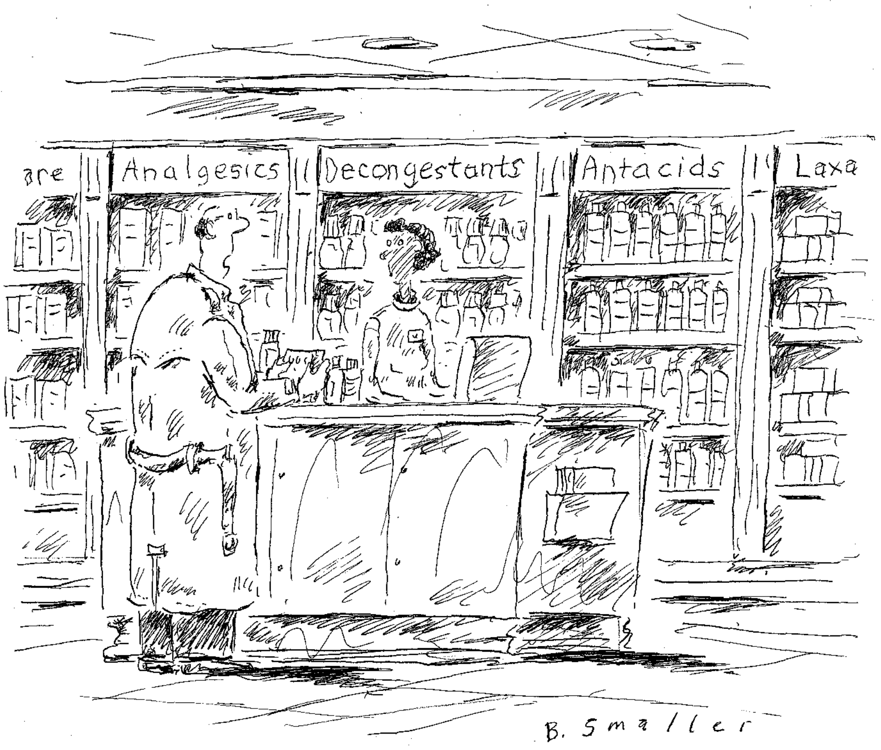


MOTOROLA and the Stylized M Logo are registered in the US Patent and Trademark Office. All other product or service names are the property of their respective owners. Network and subscription dependent feature. Not available in all areas. © Motorola, Inc. 2003.

contained no explicit prohibition on mid-decade redistricting, so the leadership of the state government, now unified in Republican hands, tried during the summer of 2003 to push through a new plan. Democrats attempted novel forms of resistance. In May, fifty-one House members fled to Oklahoma, to deprive the new leadership of a quorum; in July, a dozen senators decamped to New Mexico, for the same purpose. But defections and the passage of time weakened Democratic resolve, and, on October 13th, the plan sponsored by DeLay was passed.

"They did everything they could to bust up my political base," Stenholm told me. "They drew my farm and where I grew up into the Amarillo district, and they drew Abilene, where I live now, into the Lubbock district." As a result, Stenholm will be forced to run in one of these districts if he wants to remain in the House. The new map creates similar problems for half a dozen other incumbent Texas Democrats, so the reapportionment may add as many as seven new Republicans to the G.O.P. majority in the House of Representatives and shift the state's delegation to 22-10 in favor of the Republicans. "Politics is a contact sport," Stenholm said. "I've been in this business twenty-five years. I will play the hand I was dealt."

In Texas and elsewhere, redistricting has transformed American politics. The framers of the Constitution created the House of Representatives to be the branch of government most responsive to changes in the public mood, but gerrymandered districts mean that most of the four hundred and thirty-five members of Congress never face seriously contested general elections. In 2002, eighty-one incumbents ran unopposed by a major party candidate. "There are now about four hundred safe seats in Congress," Richard Pildes, a professor of law at New York University, said. "The level of competitiveness has plummeted to the point where it is hard to describe the House as involving competitive elections at all these days." The House isn't just ossified; it's polarized, too. Members of the House now effectively answer only to primary voters, who represent the extreme partisan edge of both parties. As a result, collaboration and compromise between the parties have almost disappeared. The Republican advantage in the House is modest—just two hundred and twenty-nine seats to two hundred and six—but gerryman-



"I would go to the doctor, but I can't afford to take on any new conditions at this time."

dering has made the lead close to insurmountable for the foreseeable future.

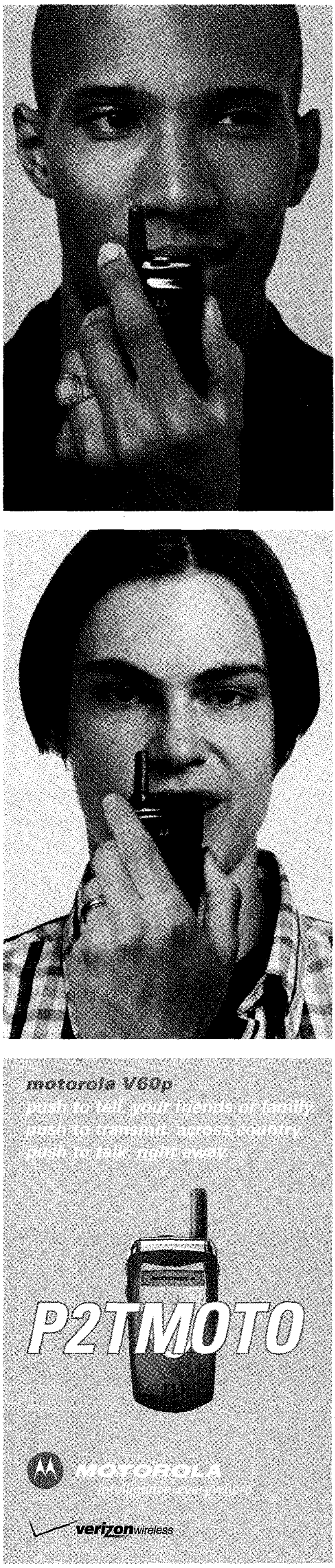
There is, it appears, just one chance to change the cycle. On December 10th, the United States Supreme Court will hear arguments in a case that could alter the nature of redistricting—and, with it, modern American electoral politics. The court has long held that legislators may not discriminate on the basis of race in redistricting, but the question now before the court is whether, or to what extent, they may consider politics in defining congressional boundaries. "There is a sense of embarrassment about what has happened in American politics," Samuel Issacharoff, a professor at Columbia Law School, said. "The rules of decorum have fallen apart. Voters no longer choose members of the House; the people who draw the lines do. The court seems to think that something has to be done." The case could well become the court's most important foray into the political process since Bush v. Gore. As Ronald Klain, a Democratic lawyer in election-law cases, puts it, "At stake in this case is control of Congress—nothing more, nothing less."

The off-cycle timing of the Texas redistricting fight, as well as the farcical drama of the fleeing Democratic legislators, made the saga look like a colorful aberration. But the results of that altercation merely replicated what happened, after the 2000 census, in several other states where Republicans controlled the governorship and the legislature. Even in states where voters were evenly divided, the Republicans used their advantage in the state capitals to transform their congressional delegations. In Florida, the paradigmatically deadlocked state, the new district lines sent eighteen Republicans and seven Democrats to the House. In the Gore state of Michigan, which lost a seat in redistricting, the delegation went from 9–7 in favor of the Democrats to 9–6 in favor of the Republicans—even though Democratic congressional candidates received thirty-five thousand more votes than their Republican opponents in 2002. (The Michigan plan was approved on September 11, 2001, so it received little publicity.) Pennsylvania, which also went to Gore, had one of the most ruthless Republican gerrymanders, and it is the one being challenged before the Supreme Court.

After 2000, Pennsylvania lost two seats in Congress, and its legislature had to establish new district lines. Republican legislative leaders there engaged in no subterfuge; they candidly admitted that they intended to draw the lines to favor their party as much as possible. In the midst of the battle over the Pennsylvania plan, DeLay and Dennis Hastert, the Speaker of the House, sent a letter to the Pennsylvania legislators, saying, "We wish to encourage you in these efforts, as they play a crucial role in maintaining a Republican majority in the United States House of Representatives." The Republicans in Harrisburg used venerable techniques in redistricting, like "packing," "cracking," and "kidnapping." Packing concentrates one group's voters in the fewest possible districts, so they cannot influence the outcome of races in others; cracking divides a group's voters into other districts, where they will be ineffective minorities; and kidnapping places two incumbents from the same party in the same district.

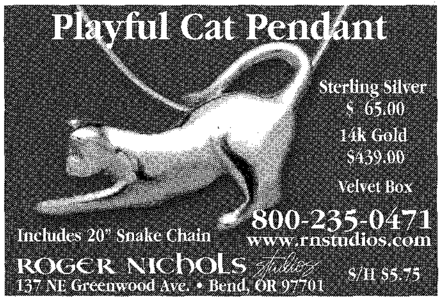
Frank Mascara was kidnapped. A Democrat first elected to Congress in 1994, Mascara represented a district in the rugged industrial country south of Pittsburgh. "My district had been more or less the same for about a hundred years," Mascara told me on the porch of his house in Charleroi, which overlooks a glass-making plant on the banks of the Monongahela River. The son of a steelworker and the first member of his family to go to college, Mascara worked his way through county politics until he won his seat in the House. "A lot of people couldn't believe that a congressman lived in a house like mine," he said, noting its aluminum siding and probable resale value of about thirty-five thousand dollars. "But that's the kind of guy I am," he said. "I go to church down the street. I represent the average person."

With the Republicans in charge in Harrisburg, Mascara knew he would be little more than a spectator to the redistricting process. "I still thought my district would for the most part remain intact," he said. "That didn't occur." Mascara had met me at a McDonald's in Charleroi's ragged downtown, and then led me to his home on a quiet street called Lincoln Avenue, where we parked


motorola V60p
push to tell your friends or family.
push to transmit across country.
push to talk right away.
P2TMOTO
MOTOROLA
intelligence everywhere
verizonwireless

Martinelli's
GOLD MEDAL®
Sparkling Cider
SINCE 1868
100% JUICE
NO ALCOHOL
The Festive Alternative!
www.martinellis.com

The perfect gift...
Beautifully handcrafted of freshly-cut balsam fir, pine cones, red apples, and a red velveteen ribbon. Approx. 24" diameter. $24.95 (plus $7.45 S&H). Quantity prices. Call 1-800-776-8778 or 207-667-5561, 8-6 EST fax 207-667-8315. Check, Visa, MasterCard, Discover and AMEX accepted.
Maine Holiday Wreaths
P.O. Box 536-N, Ellsworth, ME 04605-0536
www.maineholidaywreaths.com

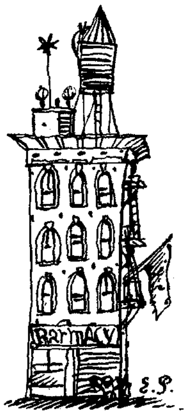

Playful Cat Pendant
Sterling Silver $ 65.00
14k Gold $439.00
Velvet Box
Includes 20" Snake Chain
800-235-0471
www.rnstudios.com
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
137 NE Greenwood Ave. • Bend, OR 97701
S/H $5.75

The best toys are natural toys™
The best toys, like this classic porcelain children's tea set.
www.NaturalPlay.com

MARKET WITCH
www.marketwitch.biz
STOCKS YOU SHOULD OWN

Neighborhoodies
Your neighborhood.
Your favorite hoodie.
Together at last.
Custom design your lifetime-quality sweatshirt.
Neighborhoodies.com 917-355-8461

because he has no garage. From his porch, he pointed to our cars. "The cars are in the twelfth congressional district, and my house is in the eighteenth," he explained. "When they drew the new lines, they started in Allegheny County, which is north of here, and made, like, a finger out of that district, and the finger went down the middle of the street where I live. The line came down to my house and stopped." The Republicans' meticulous line-drawing through Charleroi was designed to force Mascara into a primary battle with his fellow-Democrat John Murtha, which it did. Murtha defeated Mascara, ending his congressional career and reducing the Democratic presence in the House by one.



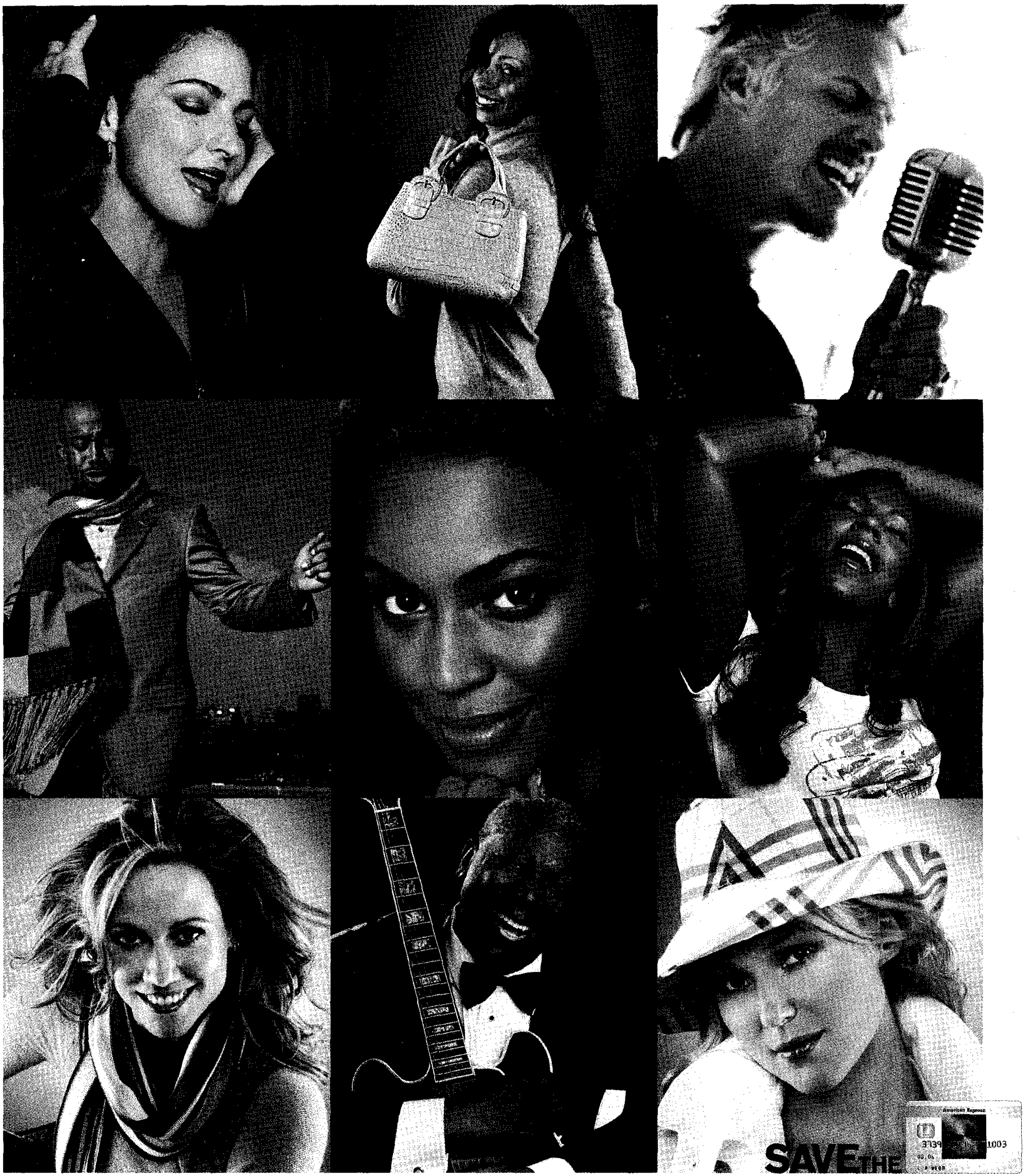
The Republicans carved up Pennsylvania into many strangely shaped districts, which won monikers like the "supine seahorse" and the "upside-down Chinese dragon." Such nicknames for gerrymandered districts go back to the origin of the term, which was coined as an epithet to mock Massachusetts Governor Elbridge Gerry, who in 1811 approved an election district that was said to resemble a salamander. Like most gerrymanders throughout history, the Republicans' creation in Pennsylvania produced the desired results. Even though a Democrat, Ed Rendell, won the governorship in 2002, Republicans in that election took control of twelve of the nineteen House seats.

Democrats accomplished less in the 2000 redistricting cycle only because they controlled fewer states and thus could do less to protect their interests. DeLay's mid-cycle reapportionment may be without precedent, but Democrats have their own inglorious history of gerrymandering. Before the Texas coup this year, the most notorious redistricting operation in recent years was the one run by Representative Philip Burton, following the 1980 census in California, which transformed the Democrats' advantage in House seats there from 22–21 to 27–18. In 2002, a Democratic plan in Maryland turned that delegation from being evenly divided to a 6–2 Democratic advantage, and Georgia Democrats gained two seats in the House even though in the same election voters rejected a Democratic governor and a Democratic United States senator. In California, where Democrats also controlled the process, they settled for protecting incumbents of both parties. There, in 2002, not one of fifty general-election House challengers won even forty per cent of the total vote.

There is no doubt, though, that on balance the 2000 redistricting cycle amounted to a major victory for Republicans. Even though Al Gore and George W. Bush split the combined vote in Florida, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan, Republican control of the process meant that, after redistricting, the G.O.P. now holds fifty-one of those states' seventy-seven House seats. "The important thing to realize was in 1991 the Republicans had control of line-drawing in a total of five congressional districts," one G.O.P. redistricting expert told me. "In 2001, it was almost a hundred seats. Both parties made the most of it."

The transformation of congressional redistricting began long before the 2000 census, and the crucial issue was race. In the early nineteen-sixties, the Supreme Court, under Chief Justice Earl Warren, transformed American politics by enforcing the principle of one man, one vote, and requiring that all legislative districts contain the same number of people. Before these decisions, which started with the famous case of Baker v. Carr, in 1962, Southern (and some Northern) states had designed districts so that black voters had no meaningful say in Congress. Later in the decade, the Voting Rights Act established the principle that not only did blacks have the right to vote but they had to be placed in districts where black candidates stood a good chance of winning. The act, which was one of Lyndon B. Johnson's most important civil-rights initiatives, led to the election of many more black members of Congress—and was a classic demonstration of the law of unintended consequences.

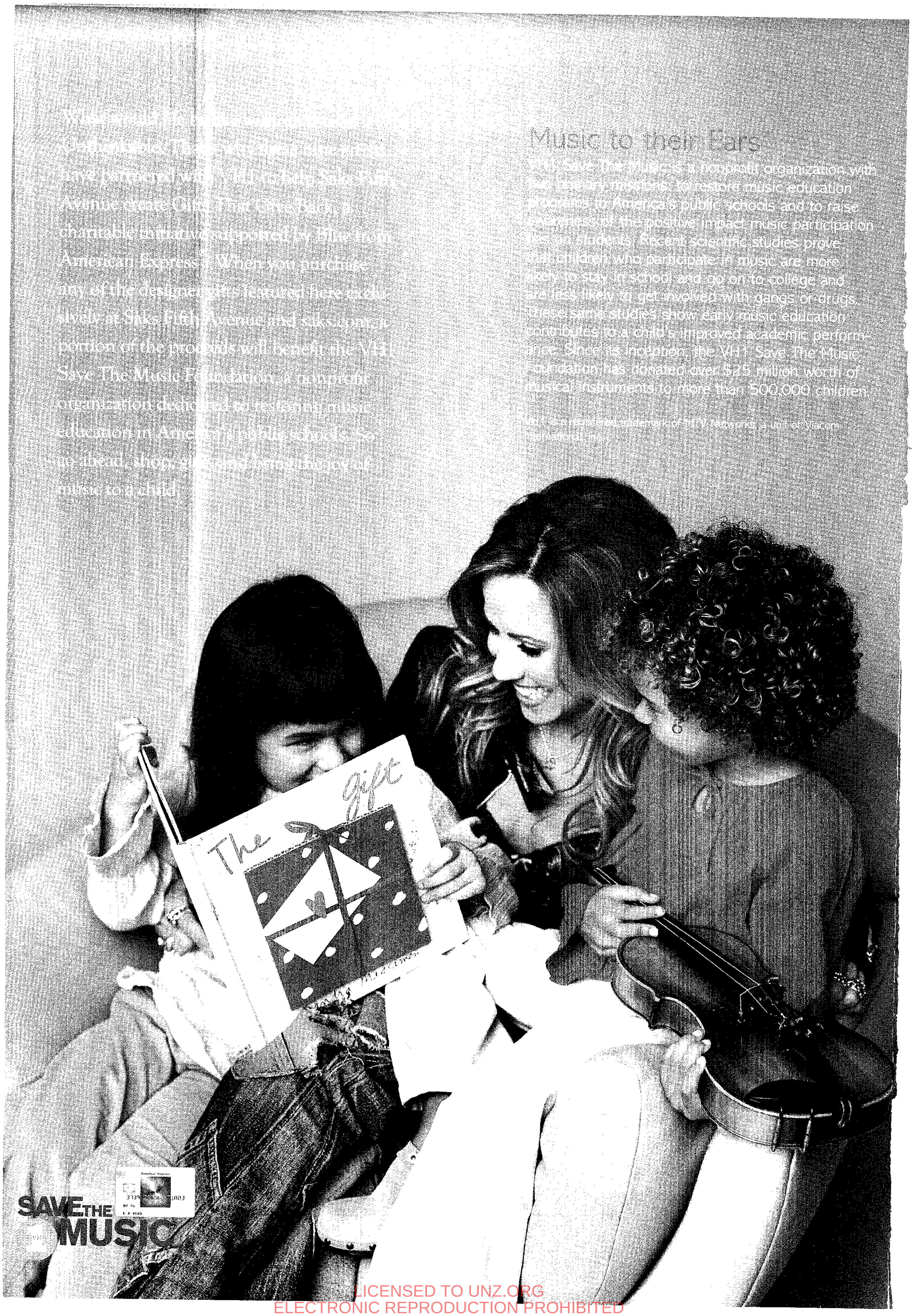
"When the civil-rights movement started, you had a lot of white Democrats in power in the South," Bobby Scott, a congressman from Virginia who


American Express

SAVE THE MUSIC
VH1

Gifts That Give Back
EXCLUSIVELY AT
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

All artists appear in support of VH1 Save The Music.



[illegible]
[illegible] have partnered with VH1 to help Saks Fifth Avenue create Gifts That Give Back, a charitable initiative supported by Blue from American Express. When you purchase any of the designer gifts featured here exclusively at Saks Fifth Avenue and saks.com, a portion of the proceeds will benefit the VH1 Save The Music Foundation, a nonprofit organization dedicated to restoring music education in America's public schools. So go ahead, shop, give and bring the joy of music to a child.

Music to their Ears

VH1 Save The Music is a nonprofit organization with two primary missions: to restore music education programs to America's public schools and to raise awareness of the positive impact music participation has on students. Recent scientific studies prove that children who participate in music are more likely to stay in school and go on to college and are less likely to get involved with gangs or drugs. These same studies show early music education contributes to a child's improved academic performance. Since its inception, the VH1 Save The Music Foundation has donated over $25 million worth of musical instruments to more than 500,000 children.

VH1 is a registered trademark of MTV Networks, a unit of Viacom International Inc.

Beyoncé Knowles

Jewel

Special Thanks

Blue from American Express is a proud supporter of the VH1 Save The Music Foundation. Blue recognizes the pivotal role of music participation on children's educational and social development as well as its impact on self-esteem. In the spirit of creating tools for a better tomorrow, Blue has joined Saks Fifth Avenue's Gifts That Give Back initiative as program sponsor, hoping to build a brighter future for America's kids.

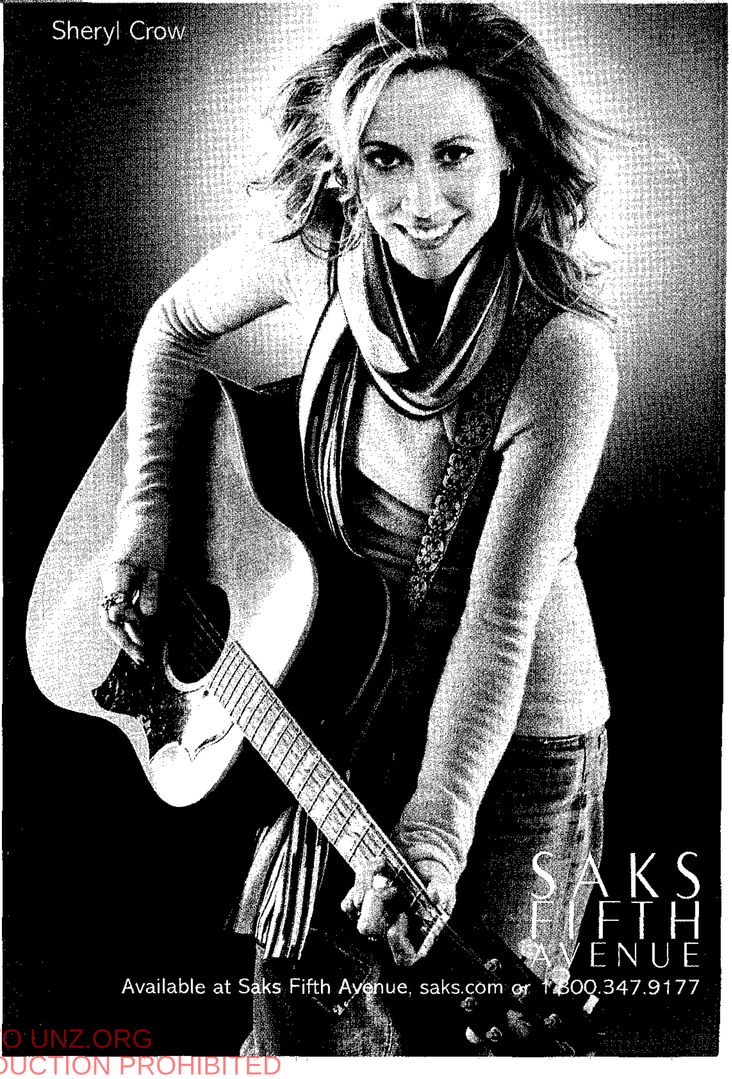
WITH SHERYL CROW
***The Gift* by Sandra Magsamen**
24-page illustrated storybook with pop-up art. #262-7127-6927. $35. Deluxe keepsake boxed set with jeweled pendant bookmark and handmade ceramic art plaque. #262-7127-6976. $125.*

ON BEYONCÉ KNOWLES
Michael Kors
Cotton canvas tote in ecru with chocolate brown trim. #249-8867-6614. $170.*

ON JEWEL
Burberry
Reversible nova check cotton bucket hat in pink/ivory. One size. #035-8976-7834. $140.*

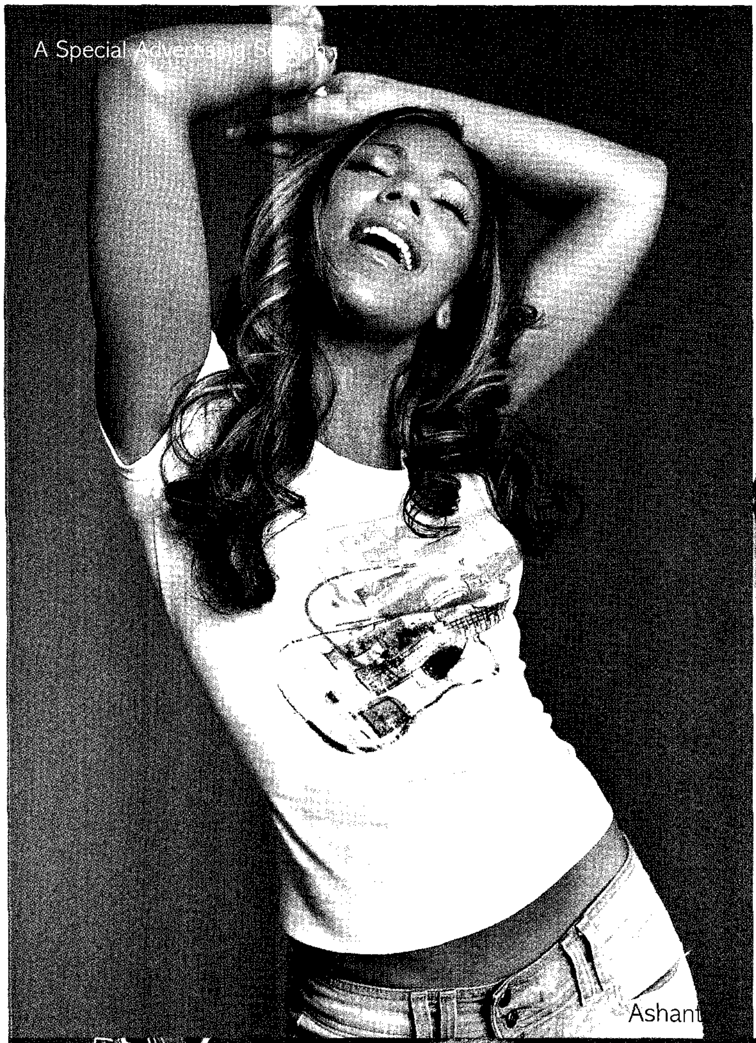
ON SHERYL CROW
Missoni
Multicolored signature knit viscose rayon oblong scarf. #087-8978-0407. $165.*

**Quantities are limited.*

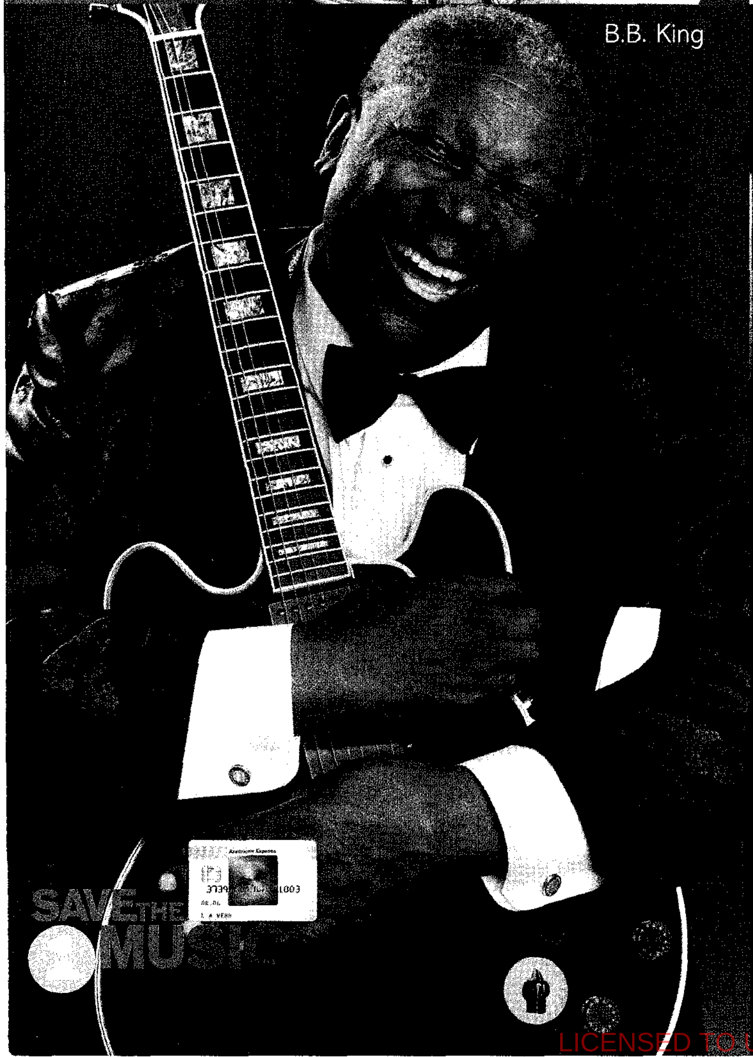

Sheryl Crow

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Available at Saks Fifth Avenue, saks.com or 1.800.347.9177

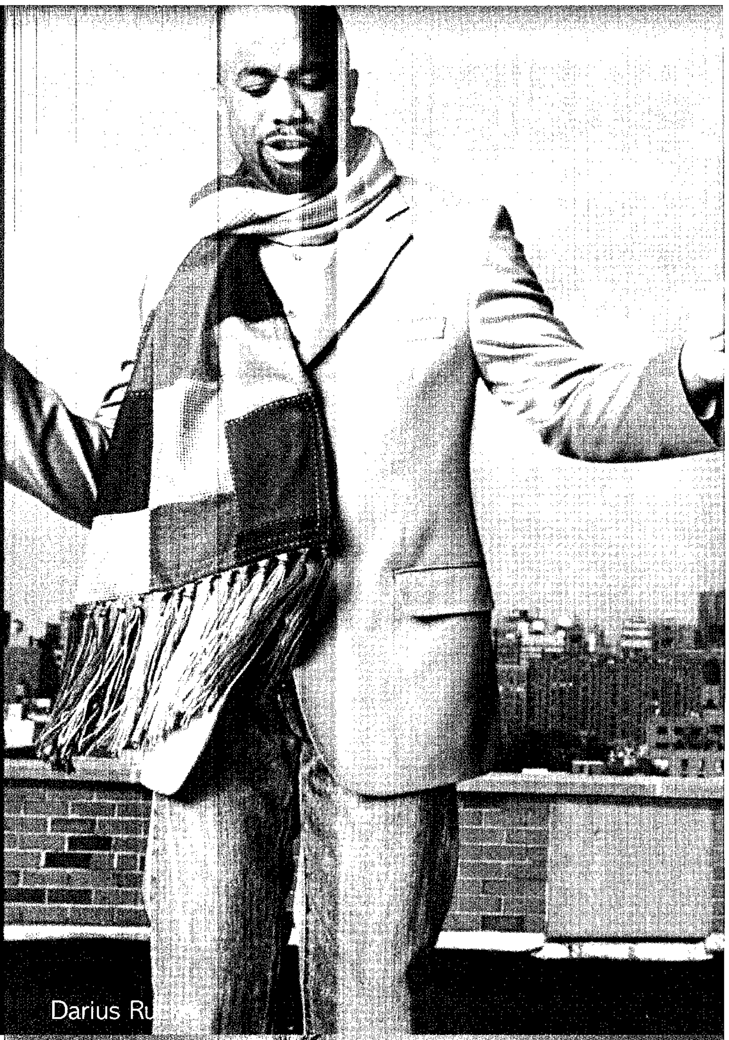

Ashanti

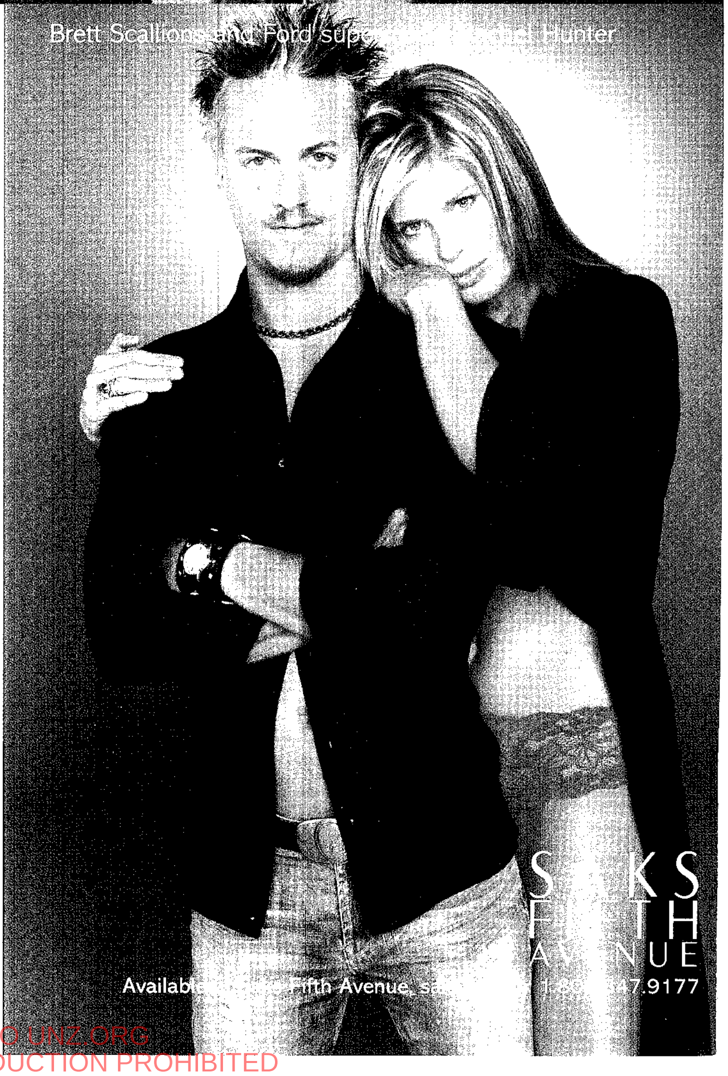
Brett Scallions, lead singer, Fuel


B.B. King

SAVE THE MUSIC
American Express

Gloria Estefan


Darius Rucker


Brett Scallions and Ford supermodel Rachel Hunter
SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE
Available at Saks Fifth Avenue, saks.com or 1.800.347.9177

ON ASHANTI
Marc by Marc Jacobs
Washed cotton jersey capsleeve scoopneck in white with guitar print. Sizes XS,S,M,L. #477-8664-5140. $78.*

ON BRETT SCALLIONS
Boss Hugo Boss
Long sleeve cotton/lycra spandex crewneck in black with sequined dragon design. Sizes S,M,L,XL,XXL. #440-8419-6385. $95.*

ON B.B. KING
Dunhill
Sterling silver cufflinks with mother-of-pearl insets and engraved logos. #001-8714-1743. $165.*

ON GLORIA ESTEFAN
Company Ellen Tracy
Zip-front cotton/spandex jacket with hood in red. Petites P,S,M,L. #790-7729-3942. $148.* Misses P,S,M,L,XL. #467-7890-5031. $148.* Salon Z 1X,2X,3X. #777-7856-5124. $148.*

ON MYA
Cole Haan
Crocodile-embossed leather mini top-handle tote in shell with buckles. #118-8238-1914. $150.*

ON DARIUS RUCKER
Arnold Brant
Multicolored cashmere patchwork scarf. #652-8778-8329. $175.*

ON RACHEL HUNTER
Natori
Stretch lace French thong gift set. One red and one black thong in a red satin pouch. Nylon/polyester/viscose rayon. Sizes XS,S,M,L. #039-8095-0108. $96.*

**Quantities are limited.*

B.B. King

WITH B.B. KING
Penhaligon's
William H. Penhaligon, Esq. collectible teddy bear. Named in honor of the founder of the venerable British fragrance house. 16"H. #634-8628-6242. $99.50.*

ON BEYONCÉ KNOWLES
Moschino
Stainless steel Diamonds are 4 Ever watch. #081-9677-0888. $198.*

ON GLORIA ESTEFAN
Longchamp
Top-zip nylon tote in red/camel with leather flap and handles. #019-8289-0724. $110.*

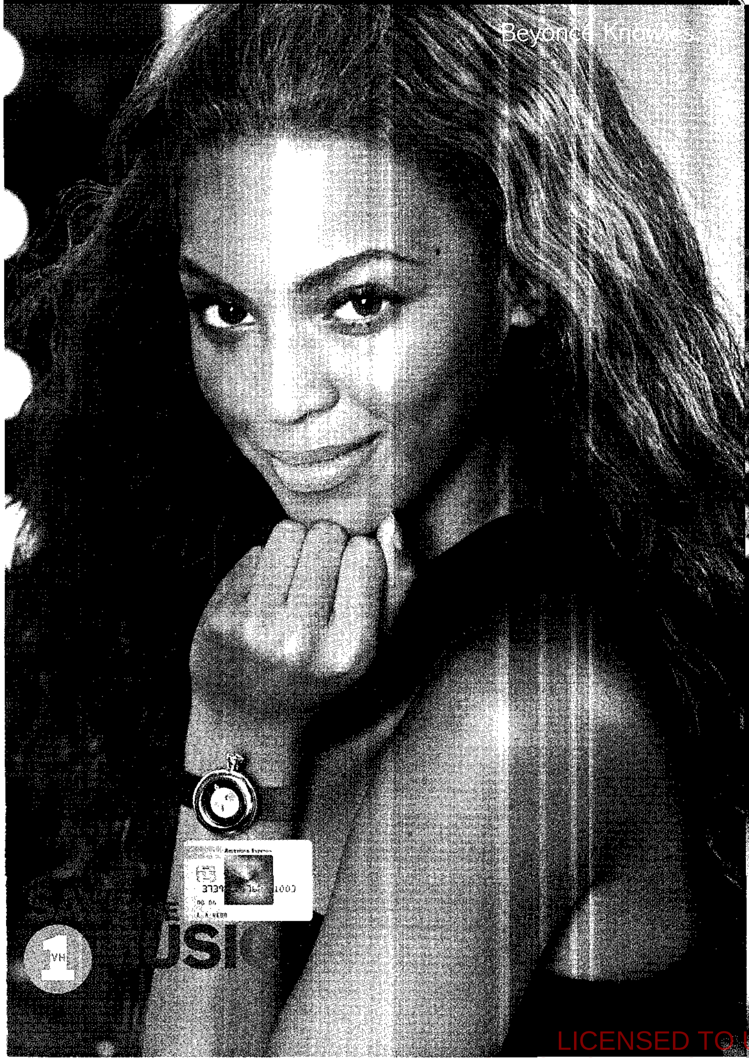
ON ASHANTI
Jay Strongwater
Hand-enameled 18k gold-plated mini frame with Swarovski crystals. (Ribbon not included.) 2½"H x 1¾"W. #183-8625-2525. $125.*

ON JEWEL
Dior
J'Adore Dior cotton terrycloth makeup bag in white with pink embroidery. #281-9119-5578. $125.*

ON MYA
Estée Lauder
Gloss pops. This limited edition boxed set includes 5 luscious shades of pure color lip gloss in Ginger Pop, Candy Pop, Lemon Pop, Berry Pop, and Mango Pop. #680-8639-4483. $35.*

ON DARIUS RUCKER
John Hardy
From the Pierced Dot Collection. Sterling silver choker on an adjustable black leather cord. #753-8699-4274. $150.*

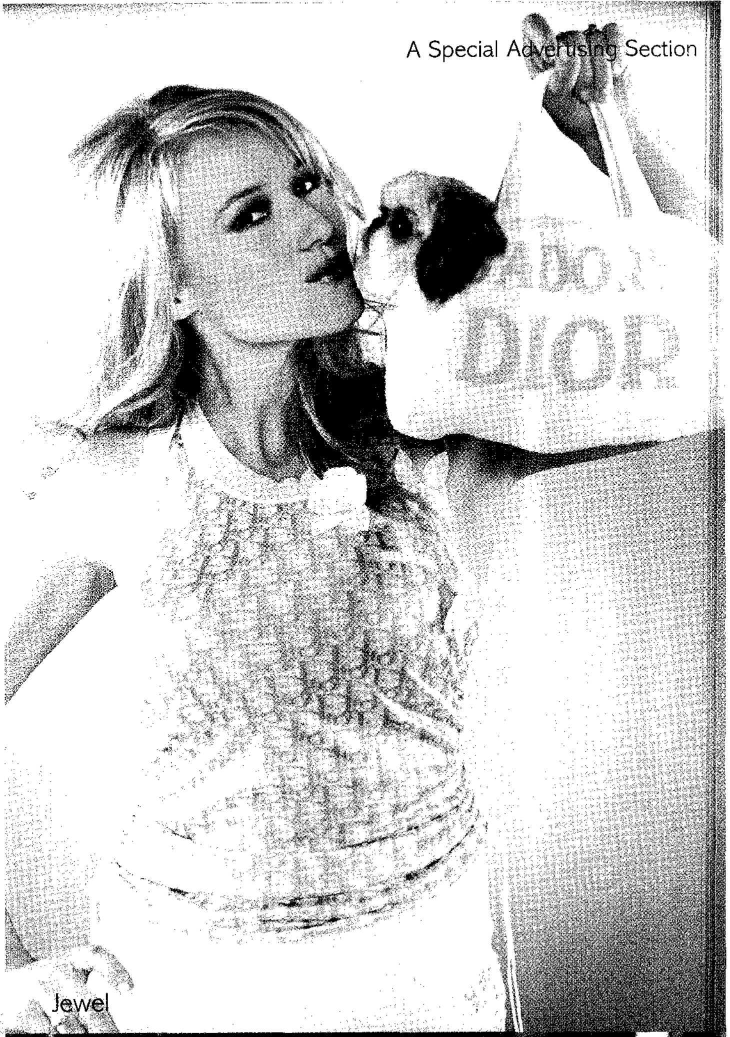
**Quantities are limited.*



Beyoncé Knowles

Gloria Estefan

Ashanti

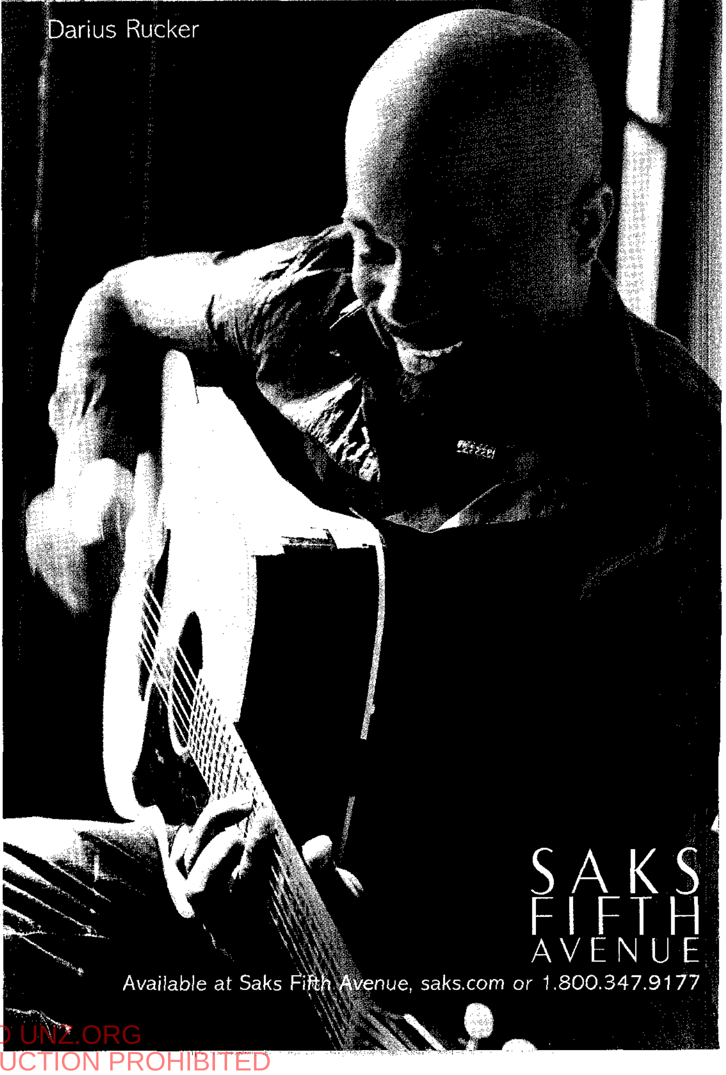


Jewel

Mya

ESTEE LAUDER
GLOSS POPS

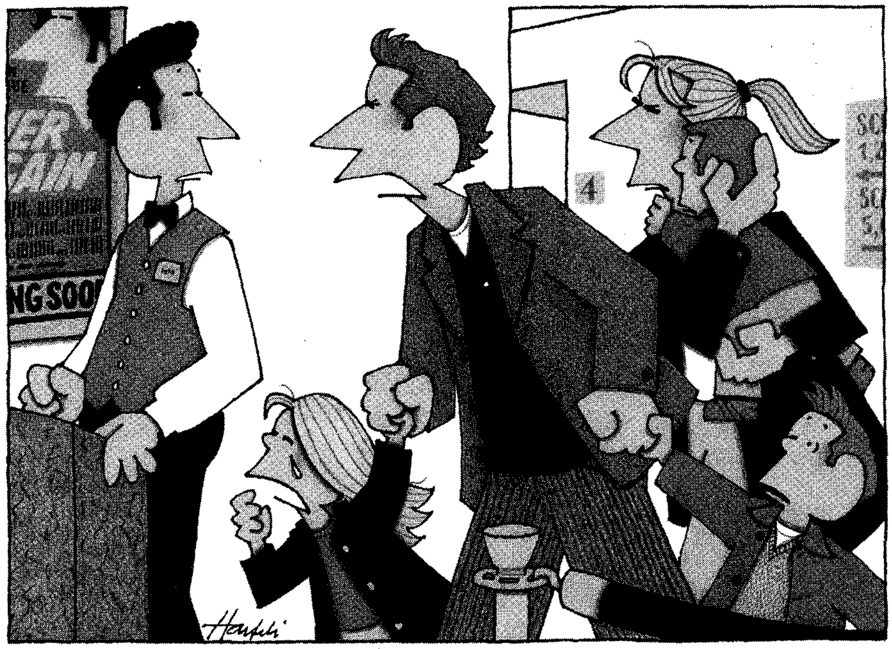
Darius Rucker



SAKS
FIFTH
AVENUE

Available at Saks Fifth Avenue, saks.com or 1.800.347.9177

American Express
3739 524762 71003
08.06
L A WEBB
BLUE CASH
IT PAYS YOU RENT FOR LIVING IN YOUR WALLET.
AMERICAN EXPRESS
BLUE CASH



"PG my ass!"

was first elected in 1992, said. "And, when these white Democrats started redistricting, they wanted to keep African-American percentages at around thirty-five or forty per cent. That was enough for the white Democrats to keep winning in these districts, but not enough to elect any black Democrats. The white Democrats called these 'influence' districts, where we could have a say in who won." But Republicans sensed an opportunity. "They came to us and said, We want these districts to be sixty per cent black," Scott, who is African-American, said. "And blacks liked that idea, because it meant we elected some of our own for the first time. That's where the 'unholy alliance' came in."

The unholy alliance—between black Democrats and white Republicans—shaped redistricting during the eighties and nineties. Republicans recognized the value of concentrating black voters, who are reliable Democrats, in single districts, which are known in voting-rights parlance as "majority-minority." As Gerald Hebert, a Democratic redistricting operative and former Justice Department lawyer, puts it, "What you had was the Republicans who were in charge for every redistricting cycle at the Justice Department—'81, '91, '01. And there was a kind of thinking in the eighties and in the early nineties that if you could create a majority-minority district anywhere in the state, regardless of how it looked and what its impact was on surrounding districts, then you simply had to do it. What ended up happening was that they went out of their way to divide and conquer the Democrats." The real story of the Republican congressional landslide of 1994, many redistricting experts believe, is the disappearance of white Democratic congressmen, whose black constituents were largely absorbed into majority-minority districts.

It was a version of the unholy alliance which may doom Charlie Stenholm and his fellow Texas Democrats. All the congressmen who are likely to lose their jobs in the new DeLay plan are white. Many of their black constituents have been transferred to safe Democratic seats, where they can't harm Republicans. The unholy alliance has had the additional side effect, especially in the South, of making the Democrats the party of blacks and the Republicans the party of whites—which presents daunting long-term political problems for the Democratic Party. Many Democrats can't help but express a perverse admiration for the cleverness of the strategy. Benjamin Ginsberg, a Republican redistricting operative who helped to construct the unholy alliance during the 1990 cycle, referred to the initiative as "Project Ratfuck."

Since the 2000 cycle, these Republican gains have locked in and even expanded. To see how this was done, I asked Nathaniel Persily, a genial assistant professor of law and political science at the University of Pennsylvania, to visit my office and bring his laptop. Persily, who is thirty-three, has built a reputation as a nonpartisan expert and occasional practitioner in the field of redistricting.

Before 1990, most state legislators did their redistricting by taking off their shoes and tiptoeing with Magic Markers around large maps on the floor, marking the boundaries on overlaid acetate sheets. Use of computers in redistricting began in the nineties, and, as Persily demonstrated, it has now become a science. When Persily opened his computer, he showed me a map of Houston, detailed to the last census block. (The population of each block usually ranges from fewer than a dozen to about a thousand.) "This is the same map that DeLay's people used to redistrict," Persily said. Indeed, DeLay's political operation purchased ten copies of the software, which is called Caliper's Maptitude for Redistricting and costs about four thousand dollars per copy. The software permits map-makers to analyze an enormous amount of data—party registration, voting patterns, ethnic makeup from census data, property-tax records, roads, railways, old district lines. "There's only one limit to the kind of information you can use in redistricting—its availability," Persily said. (In Pennsylvania, Republicans used Carnegie-Mellon University's mainframe computer, which would have allowed them to add even more data, such as real-estate transactions.)

With a few clicks, Persily changed the map from one that showed party registration in each census block to one that revealed voting results in each block. The colors ranged from dark red, for heavily Democratic votes, to dark blue, for strongly Republican. He showed voting results in about two dozen races, from President to governor and from congressman to local offices. "The whole process has got much more sophisticated," Persily went on. "Party-registration data are not the only kind of data you want to use. You want to use real election

A family affair since 1908 ★★★★★

WALDHAUS SILS

Sils-Maria = 6 miles from bustling St. Moritz: An unspoiled and peaceful alpine village amidst gleaming lakes + impressive mountains. And above it all this remarkable + historic hotel, family owned and managed ever since it opened in 1908

Grand, but friendly and relaxed;children very welcome! Free pickup at St. Moritz train station.

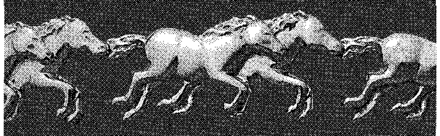
2003-2004 winter season: Dec. 17 to April 18
2004 summer season: June 10 to Oct. 24

ALPINE CLASSICS
PRIVATE HOTELS

CH-7514 Sils-Maria (Engadin)
Tel 01141 81 838 51 00 Fax 01141 81 838 51 98
www.waldhaus-sils.ch
M. & F. Dietrich, U. Kienberger

Christina Oxenberg
Gorgeous Knitwear
Made from the rarest and softest fibers on earth.
Shawl $695 / Scarf $395
www.christinaoxenberg.net
Toll Free: 866.226.8442
Also available at Barneys

www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand



Stampede Bracelet Sterling Silver $165 • 14K Gold $595
Unconditionally guaranteed 1·800·477·1856
PO Box 147 • Chapel Hill, NC 27514

iSnorkel.com
On-line snorkeling tutorial with full-motion video
Snorkel packages • Swim goggles • Books • Water toys
Wetsuits for toddlers, kids & adults • & much more
Order by December 22 for express Christmas delivery
www.isnorkel.com 1-888-855-7558

European Beret $10
100% Wool • One Size Fits All
Black, Navy, Brown, Red, Camel, Grey
Check or Credit Card w/Exp. Date.
Add $2 shipping per order
www.johnhelmer.com
John Helmer • Est. 1921 • (503) 223-4976
969 S.W. Broadway, Dept. N123 • Portland, OR 97205

results. That's a big change from ten years ago. We have become very good at predicting how people are going to vote. People's partisanship is at a thirty-year high. If I know you voted for Gore, I am better able to predict that you are going to vote for any given Democrat in a future election."

I asked Persily to give me a demonstration of how to draw district lines. He moved his mouse to the border between two congressional districts. A ledger on the top half of the screen showed that one of the districts, as currently configured, had about forty thousand more people than the other one. "The Supreme Court has said that the requirement of one man, one vote means that each district must have exactly—exactly—the same number of people," Persily explained. An early version of the Pennsylvania plan was rejected by the courts because the districts were just nineteen voters apart, in districts of about a half million people. Requirements for that sort of precision virtually mandate the use of computers for redistricting.

Persily zeroed in even more closely, and a little donkey popped up inside one of the census blocks. "That's where the local congressman lives, a Democrat," he explained. "We have little elephants for the Republican incumbents." The program seemed easy to use, justifying the boast, on the software company's Web site, that you could "start building plans thirty minutes after opening the box." Persily chuckled. "At a certain point, you admire the video-game appeal of all this."

"There used to be a theory that gerrymandering was self-regulating," Persily explained. "The idea was that the more greedy you are in maximizing the number of districts your party can control, the more likely it is that a small shift of votes will lead you to lose a lot of districts. But it's not self-regulating anymore. The software is too good, and the partisanship is too strong."

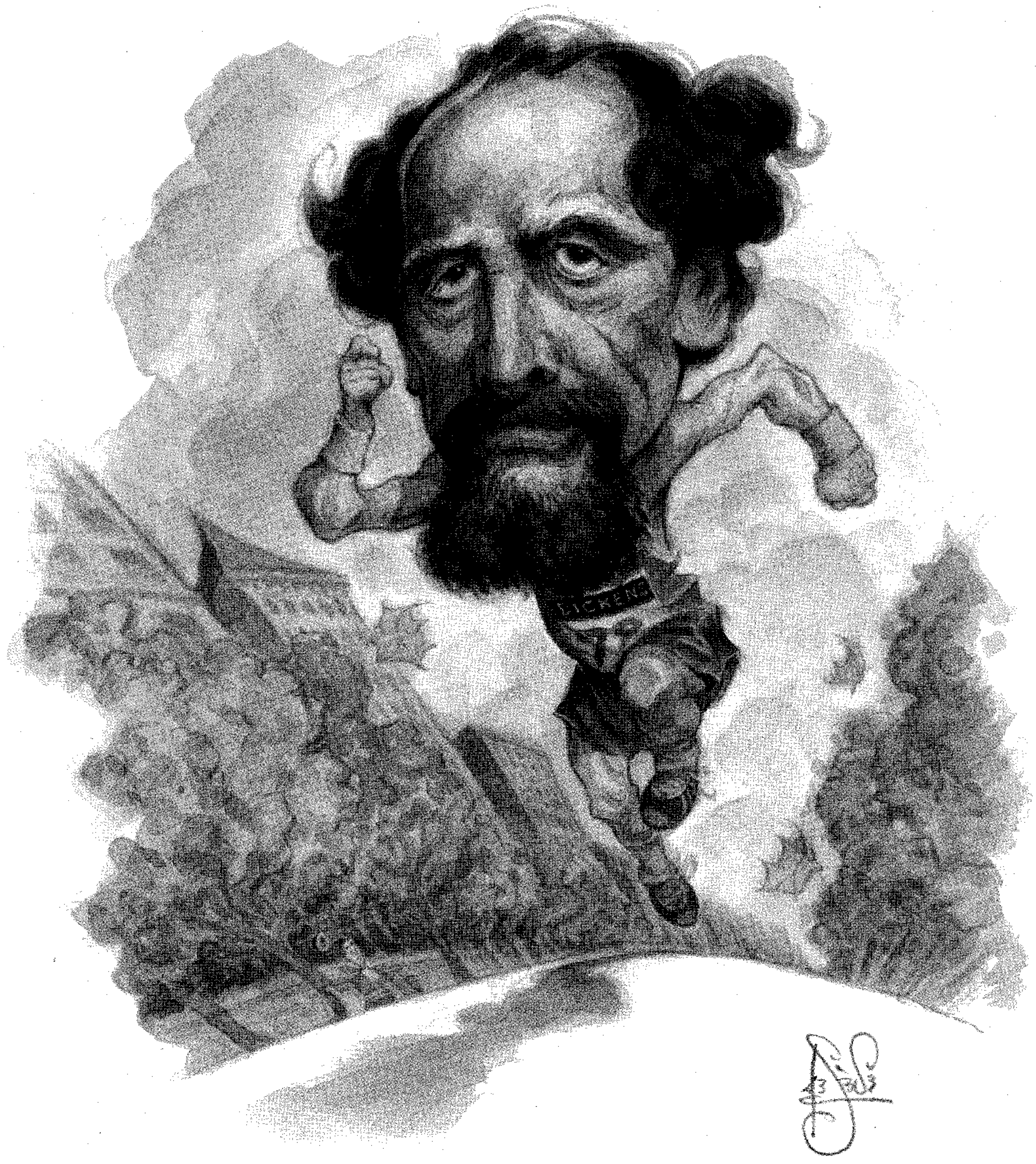
The effects of partisan gerrymandering go well beyond the protection of incumbents and the guarantee of continued Republican control. It has also changed the kind of people who win seats in Congress and the way they behave once they arrive. Jim Leach, a moderate Republican and fourteen-term congressman from Iowa, has watched the transformation. Leach agrees with Richard Pildes on the numbers: "A little less than four hundred seats are totally safe, which means that there is competition between Democrats and Republicans only in about ten or fifteen per cent of the seats.

"So the important question is who controls the safe seats," Leach said. "Currently, about a third of the over-all population is Democrat, a third is Republican, and a third is no party. If you ask yourself some mathematical questions, what is half of a third?—one-sixth. That's who decides the nominee in each district. But only a fourth participates in primaries. What is a fourth of a sixth? A twenty-fourth. So it's one twenty-fourth of the population that controls the seat in each party.

"Then you have to ask who are those people who vote in primaries," Leach went on. "They are the real partisans, the activists, on both sides. A district that is solidly Republican is a district that is more likely to go to the more conservative side of the Republican part of the Party for candidates and platforms. Presidential candidates go to the left or the right in the primaries and then try to get back in the center. In House politics, if your district is solidly one party, your only challenge is from within that party, so you have every incentive for staying to the more extreme side of your party. If you are Republican in an all-Republican district, there is no reason to move to the center. You want to protect your base. You hear that in Congress all the time, in both parties—'We've got to appeal to our base.' It's much more likely that an incumbent will lose a primary than he will a general election. So redistricting has made Congress a more partisan, more polarized place. The American political system today is structurally geared against the center, which means that the great majority of Americans feel left out of the decision-making process."

Scholarly research gives some support to Leach's impressions. "Partisan gerrymandering skews not only the positions congressmen take but also who the candidates are in the first place," Issacharoff, of Columbia, said. "You get more ideological candidates, the people who can arouse the base of the party, because they don't have to worry about electability. It's becoming harder to get things done, whether in Congress or in state legisla-

Your favorite authors. *Fast.*



Same Day Delivery in Manhattan.

Free shipping on orders of $25 or more.*

Over 1 million books, CDs, and DVDs in stock and ready for Same Day Delivery. Order by 11am, get it by 7pm.

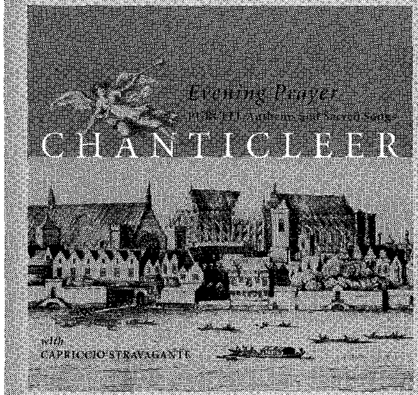
BARNES&NOBLE.com
www.bn.com

* *Conditions apply. See website for details.*

CHANTICLEER

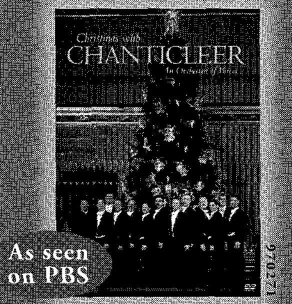
"The most versatile and virtuoso singers anywhere"
The Dallas Morning News

Evening Prayer
PURCELL Anthems and Sacred Songs



TeldecClassics

Available on DVD Nov. 25
Christmas with
CHANTICLEER
An Orchestra of Voices



Rhino Home Video/
Teldec Classics

"No one does a better choral Christmas"
The New Yorker

AVAILABLE AT MUSIC LOCATIONS
BARNES&NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS

©2003 Warner Strategic Marketing,
A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved.

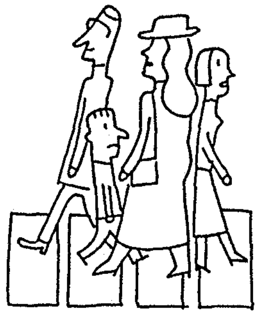
tures, because partisan redistricting goes on at the state level, too." Among members of the House, partisan redistricting has also bred an almost comic sense of entitlement to landslides. In a hearing on the post-2000 reapportionment in New York, Representative Benjamin Gilman, an upstate Republican, said that during the 1982 redistricting he was promised by the majority leader of the state senate that "if I accepted that challenge of a fair-fight district, I would never again be asked or forced by the state to face that prospect of a fair fight once again. . . . I think it would be unfair not only to myself and my district to face that divisive prospect once again."

With partisan gerrymandering, House members in effect pay a penalty if they reach out too much to members of the other party. "What is laughable is the basic premise of what is going on," Charlie Stenholm, the endangered Texan, said. "The great sin I committed is that I won the last election 51-47 in a district that went 71-28 for President Bush. But I am a conservative Democrat, and that's why these people vote for me. There shouldn't be a penalty for reaching out across party lines." If Stenholm and his ilk disappear, they will be replaced by reliable Republicans—who won't have to worry about their own chances for reëlection.

The question before the Supreme Court later this month is not whether partisan gerrymandering is wise but whether it is constitutional. The issues are strikingly similar to those faced by the Warren Court in the early sixties—and the stakes may be as large as well. The framers of the Constitution designed the House of Representatives to reflect the popular will. James Madison, in the Federalist Papers, said the House was meant to be a "numerous and changeable body," where the members would have "an habitual recollection of their dependence on the people." While the House was supposed to be impetuous, the Senate was intended to be stable. Madison said that senators would serve six-year terms as a defense against "the impulse of sudden and violent passions" of the House, and the members of the Senate were to be elected by state legislators, providing a further level of insulation from the popular will. (The Constitution was amended to require direct election of senators in 1913.) The Senate had to remain stable, Madison wrote, because "every new election in the states is found to change one half of the representatives."

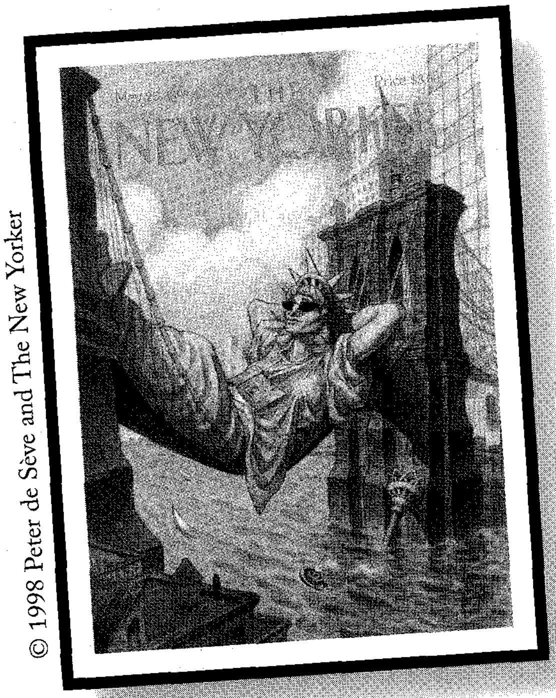
Today, the House and the Senate have precisely flipped roles. Senate races, which are not subject to redistricting, are decided by actual voters, who do indeed change their minds with some regularity. Control of the Senate has shifted five times since the nineteen-eighties. The House, by contrast, has changed hands just once in the same period, in the Republican takeover of 1994. In 2002, only one out of twelve House elections was decided by ten or fewer percentage points, while half of the governors' and Senate races were that close. In 2002, only four House challengers defeated incumbents in the general election—a record low in the modern era. In a real sense, the voters no longer select the members of the House of Representatives; the state legislators who design the districts do.

The question, then, is what, if anything, is unlawful about that? The legal debate on that question is especially stark. In the case now before the Supreme Court, Pennsylvania Democrats argued that the Republican gerrymander denied them equal protection of the laws, asserting in their brief that it is "unconstitutional to give a State's million Republicans control over ten seats while leaving a million Democrats with control over five." The Republican response is to say, in effect, "Welcome to the big leagues. State legislatures have always played this kind of hardball, the courts ought to stay out of the game altogether, and there's no such thing as a nonpartisan solution." Justice Sandra Day O'Connor, a former Arizona state senator herself, may have put the argument best when, in the mid-eighties, the Supreme Court last considered a political-gerrymandering case. According to Justice William Brennan's notes of the court's internal debate,

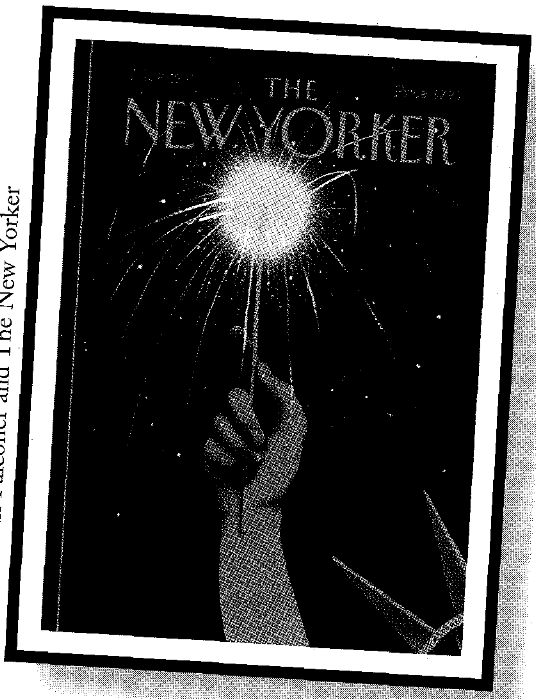


REOPEN LIBERTY'S DOORS

A SPECIAL OFFER FEATURING PRINTS OF
CLASSIC NEW YORKER COVERS



© 1998 Peter de Sève and The New Yorker



© 1996 Ian Falconer and The New Yorker

For nearly a hundred and twenty years, the Statue of Liberty has raised her torch over New York Harbor. Today she is closed to visitors. Now you have the opportunity to help raise money and make the statue a prized American destination once again. **If you use your American Express® Card to purchase one of these prints of New Yorker covers, 25% of the proceeds will go to the campaign to reopen the Statue of Liberty.** Show your support for Lady Liberty with this special offer.

LARGE PRINT (IMAGE SIZE: 16" x 22"), $250. SMALL PRINT (IMAGE SIZE: 7" x 9.5"), $125.
FRAMING AVAILABLE FOR AN ADDITIONAL CHARGE.

Order online at
WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM
OR CALL 1-800-897-8666

CARTOONBANK.COM
A New Yorker Magazine Company

LIBERTY ELLIS ISLAND
TM 1982, 1987 THE STATUE OF LIBERTY-ELLIS ISLAND FOUNDATION, INC.
Learn more at
www.statueofliberty.org.

AMERICAN EXPRESS ®

Where Broadway goes when New York snows!

Ask about our Early Week Cabaret Packages!

The Colony Hotel, Palm Beach. Sunshine, Frette linens, wonderful food, Worth Avenue, top notch entertainment. Over half a century serving Presidents, Princesses, Broadway Stars & special guests.

January is "Tony" month in The Royal Room – Faith Prince and James Naughton!

The Colony PALM BEACH

1-866-899-0701

155 Hammon Ave., Palm Beach, FL 33480 • www.thecolonypalmbeach.com

THE PAVILION

AT McLEAN HOSPITAL

Unparalleled psychiatric evaluation and treatment. Unsurpassed discretion and service.

617.855.3570 or pavilion@mclean.org
www.mclean.harvard.edu

A major teaching facility of Harvard Medical School and an affiliate of Massachusetts General Hospital

ASIA RUSTIC

'tis the gift to be free!

On-Line Orders Holiday Boxed and Shipped Free in the Continental USA.

www.asiarustic.com

RILEY In C

Terry Riley
In C

The 25th Anniversary concert of the revolutionary composition performed by the composer with 30 players from the Bay Area new music scene.

New Albion Records San Francisco www.newalbion.com

hand woven belts
(for our two-legged friends)
www.tailwags.com
a tail we could wag 866.726.WAGS

O'Connor said that any legislative leader who failed to protect his party's interest in redistricting "ought to be impeached."

In that case, a challenge to the congressional-reapportionment plan in Indiana following the 1980 census, a plurality of the justices said for the first time that a partisan gerrymander might, in theory, violate the equal-protection clause. But in the 1986 decision the court ruled that the Indiana plan did not violate the Constitution. Indeed, the court said that the Constitution was not violated unless one political party was "essentially shut out of the political process." According to Heather Gerken, of Harvard, "The court set the bar so high for constitutional violations that no one has ever successfully fought a partisan gerrymander anywhere since 1986. Political parties are never totally 'shut out' of the process—they raise funds, put up candidates, make speeches. So these challenges have always lost. By taking the Pennsylvania case, the court seems to be saying that it's time to get back in the process."

The best argument for Republicans in the Pennsylvania case, it seems, is that it's simply not the court's business to scrutinize legislative maps for partisan gerrymandering. "Redistricting deals with inherently political questions," J. Bart DeLone, the senior deputy state attorney general who will argue for the case for Pennsylvania, said, "and those questions should be left to the political branches of government, where they belong, not to the courts. Then you are trying to measure things that have no standards unless you are making political judgments." Still, this is a Supreme Court that has not hesitated to tell politicians what to do. "It's an extremely confident court," Gerken said. "They second-guess Congress, states, state judges all the time. They are deeply engaged in the democratic process. I can't imagine that this is anything but an effort to pull in the reins of partisan gerrymandering."

But how? The Democrats propose a rule based, in part, on the Court's race jurisprudence. In a series of cases in the nineties which challenged some of the majority-minority districts, the Court held that it violated the Constitution for states to gerrymander congressional districts exclusively for racial reasons. "The rule now is, You can't draw ugly districts if it's purely for race," Sam Hirsch, one of the lawyers for the Pennsylvania Democrats, said. "The rule should be, You can't draw ugly districts if it's purely for politics, either." But Hirsch's adversary, DeLone, pointed out, "There is a fundamental difference between race and politics. Racial classifications are inherently suspect. If you are doing something specifically because of race, we are always going to take a hard look at it. Not only are political judgments O.K. but we expect them." Since it's been so long since the Supreme Court addressed the issue, most election-law experts see the Pennsylvania case as difficult to handicap, and the key factor may simply be how bad the justices believe the problem of partisan gerrymandering to be.

In any case, the situation appears to be getting worse, even as the Pennsylvania case has been pending. While Texas was shifting its districts, the governing Republicans in Colorado did their own mid-cycle reapportionment, to solidify their hold on the one House seat in the state that produced a close election in 2002. (Legal challenges to the new Texas and Colorado districts are now pending.) At one point, the Democrats who control Oklahoma and New Mexico threatened retaliation, but the Party lacks a DeLay-like figure to press the issue. One state that has gone its own way is Iowa, which turned redistricting over to a nonpartisan civil-service commission after the 2000 census. Consequently, four of Iowa's five House races in 2002 were competitive, so a state with one per cent of the seats in the House produced ten per cent of the nation's close elections. The rest of the country will follow only, it seems, if the Supreme Court requires it.

When it comes to drawing political boundaries, there never was a golden age of statesmanship. "When we Democrats controlled the legislature, sure we protected Democrats," Charlie Stenholm said. "But we didn't do harm to the Republicans who were in office. This thing today is a whole different order of magnitude." On his porch in Charleroi, Frank Mascara said the issue is a lot bigger than he is. "I'm through, I'm done, out of politics," he said. "It won't affect me one way or the other. But the system is now totally out of whack, and that matters to a lot of people. It's not about me, it's about power on a national scale." ♦

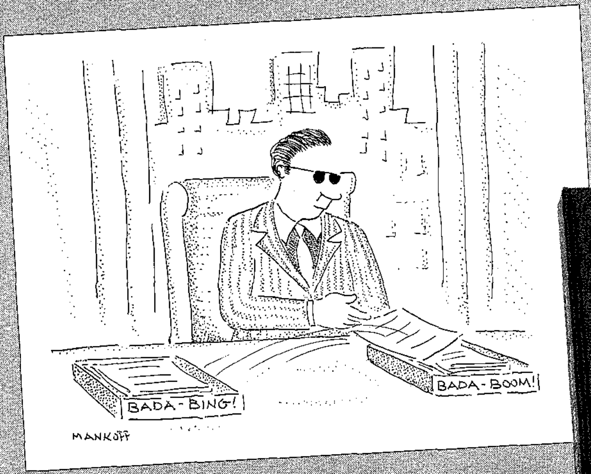
ADVERTISEMENT

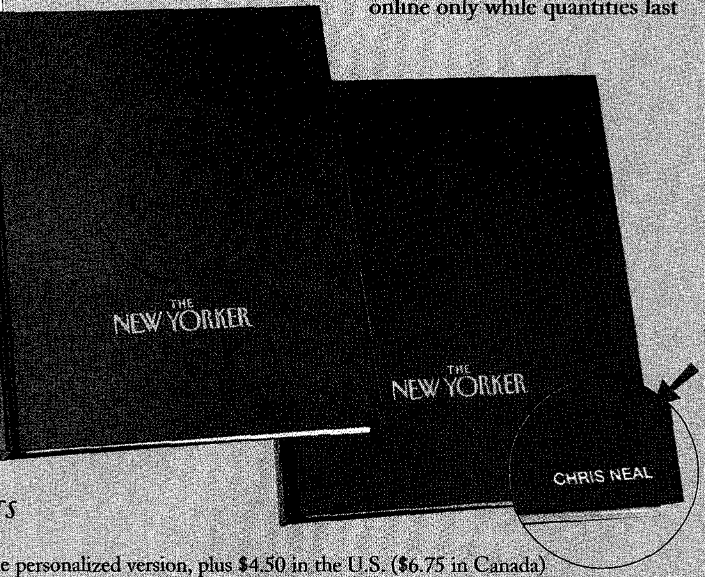
GET ORGANIZED
with
THE 2004 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

FREE personalization when you order online at:

WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM

CLASSIC DARK BLUE with silver personalization
PLUS NEW RUBY RED with gold personalization, available
online only while quantities last


BADA-BING!
BADA-BOOM!
MANKOFF


THE NEW YORKER
THE NEW YORKER
CHRIS NEAL

FEATURING:

- OVER 60 CARTOONS, COVER ART AND ILLUSTRATIONS
- TRAVEL-RELATED TOLL-FREE NUMBERS
- NEW YORK CITY LISTINGS AND MAPS
- REINFORCED POCKET FOR NOTES AND RECEIPTS

Yours for only $29.95* for the standard diary or $32.50* for the personalized version, plus $4.50 in the U.S. ($6.75 in Canada) for shipping and handling. **Free personalization when you order online!*

MONDAY 7
TUESDAY 8
WEDNESDAY 9
THURSDAY 10
FRIDAY 11
SATURDAY 12
SUNDAY 13
PASSPORT
Dentist

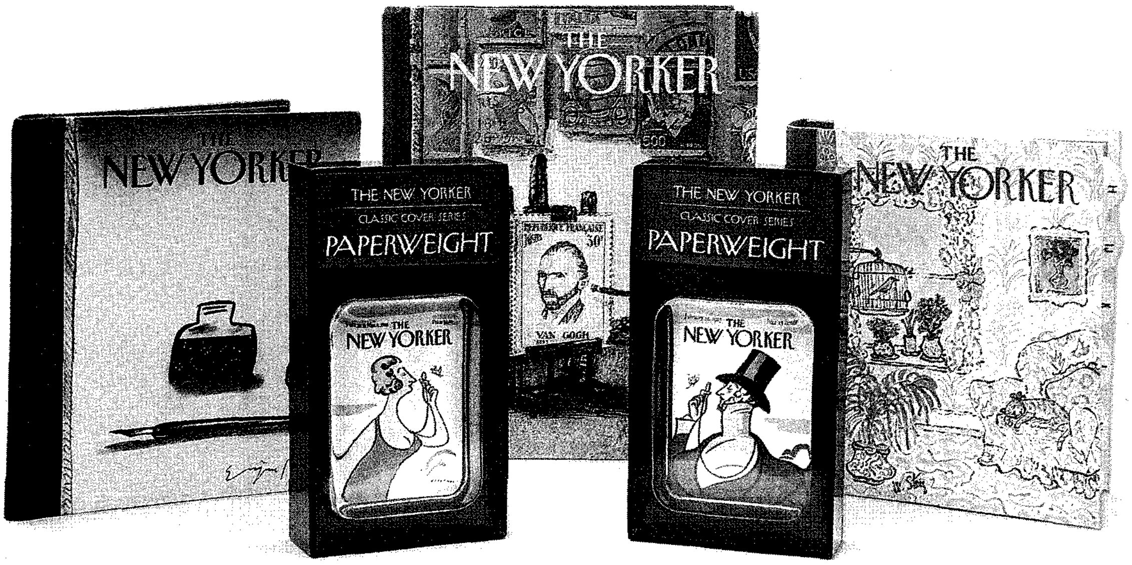
CARTOONBANK.COM
A New Yorker Magazine Company
145 Palisade Street, Suite 373, Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522

TO ORDER BY PHONE, CALL 1-866-494-6153

© 2003 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved.

NEW NEW YORKER PRODUCTS!

AVAILABLE EXCLUSIVELY AT SELECT BARNES & NOBLE BOOKSELLERS NEAR YOU


THE NEW YORKER
THE NEW YORKER
CLASSIC COVER SERIES
PAPERWEIGHT
THE NEW YORKER
VAN GOGH
THE NEW YORKER
CLASSIC COVER SERIES
PAPERWEIGHT
THE NEW YORKER
THE NEW YORKER

Check out the new line of notebooks, sketchbooks, address books, paperweights and magnets featuring your favorite New Yorker covers, cartoons and illustrations.

SPECIAL TODAY

SHOUTS & MURMURS

PICASSO PROMOTING "LADY WITH A FAN"

BY STEVE MARTIN

THE ENTERTAINMENT CHANNEL: First of all, we loved "Lady with a Fan."

PICASSO: Thank you. People seem to be very excited by the painting, and the test scores have been great.

E.C.: What was it like painting "Lady with a Fan"?

PICASSO: Very, very exciting. I was excited by the prospect of painting it and working with so many exciting people, the paint people, the canvas stretcher . . .

E.C.: So it was a very exciting project for you.

PICASSO: Yes, I was really excited. Sometimes I was more excited, and sometimes I was less excited . . .

E.C.: But you were always excited?

PICASSO: Oh, yes, always excited. That's a good way to put it.

E.C.: And the model?

PICASSO: Oh, my God, I almost left her out. That's hilarious. I've so admired her posing through the years and finally I got a chance to work with her. I actually loved going to the studio every day.

E.C.: Tell us what she's like.

PICASSO: Oh, she's so down-to-earth. You would expect her to be aloof and distant, but she wasn't like that at all.

E.C.: Were there sparks?

PICASSO: Oh, boy, this is a tough interview! (*Laughter*) Actually we liked each other a lot, but that's as far as it went. I have a rule about dating my models.

E.C.: We talked with her and she said, "Picasso was great to work with. We laughed and laughed." What did you laugh about? Any anecdotes?

PICASSO: Gee. Hmm. Oh, yeah. Once, I told her I needed her to be nude. Well, you should have seen the look on her face. Of course I told her immediately that I was just kidding.

E.C.: That's hilarious.

PICASSO: It was really, really funny.

E.C.: "Lady with a Fan" is so different from the other work you've been doing. Do you think your audience will accept it?

PICASSO: Well, I really wanted to flex some new muscles and I hope the public will go along with me.

E.C.: There are a lot of other pictures opening on the same day. Matisse has "The Green Stripe," and Vlaminck has a fine still-life. Are you worried about the competition?

PICASSO: Well, I'm sure Matisse's picture is very, very cute. And, basically, Vlaminck stinks.

E.C.: *Whoa!* Don't hold back now—just say what you think!

(*Laughter*)

E.C.: Pablo?

PICASSO: Yes?

E.C.: Why a fan?

PICASSO: Oh, boy, everyone asks me that. I guess I didn't want to call the picture "Lady with a Banana." No, I'm kidding.

E.C.: Oh, my God, that's hilarious.

PICASSO: No, seriously, the fan was chosen because it is a symbol of femininity, because it balances the picture compositionally, and because I posed her hand in the classic religious position referencing Leonardo's "Madonna of the Rocks," except I wanted her to be holding a secular object.

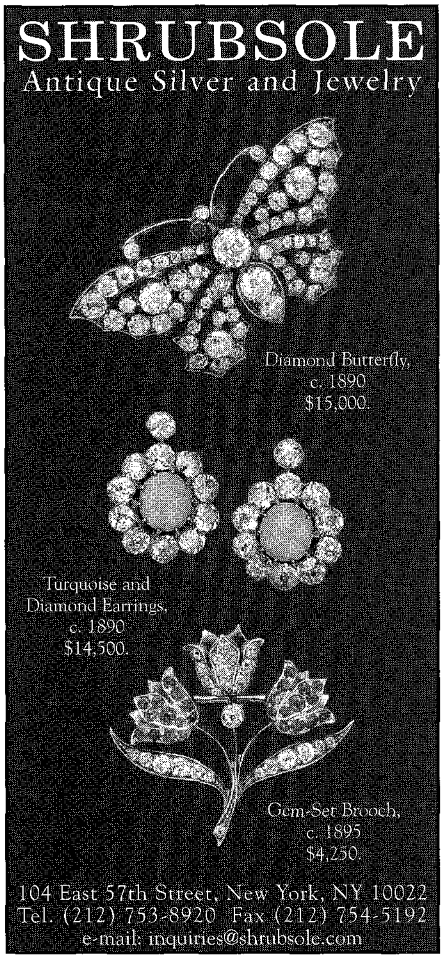
E.C.: Uh-huh. (*Pause*) What's next for a Pablo Picasso?

PICASSO: Well, I would like to do some less serious paintings. "Lady with a Fan" is actually quite a profound picture, and I would like to stretch a bit and show that I don't just do one thing.

E.C.: Thank you, Pablo Picasso. (*Turns to camera*) "Lady with a Fan" can be seen at the National Gallery for the next one thousand or so years.

Pablo, could you just look into the camera and say, "Hi, I'm Pablo Picasso, be sure to watch me on The Entertainment Channel!"

PICASSO: Sure. Could I say hello to Gertrude Stein? ♦



SHRUBSOLE
Antique Silver and Jewelry

Diamond Butterfly,
c. 1890
$15,000.

Turquoise and
Diamond Earrings,
c. 1890
$14,500.

Gem-Set Brooch,
c. 1895
$4,250.

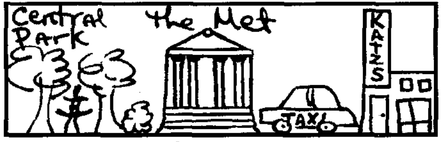
104 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022
Tel. (212) 753-8920 Fax (212) 754-5192
e-mail: inquiries@shrubsole.com

WAR IS NOT THE ANSWER
FCNL.ORG
FCNL

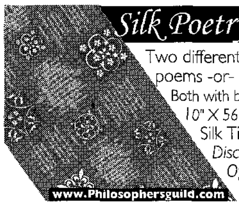
Peaceful Prevention Is

Free Peaceful Prevention Booklet or Bumper Sticker
See www.fcnl.org or call 800-630-1330
Friends Committee on National Legislation

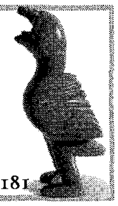
Illustrated Cityscapes on Fine China & More...



www.DSCdesigns.com



Silk Poetry Scarves & Ties
Two different scarves: Emily Dickinson poems -or- Shakespeare sonnets on blue
Both with beautiful ornamentation.
10" X 56" 100% Silk, double layered.
Silk Ties: Freud's *Civilization & its Discontents* -or- Whitman's *Song Of Myself.*
Call for free catalog
$34.75 ea. 800 255-8371
www.Philosophersguild.com



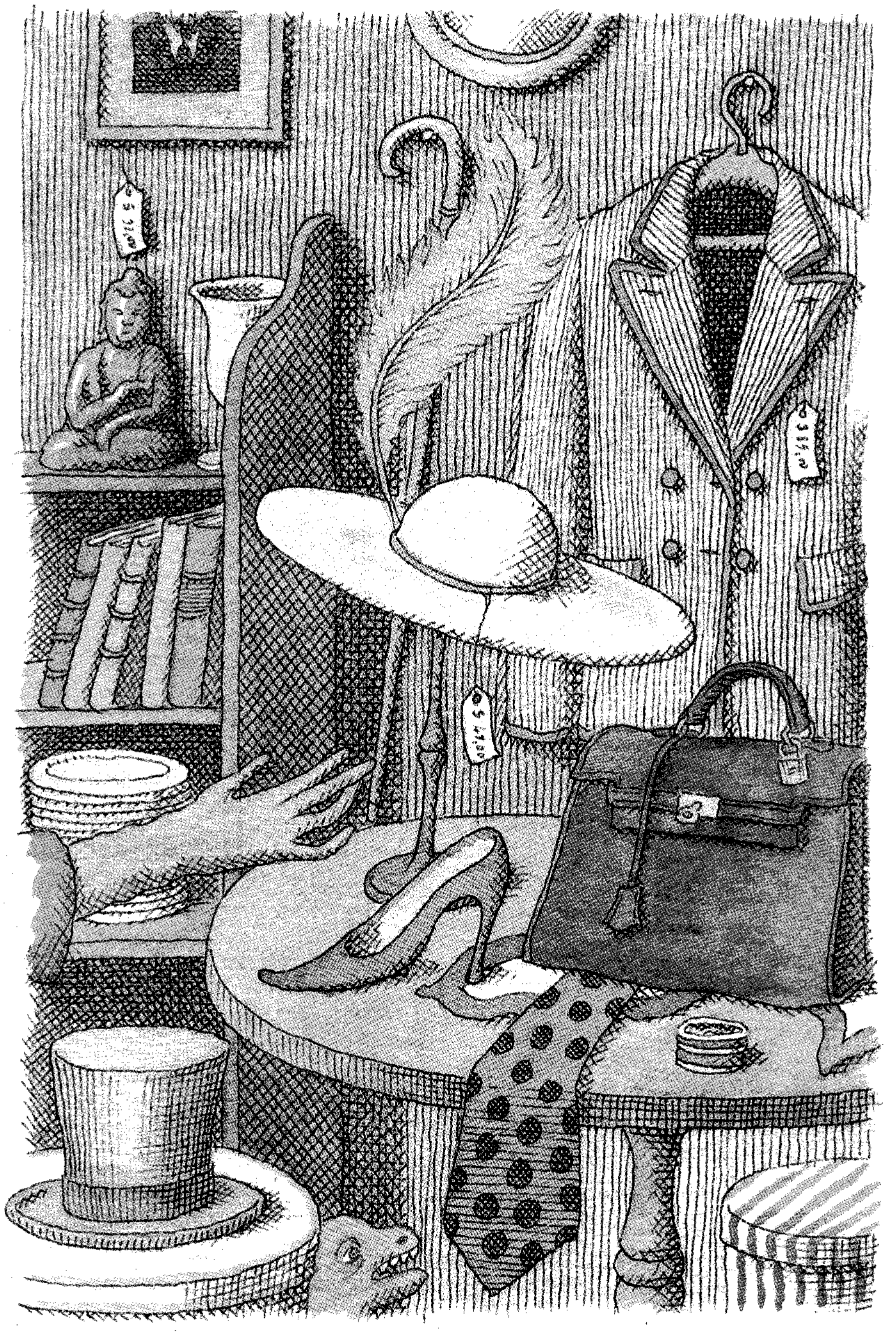
Look North
INUIT ART COLLECTION
INUIT SCULPTURE AND PRINTS
Check out our web site at
www.looknortharcticarts.com
Telephone to visit our *appointment only* gallery in Boston, Massachusetts 617.524.6181

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

USED GOODIES

A holiday guide for thrifters.

BY JUDITH THURMAN



PIERRE LE-TAN

In my fourteen-year-old son's favorite photograph of me, I am a young woman with a faraway look wearing a black-and-white Ramones T-shirt from the band's 1978 "Rocket to Russia" tour. Last Christmas, he bought an identical shirt from a street vender near St. Mark's Place and gave it to me wrapped in the Style section of the Sunday *Times*, because, he said, with an irony I suspect was unintended, "newsprint is sterile." I found the fact that he claimed to have haggled on and off for two days with the seller nearly as poignant as his impulse to salvage a Proustian relic of his mother's past. It also pleased me to think that perhaps he hadn't so idly spent his most formative years being wheeled—in a secondhand Pérego stroller and Bonpoint snowsuit, clutching a vintage Steiff tiger—through the clogged aisles of the thrift and resale stores where I do most of my shopping.

To many people (my ex-mothers-in-law come foremost to mind), wearing an item of apparel once owned by a stranger is a form of promiscuity not far removed from unsafe sex on a park bench. There is no point trying to persuade them of the likelihood that the designer cashmeres drastically reduced at Barney's have been sullied by more warm bodies than the nightgowns at the Salvation Army. Resale shopping may not be for the squeamish even at its most exalted: at boutiques like Ina, 101 Thompson Street, where models and stylists consign their loot from Marni and Helmut Lang; or at Kavanagh's, 146 East 49th Street, which specializes in mink and sable from J. Mendel, and Hermès bags in perfect condition ($3,500-$4,200). But if you can banish the image of the dirty tissue that every purse—even a vintage Kelly—must once have harbored, you are ready for conversion to, and immersion in, the worn again.

The fertile crescent of the East Eighties is the cradle of secondhand civilization. In a ten-block radius, there are some twenty thrift or resale emporiums that thrive on the caprices, diets, affairs, scandals, social rivalries, reversals of fortune, and—it must be said—deaths of a posh Zip Code. I was interested to learn from a shopowner who requested anonymity that some of the choicest merchandise is apparently consigned by courtesans (a breed far from extinct, who, like the red-tailed hawks on Fifth Avenue, favor love nests near the Park). "Those girls live hand to mouth on a high level," she observed. "Reselling the fun furs or Dolce & Gabbana leather that their lovers buy them is a discreet way to raise cash."

A Hermès scarf is the regimental flag of matrons above reproach. In the Christmas Corner at Michael's, 1041 Madison Avenue, at 80th Street, the classic silk square in the desirable orange box is priced at $185. (Hermès charges $295.) Even a mother-in-law might not balk at a nearly new Chanel suit in plum

“Presents, believe me, seduce both men and gods.”—Ovid

An instant New York Times *bestseller*

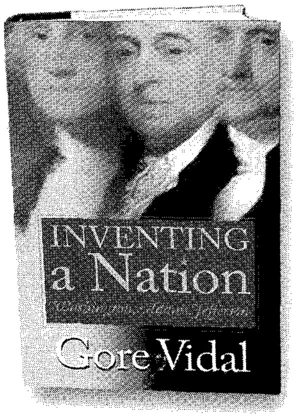
INVENTING A NATION

Washington, Adams, Jefferson

Gore Vidal

“[Vidal] understands American history backwards and forwards as few writers ever have.”—David Kipen, *Day to Day, National Public Radio*

“This entertaining and enlightening reappraisal of the Founders is **a must for buffs of American civilization and its discontents.**”—*Booklist*


INVENTING
a Nation
Washington, Adams, Jefferson
Gore Vidal

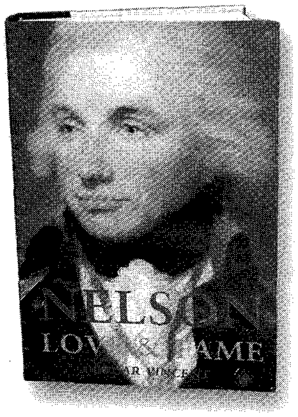
NELSON

Love and Fame

Edgar Vincent

“A remarkable book on all fronts. . . . A masterly biography . . . at all times difficult to put down.”—Hilary Spurling, *New York Times Book Review*

“This is **a wonderful book, the best modern biography of Britain’s greatest admiral.”**
—John Keegan, *Daily Telegraph*
12 b/w + 58 color illus.


NELSON
LOVE & FAME
EDGAR VINCENT

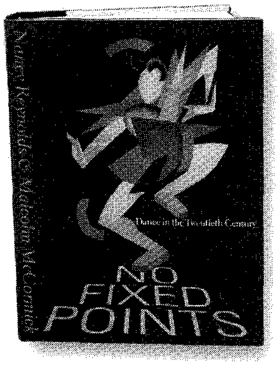
NO FIXED POINTS

Dance in the Twentieth Century

Nancy Reynolds and **Malcolm McCormick**

“[This book is] a cause for great celebration. . . . Encyclopedic in scope. . . . Compelling [and] captivating. . . . **A major achievement that should stand as a lasting tribute to dance in the 20th century.”**
—Karen Campbell, *Christian Science Monitor*

“A terpsichorean blockbuster.”—*Publishers Weekly*
200 illus.


Nancy Reynolds & Malcolm McCormick
Dance in the Twentieth Century
NO FIXED POINTS

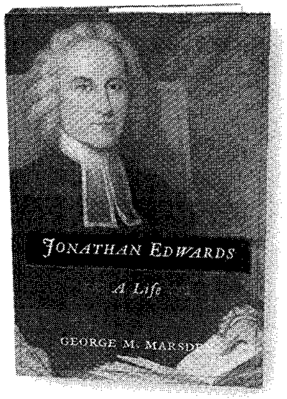
JONATHAN EDWARDS

A Life

George M. Marsden

“The finest biography of this towering figure.”
—Benjamin Schwarz, *Atlantic Monthly*

“Superb. . . . Marsden has given us the most comprehensive account we have of the man who, as much as Benjamin Franklin—in some ways more than Franklin—is the spiritual godfather of our nation.”—Robert D. Richardson, *Washington Post Book World*


JONATHAN EDWARDS
A Life
GEORGE M. MARSDEN

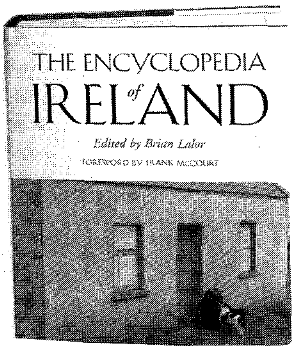
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF IRELAND

Edited by **Brian Lalor**
Foreword by **Frank McCourt**

“A must-have for any Irish book lover.”
—Tom Deignan, *Irish America*

“A treasure. . . . This is a book that will settle many an argument and, I hope, send many a reader off on a journey.”—Frank McCourt, from the foreword

“Contains everything you need to know about Irish history and culture.”
—Jean Kennedy Smith 214 b/w + 477 color illus.


THE ENCYCLOPEDIA of IRELAND
Edited by Brian Lalor
FOREWORD BY FRANK McCOURT

New York Times *bestseller, new in paper*

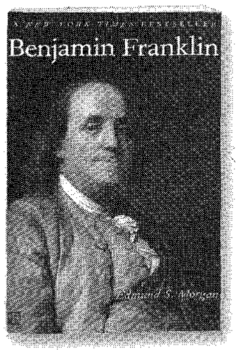
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Edmund S. Morgan

A finalist for the 2003 National Book Critics Circle Award in biography

“Superb. . . . The best short biography of Franklin ever written.”
—Gordon Wood, *New York Review of Books*

“A **beguilingly Boswellian character** study of the great American sage.”—Joseph J. Ellis, *New York Times Book Review*
A Yale Nota Bene paperback


A NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
Benjamin Franklin
Edmund S. Morgan

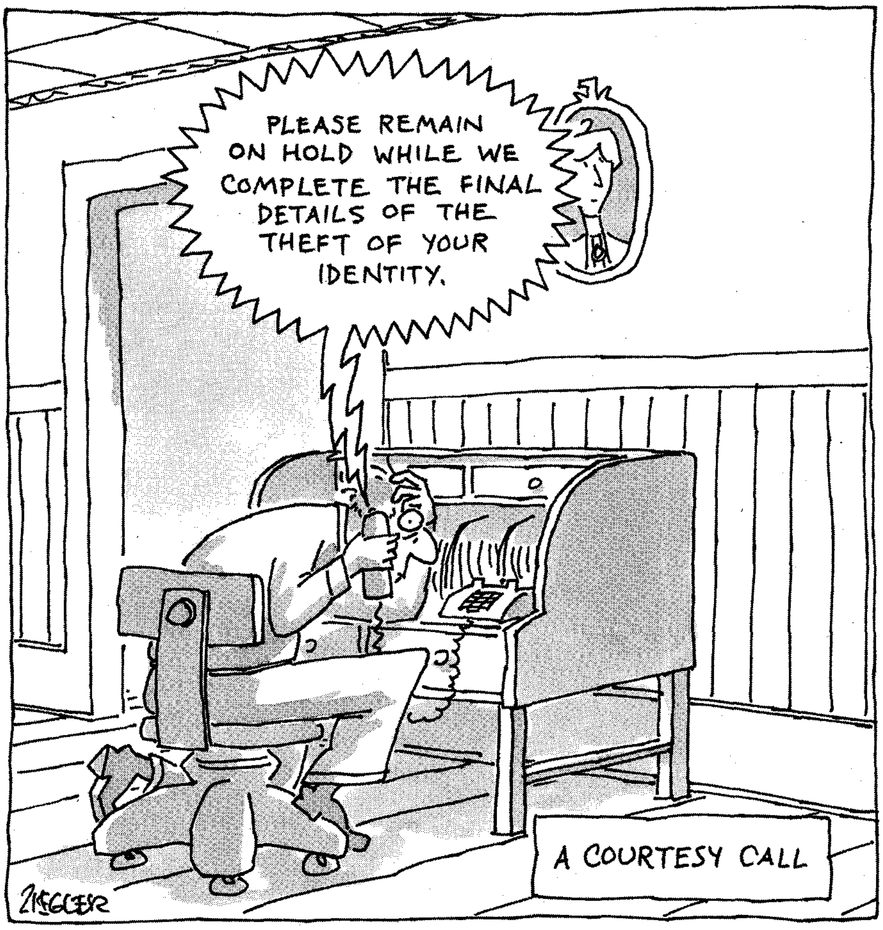
YALE University Press *Wherever books are sold* yalebooks.com

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

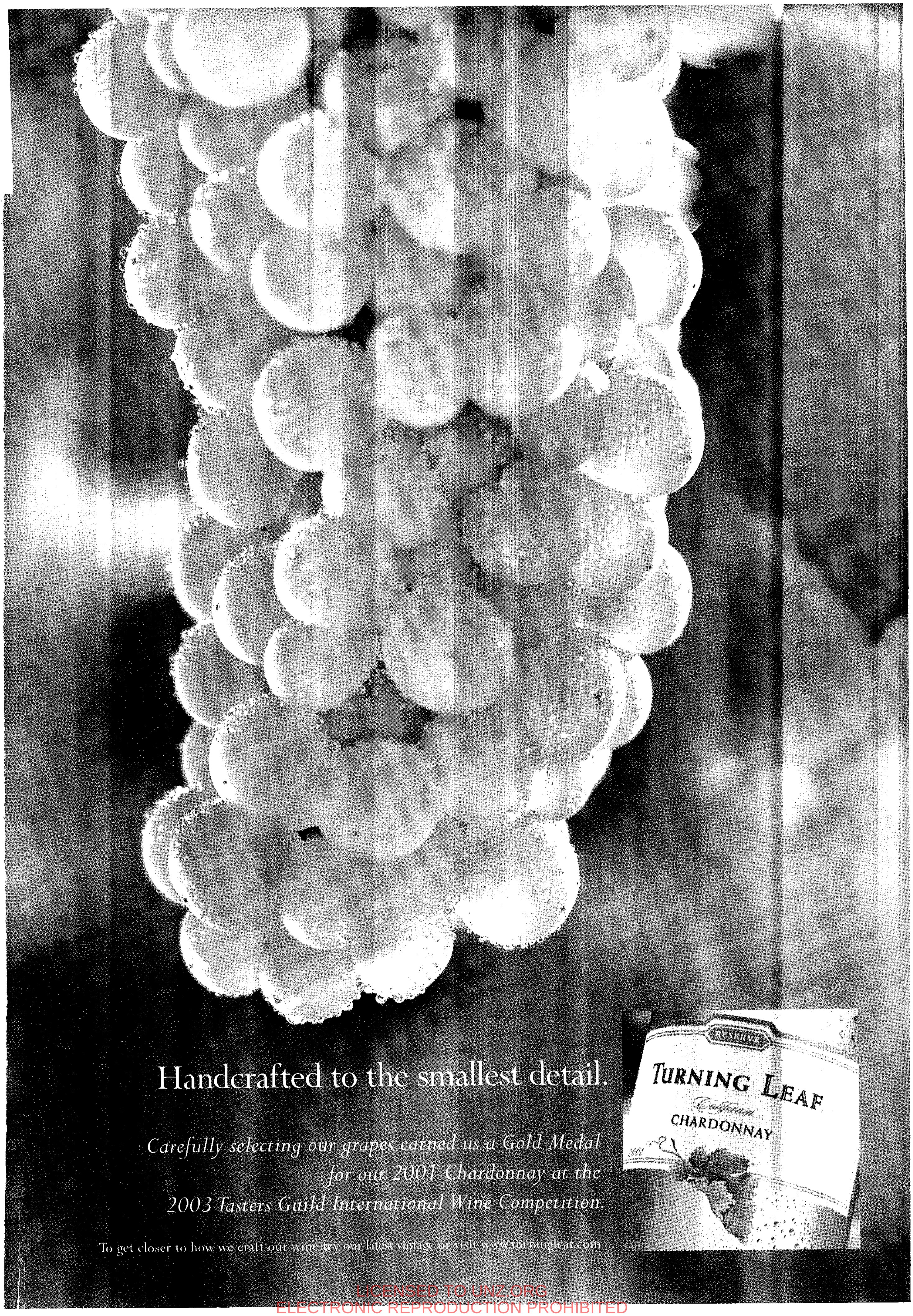
bouclé or pink tweed ($800), or a beige serape by Ralph Lauren in six-ply cashmere with suède trim ($695). Designer handbags from recent seasons abound, some, like a feather-and-calfskin clutch from Bottega Veneta ($195), still with their tags. A psychoanalyst who buys his corduroys at Paul Stuart could do worse than humbly admit his helplessness to know what his woman wants by giving her a Michael's gift certificate. Three sessions of shrinkage at going rates would finance the highly therapeutic ego massage of a Gucci tuxedo ($250); a black satin Prada evening purse ($250); high-heeled Armani T-strap pumps trimmed with a suède rose ($109); and a never worn La Perla camisole and bikini of embroidered mesh ($125). What women want is all of the above.

Gavin MacLeod is a man who understands, perhaps better than a therapist, the tides and vagaries of the heart that help to keep the resale business afloat. He is the actor who, for so many years, played the affable captain of "The Love Boat." I met him and his wife, Patti, who were visiting the city from Los Angeles, Christmas shopping for their proliferating nuclear family (they have seven grown children) at Designer Resale, the flagship of a three-shop fleet (Gentlemen's and Children's Resale are the auxiliary vessels) at 324, 322, and 303 East 81st Street. "When I see a woven-leather tote from Bottega, bells go off," Patti MacLeod said with fervor. "It doesn't matter how many stripes you have," the captain added. "With seven kids, you travel resale class." One could tinkle a few Christmas bells with a new, toast-colored Prada saddlebag ($375); silver link earrings from Tiffany ($125); a rhinestone "eye" brooch by Chanel ($150); or—at the adjacent men's store—Polo suspenders in brown or black alligator ($95); a selection of Charvet pocket squares ($20); and a Donna Karan car coat in olive suède, originally priced at $2,395 (tag still attached) and here $500.

I realize that the Balzacian provenance of some worn-again gifts (desperate mistresses pawning love tokens; heartless heirs dumping their dead parents' long-cherished possessions) may strike some readers as depressing, if not ghoulish—particularly at the holidays. On the other hand, the *Gemütlichkeit* of thrifting goes far to dispel any such pall. Tallulah Vintage, 300 East 88th Street, a basement shop with the allure of a storybook attic, sells clothing and accessories "from Prohibition to Camelot." The nostalgic glamour of its wares and the Southern charm of its owner, Sarah Liston—a pixieish Texan—have attracted a devoted clientele. Here I met two chic blondes: Véronique Stoll, a French-born "domestic engineer" formerly in public relations, and her eight-year-old daughter, Emilie, an apprentice thrifter. Emilie was entranced by a glossy furball that she mistook for a headless stuffed animal until her mother explained what a muff was. Fetching examples in black fox, baby seal, and white rabbit ranged in price from $150 to $198, and would suit big or little girls who like to play "dress up," particularly if their outfits were accessorized by a pair of black lace gauntlets ($35) and a slinky clutch of gold mesh ($125), still in its box from Whiting & Davis. The firm, I learned, was one of America's oldest handbag companies, founded in the nineteenth century and now—like the hard-smoking glamour girls with marcelled hair who haunted El Morocco, and whose cigarette cases find their way to Tallulah—defunct.


PLEASE REMAIN ON HOLD WHILE WE COMPLETE THE FINAL DETAILS OF THE THEFT OF YOUR IDENTITY.
A COURTESY CALL
ZIEGLER

A little to the south, along Third Avenue, the not-for-profit shops that benefit worthy charities are strung like the beads of a thrifter's rosary. Caroline McKinnon, the retail director of Cancer Care, at 1480 (84th Street), receives donations, she said, "from C.E.O.s, grandes dames, and twenty-year-olds moving out of fifth-floor walkups." A dandy of either sex might love a supple leather Stetson by Patricia Underwood ($125); a set of sterling-silver dressing brushes ($85); or an antique magnifying glass with a carved handle ($175). Imani Smith, an attractive lawyer from Atlanta who, with her mother, Sarah, was examining the handbags hanging above a rack of cashmere twinsets (all under $100), would, she said, have no qualms about buying used Christmas presents for her loved ones, but, she added, "I'd concentrate on decorative objects or classy accessories rather than on clothing." A festively glazed Bavarian tea set, twenty-three pieces for $200 at the Spence-Chapin Thrift Shop, 1473 Third, at 83rd Street, might meet


RESERVE
TURNING LEAF
California
CHARDONNAY
2002

Handcrafted to the smallest detail.

Carefully selecting our grapes earned us a Gold Medal
for our 2001 Chardonnay at the
2003 Tasters Guild International Wine Competition.

To get closer to how we craft our wine try our latest vintage or visit www.turningleaf.com

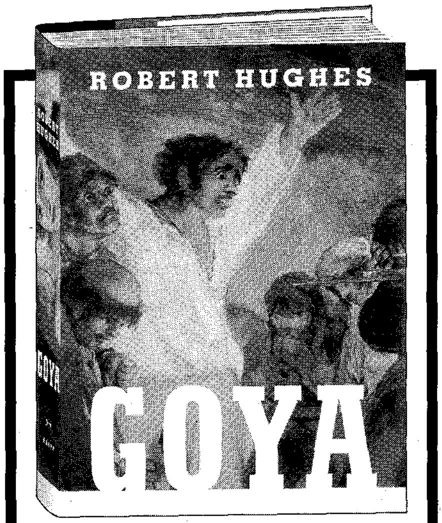
Smith's exacting standards. A stack of biscuit-colored bone-china dinner plates, $4 apiece, might not, because they lacked a hallmark, though the manager plausibly believed them to be "blank Lenox." At the Sloan-Kettering Memorial Thrift Shop, 1440 Third, at 82nd Street, where a friend once paid the extravagant sum of $4,200 for an American Empire settee only to discover that it was probably by Chippendale, I found an enigmatic Tarantino look-alike named Nick examining a collection of antique Buddhas ($250-$2500) with a practiced eye. He wasn't buying, though. "There's a really great Buddha in a thrift shop on DeKalb Avenue in Brooklyn that I've had my eye on for years," he explained, "but the owner doesn't want to part with it. I mostly troll for records and comic books, but I'd definitely give used clothes to my girlfriends—they wouldn't mind. My mother would. I once bought her a thrift-shop painting, and she liked it, but I don't think I told her where it came from." No Old Masters were immediately discernible among the framed works for sale in several genres ($45-$3,000).

The feral thrill of foraging in the wild, so to speak, for Christmas delicacies rather than ordering them on garnished platters is one of the greater charms of the sport. Out of the Closet, 220 East 81st Street, is a nearly impenetrable jungle of junk and treasure that helps support AIDS service organizations. A number of volunteers are museum docents, so the art and antiques are rather too expertly appraised to be steals. Prices range from $9 for a poster to $5,000 for a limited-edition dish of unglazed ceramic by Picasso, dated 1956. But among the more than ten thousand books, some of them quite rare, housed in a barnlike rear annex one can, for a pretty pittance, find a literary gift for any cook, decorator, armchair traveller, amateur historian, bride-to-be, puzzle-doer, bird-watcher, collector, preschooler, or serious reader on one's list. A first edition of Patricia Cornwell's "Cause of Death" might not inspire as much bibliophilic rapture as a galley of "The Wasteland" with Eliot's corrections, but at $3 it's a nice stocking-stuffer.

When Encore, 1132 Madison Avenue, at 84th Street, the most venerable of the Upper East Side resale shops, opened some fifty years ago, its consigners and customers tended to arrive furtively, wearing dark glasses, and leave carrying unmarked shopping bags. Today, of course, twenty-year-old movie stars proudly wear forty-year-old evening gowns to the Oscars. (If a sautoir from Fred Leighton isn't within your budget, you might accessorize a red-carpet ensemble at Elle W Collection, 864 Lexington Avenue, at 64th Street, with a short double strand of gray baroque costume pearls by Miriam Haskell, $525; a convincing armful of faux-diamond and sapphire Deco bangles, $400-$500; or an exquisitely fitted alligator minaudière in mint condition, $550.) Men who proudly wear evening gowns have, for decades, frequented Allan & Suzi, the "Home of Retro Fashion," 416 Amsterdam Avenue, at 80th Street,where none of the boots were made for walking and one can find stilettos to fit the daintier all-stars of the N.B.A. Madonna and Tommy Hilfiger, Suzi told me, were both customers for the outrageous, "artist-customized," six-inch, vintage platform shoes. The Material Matron bought a pair in mauve leather, with jewelled heels, for one of her tours, and a similar model is available for $350.

I was somewhat distressed to discover on my own tour of the worn-again outposts in Nolita and the East Village—where the shop décor is often more interesting than the clothes—that one now dates "vintage" backward from 1990. Marmalade, 172 Ludlow Street, is well stocked with cool-again handbags from the eighties in patched lizard or rolled leather, some ornamented kookily with shells, beads, or fringe ($45-$60). Considering the decade's fashions to be irredeemably hideous, I imprudently deaccessioned my own stock of them. As my son has discovered on his forays to St. Mark's Place, hip kids tend to overprice iconic funk, and the more studded tongues and oxygen bars in a neighborhood, the higher its prices for pilled velvet, ratty fur, acid-colored polyester, novelty plastic, and frayed denim.

Fortunately, not every downtown shop considers itself a satellite of P.S. 1. At City Opera Thrift Shop, 222 East 23rd Street, one can buy a nice vintage baby-grand piano in need of some tuning for $1,350. At Angel Street, 118 West 17th Street, where the sales benefit AIDS patients and the mentally ill, I


A perfect match of author and subject

Through his passion for
the artist and the art
and his own gorgeous
intellectual energy,

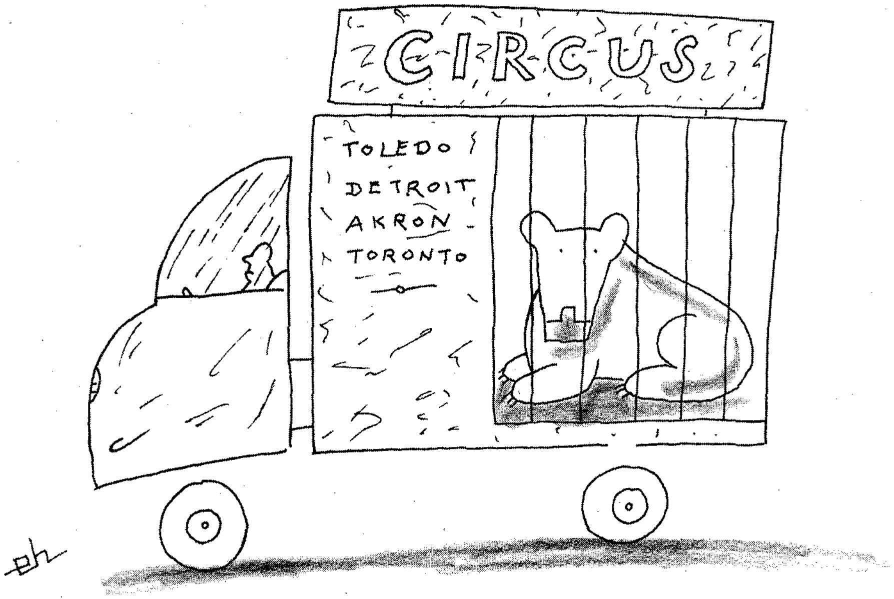
Robert Hughes,

for many years art critic of *Time,*
illumines the great Goya,
his life, his genius, his world,
his incomparable works,
from *The Naked Maja*
to his visions of war
to his last dark flowering.

"Hughes' dazzling study not only conveys the range and prescience of Goya's work with enormous acuity & verve, but also conjures [his Spain] with vivid, pictorial ardor… Hughes jolts the reader into a visceral appreciation of Goya's art."
—Michiko Kakutani, *NY Times*

"*Goya* is all you could ask for and more. Sturdy in its organisation, its interpretations, its common sense, [it] fizzes with insights and hops with enthusiasm… Hughes found his ideal subject."
—Sebastian Smee,
The Specatator, U.K.

Knopf • **aaknopf.com**

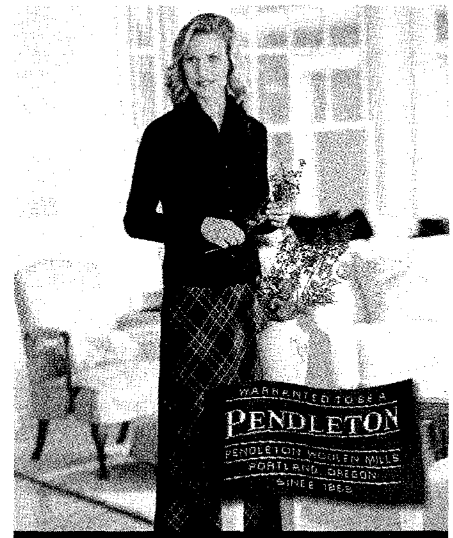


All the Towns Look the Same to the Lion—He's a King, After All, and Has No Need for Names and Names and More Names

• •

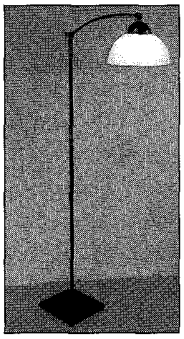
found a classic Olivetti portable in pristine condition for $75. (It's not still there, however, because I bought it. As the manager was ringing up the sale, a little girl noticed it on the counter. "Do you know what that is?" her mother asked. She didn't.) Modest prices for unusual bibelots also drew me back to Acquired Taste, a tiny shop that opened about two months ago at 220 East 10th Street. Here a structured, brown ostrich shoulder bag with brass hardware ($75) consorted ecumenically with a nineteen-thirties Lotto set in a graphic box ($25); an antique German reticule of silver mesh with a chased frame ($125); and a tortoiseshell box inlaid with a hand-painted miniature of an eighteenth-century French gentleman identified by a yellowed label on the inside cover as one "M. de Chessimont" ($75). It just might have come from Versailles.

The politesse of Jae Jarrell, proprietor of the cavernous men's vintage shop that bears her name at 466 Greenwich Street (Watts), is of an old world without being ancien régime. In the nineteen-seventies, Jarrell and her husband, Wadsworth, were, she says, "part of a revolutionary movement" called Africobra: "African Commune of Bad, Relevant Artists." They raised three good, relevant children; both are connoisseurs of jazz; she sells his soulful portraits in pencil of jazz greats (prints are $50; originals $150-$350). Hats, however (fedoras, berets, bowlers, flap-eared fur muzhik hats, tweed newsboy caps, boaters, and Belle Époque top hats of beaver or collapsible silk), are her "signature" commodity. Jarrell restores them to mint condition on old wooden blocks in a small workshop separated from her selling floor by a demilune wire screen of her own design festooned with eccentric ties. Most of her customers are men who have become friends. "Once guys find a suitable place, they are very loyal," she observes. One could shop here blissfully for any loyal friend deserving of Art Nouveau cufflinks in rose gold ($95); a Deco grooming set of three boar-bristle brushes in chrome frames inset with embossed leather ($75); mother-of-pearl tuxedo studs ($32); a cashmere overcoat from a large selection ($250-$500); a Hudson Bay plaid lap or carriage rug ($95-$120); or a nest of three Deco casseroles in red enamel with decorative handles ($150). "It's all stuff from an age of elegance," Jarrell concludes, and, at sixty-seven, she has arrived, elegantly, at "the age of doing what I feel like." That is the point of thrifting: to quit the program and go fishing for an elusive desire or memory that you can't articulate until—embodied in a thing—it speaks to you from the deep. ♦

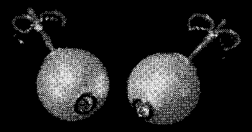


For store or catalog call
1-800-760-4844 www.pendleton-usa.com

PERFECT READING LAMP
LEDGER Floor Lamp
The Double Swivel Action places light correctly for a high or low chair, desk or a computer.
Bronze with Slate Base
Opal White Shade
Height (Adj): 30"-54"
100 w bulb
Dimmer Switch
$129.00
2 for $229.00
shipping $12.00 each
Mail or Phone Orders
NEW HAVEN LIGHTING 1-800-243-3123
P.O BOX 6353 Hamden, CT 06517
www.newhavenlighting.com



The whisper in your ear that says "I love you".



Fine 8.5 mm cultured pearls and .10ct diamonds, 18K gold. $1,200.
SUSAN LYDON
EAST HAMPTON, NY
631.324.7710
Fine Jewelry in East Hampton for Over 30 Years.
Ad © 2003 Adsimple.com

beeswax candle co.
100% PURE BEESWAX
www.beeswaxcandleco.com • 434-528-9885

Potato Chips To Die For!
As featured on the **Food Network**, Anchor's **Chip of the Month** is the source for **unique potato chips**. A **gift-worthy, incredible munchfest!**
www.chipofthemonth.com or call toll free 800-313-2332

LETTER FROM LONDON

THE DAVID KELLY AFFAIR

A scientist's death, a reporter's credibility, and the unravelling of Tony Blair's case for war.

BY JOHN CASSIDY

Shortly after 3 P.M. on Thursday, July 17, 2003, David Kelly, a fifty-nine-year-old scientist employed by the British government, walked out of his house in Southmoor, a small village ten miles southwest of Oxford. Kelly, a slight, wiry man, with thinning gray hair, glasses, and a beard, lived with his wife, Janice, in a handsome stone cottage that sits on about half an acre of land at the western edge of the village, opposite the Wagon & Horses pub. He crossed the road and headed up a bridle path that goes by the pub's car park. It was a warm day, but he was wearing a thick blue jacket, hiking boots, and jeans. The path leads north, past some fields where, a couple of months previously, Kelly and one of his three daughters, Rachel, had spotted a newborn foal. They had arranged to go and see how the foal was doing that evening.

Kelly had a lot on his mind. Two days before, he had been questioned at a televised hearing of the House of Commons Foreign Affairs Committee about an unauthorized interview he had given to a BBC journalist in May. His employer, the Ministry of Defence, had told him that it wouldn't take any disciplinary action, but Kelly, a deeply private man, had found the publicity excruciating. He was also getting ready to join the Iraq Survey Group, a team of American, Australian, and British experts who are searching for Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction. He was due to depart for Baghdad in eight days.

After crossing the A420, the main road between Oxford and Swindon, Kelly carried on to the neighboring village of Longworth, where he ran into a neighbor, Ruth Absalom, who was walking her dog, Buster. Absalom, an elderly woman with white hair and a thick rural accent, asked Kelly how he was. "Not too bad," he replied. They chatted for a few minutes. Buster was pulling on his leash, and Kelly told Absalom he had to be getting along. "Cheerio, Ruth," he said.

Kelly and his wife were well liked locally, but most of his neighbors weren't fully aware of what he did for a living. For almost twenty years, he had been one of the British government's leading experts in chemical and biological warfare. During the nineteen-nineties, he had served as a United Nations weapons inspector in Iraq, and in 1996 the Queen had made him a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, an official honor that ranks just below a knighthood.

Kelly kept walking. On the northern side of Longworth, a tree-lined lane runs through a pretty valley to Harrowdown Hill, a local landmark that affords magnificent views of Oxfordshire. Kelly sometimes walked well beyond the hill, but his wife was expecting him home soon. Janice Kelly suffers from arthritis, and when Kelly left she was lying down, because she wasn't feeling well. Reaching a dense wood at the top of the hill, Kelly headed into the trees. After about fifty or sixty yards, the way was blocked by thick bramble bushes and other undergrowth. In a small clearing, he sat down with his back against a tree. In the pocket of his jacket he was carrying a cell phone, some of his wife's painkillers, and a lock knife that he usually kept in his desk drawer. He had almost complete privacy. The area attracts ramblers, but it was a weekday afternoon, and few people were about.

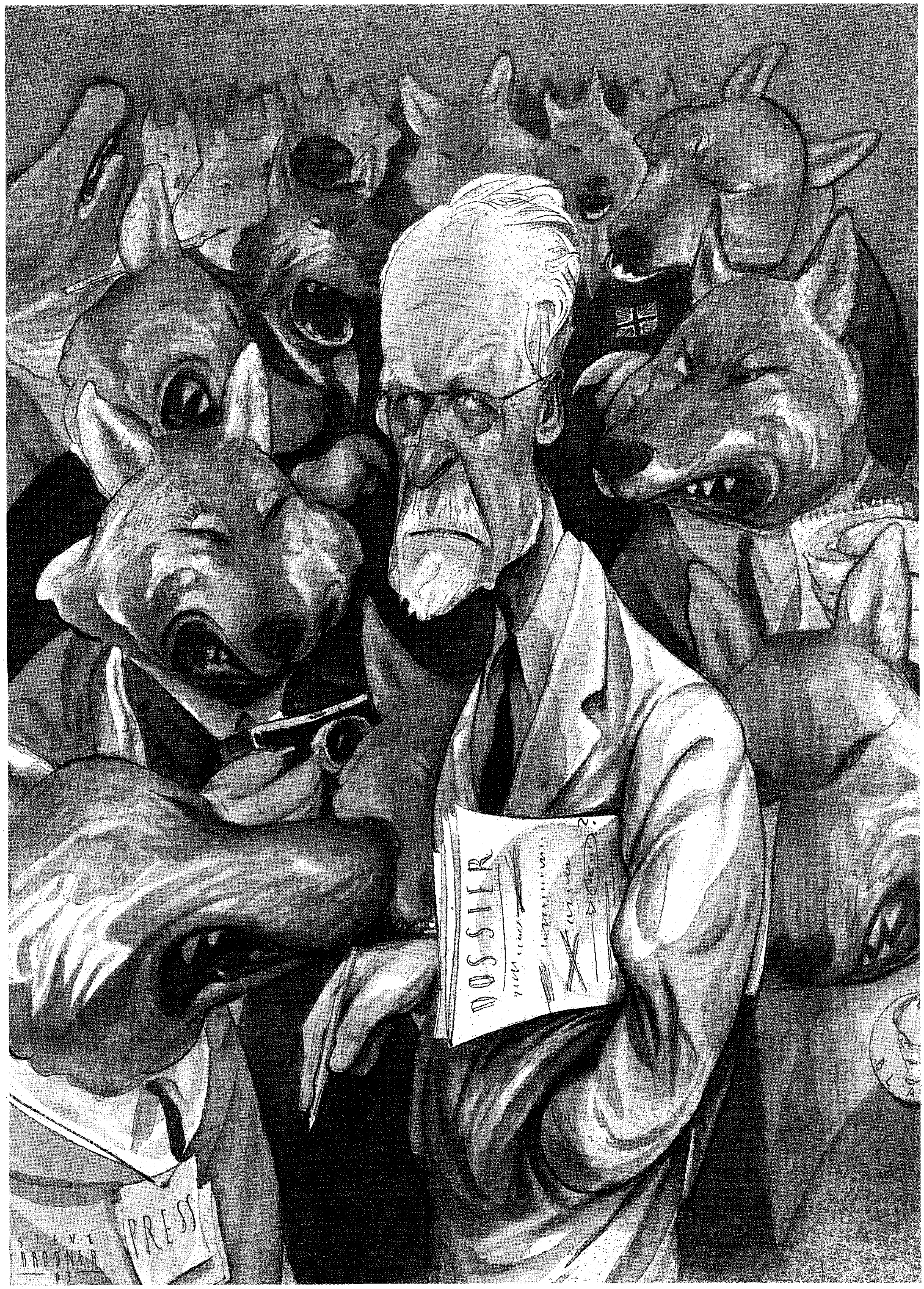
Between 5 P.M. and 6 P.M., two of his colleagues at the Ministry of Defence called his cell phone. Kelly didn't answer. At some point, he removed his spectacles and put them in his pocket. He got out the painkillers, swallowed more than twenty of them, and washed them down with some Evian water he was carrying. After waiting for them to take effect, he held the knife, which had a three- or four-inch-long blade, and slashed at his left wrist. The first incisions were shallow—the kind of cuts that pathologists refer to as "hesitation marks." With blood running down his arm, Kelly took off his watch and laid it on the ground, then cut deeper, severing the ulnar artery, which runs along the left side of the wrist. Within minutes, he was dead.

In early September last year, Prime Minister Tony Blair made a visit to his parliamentary constituency, Sedgefield, a small town in northeast England. During the flight from London, Blair talked with Alastair Campbell, his longtime press secretary and strategist, about the need to persuade a skeptical British public that Saddam Hussein represented a serious danger, and that he had to be confronted. The previous week, Vice-President Dick Cheney had called Saddam a "mortal threat." Blair was scheduled to visit President George Bush at Camp David later in the month, a meeting that the British papers were already billing as a war summit.

Campbell, a talented but controversial former journalist, shared Blair's concerns. For more than ten years, the British government had supported a policy of containing Iraq, but it had recently adopted the Bush doctrine of regime change. In order to help explain its change of policy, Downing Street had previously considered publishing an intelligence dossier detailing the menace from Iraq's chemical-, biological-, and nuclear-weapons programs, but nothing had appeared. Blair told Campbell he wanted to revive the idea. When he reached Sedgefield, he announced publicly that the government would soon release a dossier on Iraq's weapons of mass destruction. He charged Campbell with overseeing the production and presentation of the document.

Campbell grew up in Keighley, a gritty town in West Yorkshire. After graduating from Cambridge University and training on provincial papers, he

STEVE BRODNER


DOSSIER
PRESS
BLA
STEVE BRODNER 03

"I reckon you are chaff," one M.P. told Kelly. "You have been thrown up to divert our probing. Have you ever felt like a fall guy?"

worked at *Today*, a tabloid that is now defunct, and the *Daily Mirror*, the paper of the northern workingman. In the nineteen-eighties, he drank himself into a nervous breakdown. As he was lying in a hospital bed, a close friend and fellow Fleet Street hack came in and handed him some marbles, saying, "Don't lose them again." Campbell gave up drinking. After he returned to work, he became a close adviser to Neil Kinnock, the leftist Welshman who was then the leader of the Labour Party, which had been out of office since 1979. When Blair took over as Party leader, in 1994, Campbell became his press spokesman and confidant. After the Labour Party won power, in May, 1997, Campbell set up a Downing Street media operation of unprecedented scale and efficiency, which he presided over with a blend of sarcasm, intense work, and belligerence. "Tony needs a hard man, and that's what I am," he told David Yelland, then the editor of the *Sun*, Britain's best-selling newspaper. "Alastair was brilliant," Yelland recalled. "He could intimidate anybody."

On Thursday, September 5, 2002, Campbell chaired a meeting about the dossier in his office at 10 Downing Street. Among those attending were three of Britain's top civil servants, nonpartisan public employees who are supposed to avoid political entanglements: Sir David Manning, Blair's senior foreign-policy adviser, who is now Britain's Ambassador to the United States; Julian Miller, the head of the assessment staff at the Cabinet Office, an élite bureaucracy that provides administrative support to the government; and Sir John Scarlett, the head of the Joint Intelligence Committee, a secretive body that supplies intelligence assessments to the Prime Minister.

Thanks to evidence presented to Lord Hutton, a senior judge who is carrying out an inquiry into David Kelly's death, we know that the officials had in front of them a draft of a dossier on Iraq's W.M.D. that the British intelligence services and the Foreign Office, the British equivalent of the State Department, had produced in the spring and summer of 2002. It said that "Iraq has a capability to produce chemical and biological weapons," but did not say that Saddam had actually produced any such weapons in recent years. It also said, "Iraq has a nuclear weapons program," but added that Iraq "will find it difficult to produce fissile material while sanctions remain in place," and went on to say that even if sanctions were lifted "Iraq would need at least five years to produce a weapon."

I'M A SENSITIVE, CARING 20-SOMETHING WITH NO HANGUPS. I LIKE MOVIES, SPORTS, AND ROCK MUSIC. MY HOBBIES INCLUDE BOWLING, PHOTOGRAPHY, AND PAINTING.
THANKS. WE'LL CALL YOU... NEXT!
BOYFRIEND AUDITION

Downing Street hadn't given any reason for not publishing this dossier, but inside the government it was widely believed that Blair was disappointed with it. "We all knew why it wasn't put out," one of Kelly's former colleagues told me. "Because it didn't make the case strongly enough." The dossier's ambivalent tone reflected the fact that there had been little reliable intelligence since 1998, when United Nations weapons inspectors left Iraq. "The Americans had incredible aerial reconnaissance, but everything that mattered was hidden under a roof or underground," the former colleague went on. "We were left with human intelligence, especially from defectors. But defectors have an incentive to provide interesting material."

Campbell didn't think much of the existing dossier. Writing in his diary, he expressed the hope that its replacement would be "revelatory," and "part of a bigger case." Scarlett, who took charge of revising the text in coöperation with Miller and his staff in the Cabinet Office, agreed that it did not contain enough "detail and information." After the meeting, Campbell sent an e-mail to Blair's chief of staff, Jonathan Powell, which read, "Re dossier, substantial rewrite, with JS and Julian M in charge. . . . Structure as per TB's discussion. Agreement that there has to be real intelligence material in their presentation as such."

A few days later, Campbell and Scarlett met again, along with several others. The *Financial Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* had reported that some people in the intelligence services were uneasy about revising the dossier. (Britain has four intelligence agencies, all of which are represented on the Joint Intelligence Committee.) Scarlett, a former spy, whom the Russians expelled from Moscow in 1994, asked Campbell to confirm that Scarlett would be in charge of the dossier's contents. Campbell agreed. In a two-page memo, he noted, "It goes without saying that there should be nothing published that you and they"—the intelligence agencies—"are not 100% happy with." However, Campbell did not fully abdicate responsibility for the dossier. In the final paragraph of his memo, he wrote, "I will chair a team that will go through the document from a presentational point of view, and make recommendations to you."

The next day, September 10th, Scarlett circulated a new draft of the dossier, which drew on intelligence that MI6, the spying agency that Ian Fleming and John le Carré immortalized, had picked up the previous month from a confidential source inside Iraq. The Joint Intelligence Committee had incorporated this intelligence in a secret draft assessment on September 5th, which read, "Iraq has probably dispersed its special weapons, including its CBW"—chemical and biological weapons. "Intelligence also indicates that from forward-deployed storage sites, chemical and biological munitions could be with military units and ready for firing within 45 minutes." This statement referred to battlefield weapons, such as mortar rounds and artillery shells, not longer-range weapons, such as ground- and air-launched missiles. But this crucial qualification was not included in the revised dossier, which suggested that Iraq's W.M.D. constituted a regional threat. Iraq "envisages the use of weapons of mass destruction in its current military planning," the dossier said, "and could deploy such weapons within 45 minutes of the order being given for their use."

The new draft also alleged that Iraq "has purchased large quantities of uranium ore" and "has acquired mobile laboratories for military use, corroborating earlier reports about the mobile production of biological warfare agents." Despite the new material, the revision didn't impress some members of the Downing Street press office. "Think we're in a lot of trouble with it as it stands now," Philip Bassett, a former *Financial Times* reporter, wrote in an e-mail to his press-office colleagues on September 11th. Another member of the press office, Daniel Pruce, added, "Our aim should also be to convey the impression that things have not been static in Iraq but that over the past decade he"—Saddam—"has been aggressively and relentlessly pursuing WMD while brutally repressing his own people."

It isn't clear if these comments were passed on to Scarlett and Miller—Campbell later claimed that Daniel Pruce was offering suggestions "above his pay grade"—but on the afternoon of September 11th a Cabinet Office official sent an e-mail to the intelligence agencies entitled "Iraqi dossier—Questions from No 10." Among other things, it asked the agencies to supply the exact number, and type, of chemical and biological weapons that Iraq possessed. "I appreciate everyone, us included, has been around at least some of these buoys before," the official wrote. "But No 10 through the Chairman want the document to be as strong as possible within the bounds of available intelligence. This is therefore a last (!) call for any items of intelligence that agencies think can and should be included."

On Monday, September 16th, Scarlett circulated another updated dossier. The text had been reorganized to highlight the most recent intelligence, and some of the language had been strengthened. The dossier now said that Iraq's misbehavior "has included recent production of chemical and biological agents," but it didn't contain any evidence to support the charges.

Campbell remained intimately involved in the dossier's progress. On September 17th, he sent a memo to Scarlett in which he relayed the Prime Minister's reaction to the latest version: "He said he thought you'd done a very good job and it was convincing (though I pointed out he is hardly a 'don't know' on the issue)."

Campbell also offered Scarlett detailed comments of his own. For example:

> 8. On page 15, can we list quantities of e.g. shells, sprays, etc.
>
> 9. On page 16, bottom line, "might" reads very weakly.
>
> 10. On page 17, 2 lines from the bottom, "may" is weaker than in summary.

These drafting points went well beyond matters of presentation. In No. 9, the word "might" referred to a claim that Iraq "might already have" started producing VX gas. No. 10 referred to the sentence "The Iraq military *may* be able to deploy chemical or biological weapons within forty five minutes of an order to do so." (Italics added.) Less than twenty-four hours later, Scarlett replied to Campbell, saying, "We have been able to amend the text in most cases as you proposed." Among other changes Scarlett had made, the sentence referred to in No. 10 now read, "Intelligence indicates that the Iraqi military *are* able to deploy chemical or biological weapons within forty five minutes of an order to do so."

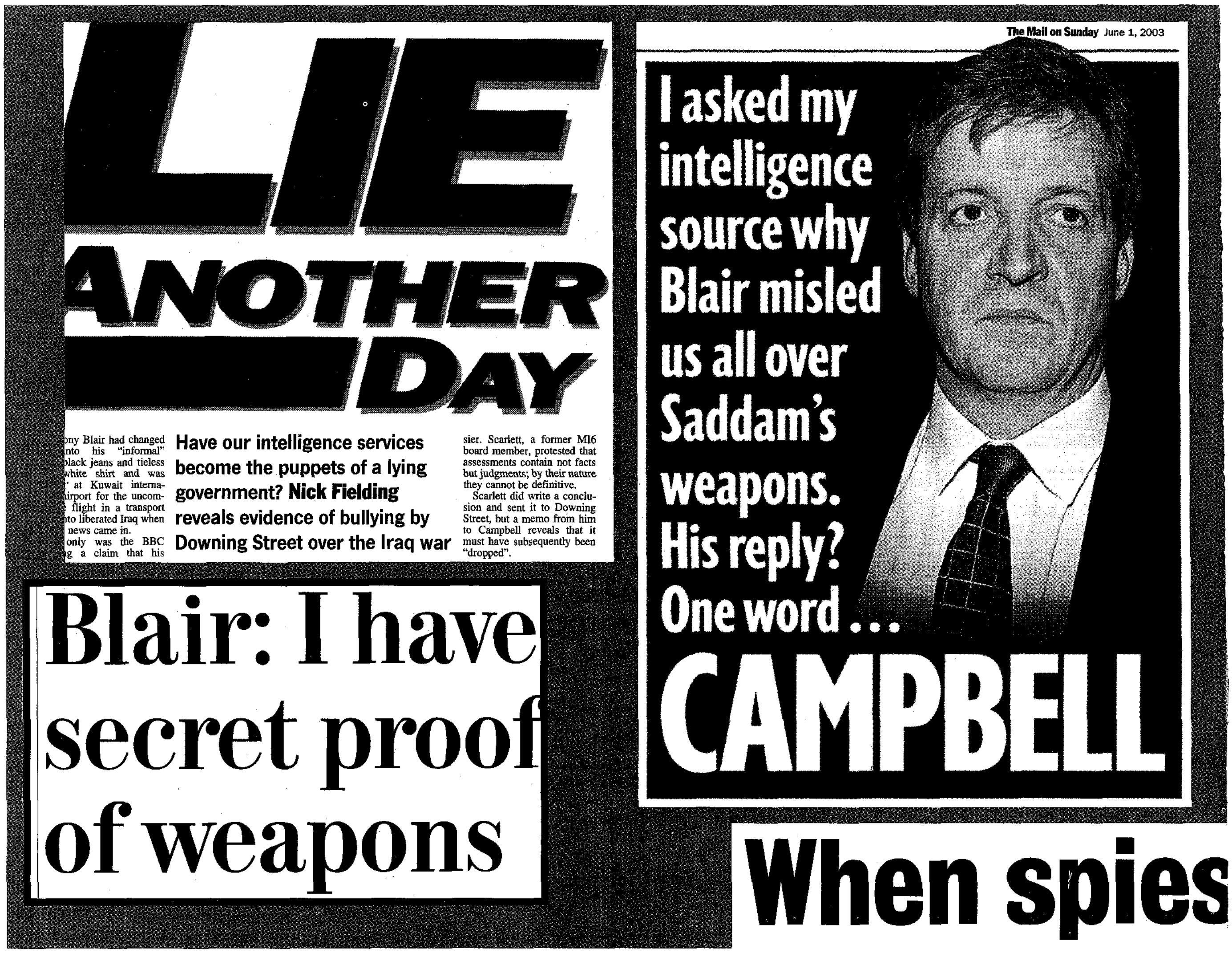
Campbell wasn't satisfied yet. "Sorry to bombard on this point," he wrote to Scarlett, "but I do worry that the nuclear section will become the main focus and as currently drafted is not in great shape." An earlier draft had suggested that if Saddam somehow obtained fissile material and other components from abroad he could build a nuclear weapon within a year or two. The September 16th version had left out this claim, and Campbell suggested reinstating it in the next round. Scarlett agreed.

Campbell had also been working on a foreword that Blair was planning to contribute to the published version of the dossier. On September 17th, he sent Scarlett a draft that read:

> Alone among leaders, Saddam has used chemical weapons. Intelligence reports make clear that he sees the possession of WMD, and the belief overseas that he would use them, as vital to his strategic interests, and in particular his goal of regional domination. And the document discloses that his military planning allows for some of the WMD to be ready within 45 minutes of an order to use them.

The dossier was a joint effort. MI6 provided most of the raw intelligence that went into it; the Defence Intelligence Staff, which is part of the Ministry of Defence, reviewed it; the Cabinet Office collated it; and the Joint Intelligence Committee made the final decision about what to include. Some analysts at the Defence Intelligence Staff were uneasy about the new material that had been inserted into the dossier—especially the forty-five-minutes claim, which MI6's source said originated with a senior Iraqi military officer. "The way in which the information was reported did not give us any confidence that the primary source knew very much about the subject," Brian Jones, a former senior official in the Defence Intelligence Staff's assessments section, told Lord Hutton. "And so we were left wondering, Well, did the secondary source know these sorts of things?"

Jones, who worked for the Ministry of Defence from 1973 until earlier this year, when he retired, was on vacation in the first half of September, 2002. When he got back, he discovered that members of his staff had been trying to qualify some of the language in the dossier. In a note forwarded to the Cabinet Office, one analyst pointed out that the forty-five-minutes claim was "rather strong since it is based on a single source" and proposed amending the dossier to say "intelligence suggests" it was true. Jones's expert on chemical weapons had expressed concern about the assertion that Iraq had continued to produce chemical and biological agents. Jones explained to Lord Hutton, "He did not dismiss that it may have happened, and there was certain evidence that suggested it could have happened, but he did not have good evidence that it had happened."



LIE ANOTHER DAY

ony Blair had changed nto his "informal" black jeans and tieless white shirt and was ' at Kuwait international irport for the uncom- flight in a transport nto liberated Iraq when news came in. only was the BBC g a claim that his

Have our intelligence services become the puppets of a lying government? Nick Fielding reveals evidence of bullying by Downing Street over the Iraq war

sier. Scarlett, a former MI6 board member, protested that assessments contain not facts but judgments; by their nature they cannot be definitive.

Scarlett did write a conclusion and sent it to Downing Street, but a memo from him to Campbell reveals that it must have subsequently been "dropped".

Blair: I have secret proof of weapons

The Mail on Sunday June 1, 2003

I asked my intelligence source why Blair misled us all over Saddam's weapons. His reply? One word... CAMPBELL

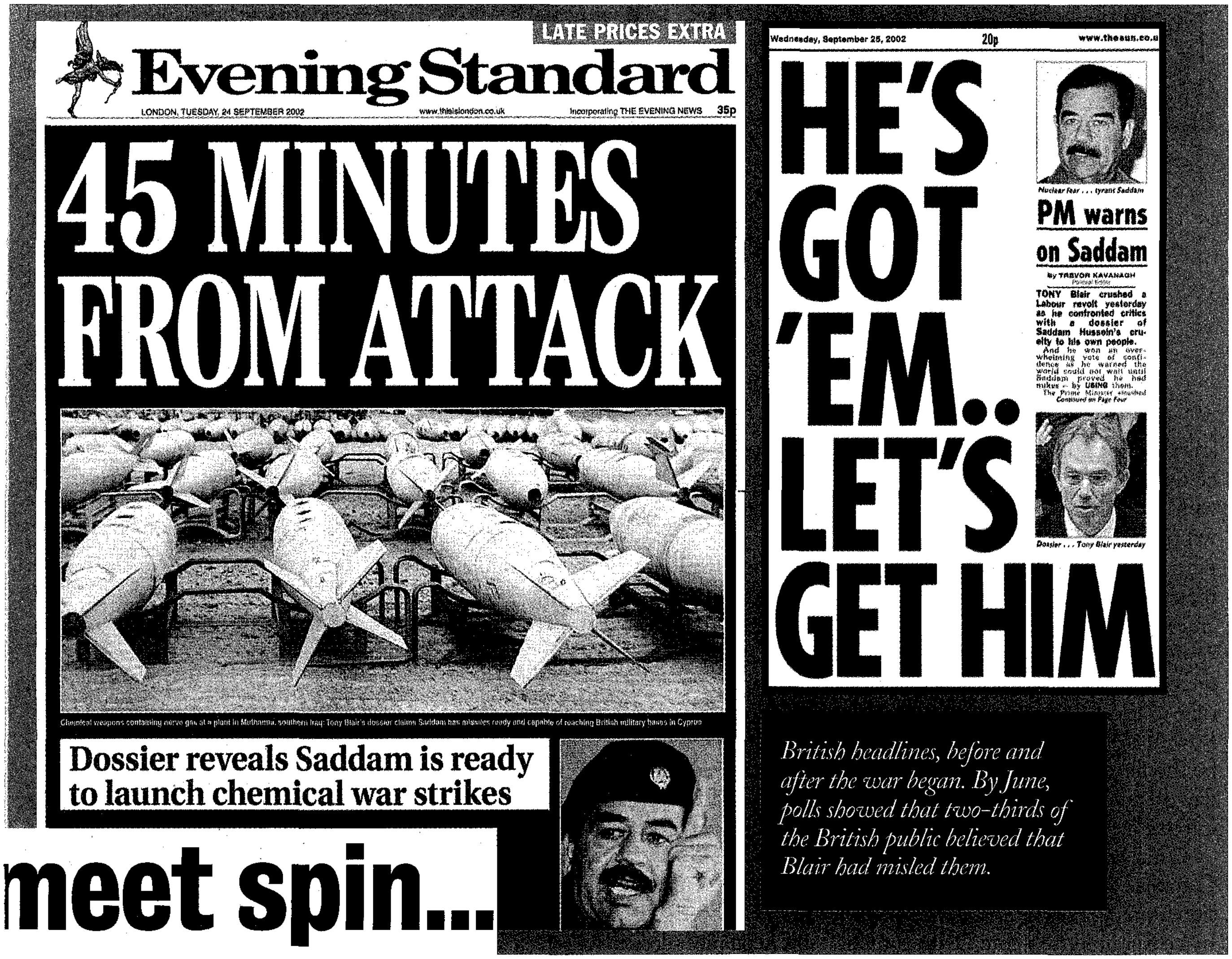
When spies

Jones took these matters up with his supervisor, but he didn't get far. At an interagency meeting, senior officials from MI6 had already reiterated their faith in the intelligence behind the forty-five-minutes claim, saying that it came from an "established and reliable" source, and their assurances had been accepted. Jones wasn't prepared to let things rest. On September 18th, he talked with David Kelly, who sometimes acted as a consultant to the Defence Intelligence Staff.

A biologist by training, Kelly was officially the head of microbiology at the Defence Science and Technology Laboratory at Porton Down, a government chemical- and biological-weapons research center, where he had worked since 1984. But his actual duties extended well beyond Porton Down. Between 1991 and 1996, he spent much of his time as a weapons inspector with UNSCOM, the United Nations mission charged with verifying that Iraq destroyed its unconventional-weapons programs. Kelly had proved to be an indefatigable sleuth, and he played a key role in forcing the Iraqi government to admit that it had a biological-weapons program. "The reason he was so effective with the Iraqis is that he was tough, very tough, and they respected that," somebody who knew Kelly well told me. "He was always very polite, but he wouldn't let them get away with anything. He was absolutely relentless." After Kelly returned from Iraq, he was still attached to Porton Down, but he now also acted as a scientific adviser to the Ministry of Defence, the Foreign Office, and MI6. Earlier in 2002, the Foreign Office had asked him to contribute an account of Iraq's biological-weapons program to the historical section of the W.M.D. dossier.

Kelly told Jones he thought that the dossier was a good idea, and he agreed with its over-all thrust. His years in Iraq had convinced him that Saddam did have active W.M.D. programs, which he wouldn't give up unless forced to do so. But Kelly, like many other British experts, also believed that the Iraqi programs were modest, partly because of the U.N. inspections.

The following day, September 19th, Kelly went through the dossier with Jones and some of his analysts. They agreed that some of the new information in the dossier appeared questionable. Kelly suggested a number of specific changes, which were forwarded to the Cabinet Office. For example, the latest draft of the dossier stated, "UNSCOM established that Iraq was planning to conceal from the inspectors the capability to produce biological warfare agents by developing mobile facilities." Kelly proposed amending this to read, "UNSCOM established that in 1987 Iraq considered the use of mobile BW production facilities." He added, "Rationale: UNSCOM DID NOT establish that Iraq was planning to conceal from the inspectors the capability to produce BW agents by developing mobile facilities."



LATE PRICES EXTRA

Evening Standard

LONDON, TUESDAY, 24 SEPTEMBER 2002 www.thisislondon.co.uk Incorporating THE EVENING NEWS 35p

45 MINUTES FROM ATTACK

Chemical weapons containing nerve gas at a plant in Muthanna, southern Iraq: Tony Blair's dossier claims Saddam has missiles ready and capable of reaching British military bases in Cyprus

Dossier reveals Saddam is ready to launch chemical war strikes

Wednesday, September 25, 2002 20p www.thesun.co.u

HE'S GOT 'EM.. LET'S GET HIM

Nuclear fear . . . tyrant Saddam

PM warns on Saddam

By TREVOR KAVANAGH
Political Editor

TONY Blair crushed a Labour revolt yesterday as he confronted critics with a dossier of Saddam Hussein's cruelty to his own people.

And he won an overwhelming vote of confidence as he warned the world could not wait until Saddam proved he had nukes — by USING them.

The Prime Minister smashed

Continued on Page Four

Dossier . . . Tony Blair yesterday

meet spin...

British headlines, before and after the war began. By June, polls showed that two-thirds of the British public believed that Blair had misled them.

Downing Street wanted to publish the dossier on Tuesday, September 24th, when Parliament was due to convene for a special session. Jones felt as though "the shutters were coming down." On September 20th, Scarlett circulated the final version of the dossier, which didn't include the changes that Jones's staff had suggested. Ignoring bureaucratic protocol, one of them wrote a protest letter to a top official in the Ministry of Defence. It began:

> The 20th September draft still includes a number of statements which are not supported by evidence available to me.
>
> Prime Minister's Foreword, 5th paragraph states: "What I believe the assessed intelligence has established beyond doubt is that Saddam has continued to produce chemical (and biological) weapons. . . ." I acknowledge that in this statement the Prime Minister will be expressing his own "belief" about what the assessed intelligence has established. What I wish to record is that based on the intelligence available to me it has NOT established beyond doubt that Saddam has continued to produce chemical (and biological) weapons.

Turning to the dossier's executive summary, which contained a bald assertion of the forty-five-minutes claim, the analyst went on:

> This is based on a single source. It is not clear what is meant by "weapons are deployable within 45 minutes." The judgement is too strong considering the intelligence on which it is based.

In the Downing Street press office, the dossier's reviews were much more positive. "V good script—particularly page 2 on nukes," Godric Smith, one of the Prime Minister's two official spokesmen, wrote in an e-mail that circulated on September 19th. Tom Kelly, the other spokesman, agreed. "I think the key point in our favour is the systematic nature of what Saddam is up to," Kelly wrote. "The weakness, obviously, is our inability to say that he could pull the nuclear trigger any time soon. But the basic message of by then it would be too late does deal with that I think."

Campbell, ever vigilant, had some final changes. In addition to the foreword and the executive summary, the dossier contained three chapters of text and a conclusion. Campbell didn't see

"This is the house I'm growing up in."

any need for the conclusion, which reiterated many of the points in the foreword and the executive summary. He wrote to Scarlett and suggested dropping it. A couple of hours later, Jonathan Powell, Blair's chief of staff, sent an e-mail to Scarlett and Campbell. "I agree with Alastair you should drop the conclusion," he wrote. Then, referring to the London *Evening Standard*, Powell added, "Alastair—what will be the headline in the *Standard* on the day of publication? What do we want it to be?"

Once again, Scarlett acceded to Campbell's wishes, omitting the conclusion from the final version of the dossier. In a cover note, he wrote, "I am content that the text now reflects as fully and accurately as possible the intelligence picture on Saddam's mass destruction weapons." On Tuesday, September 24th, Blair stood up in the House of Commons and raised the dossier aloft. "The threat of Saddam and weapons of mass destruction is not American or British propaganda," he declared. "The history and present threat are real."

When the early edition of the *Evening Standard* hit the streets, a front-page banner headline answered Powell's question: "45 MINUTES FROM ATTACK." The next day, the national newspapers all devoted extensive coverage to the dossier, with the *Sun* leading the way. Its front page blared, "HE'S GOT 'EM . . . LET'S GET HIM."

The Charing Cross Hotel sits atop the railway station of the same name, just off Trafalgar Square. Here, on the afternoon of Thursday, May 22, 2003, David Kelly met with Andrew Gilligan, a thirty-five-year-old defense and diplomatic correspondent for BBC Radio 4's "Today" program. Gilligan, a stout, pasty-faced fellow, had recently returned from Baghdad, where he had covered the war and its aftermath. He wasn't on close terms with Kelly—they had met a couple of times—but he knew that Kelly was familiar with the September dossier. Kelly later said that he met with Gilligan because he wanted to hear about the reporter's experiences in Baghdad. After leaving Iraq in 1998, Kelly continued to monitor developments there, but he had to rely on secondhand information. He had clearance to talk to the media about the scientific details of chemical and biological warfare, and he had coöperated with many reporters, including Judith Miller, of the New York *Times;* Tom Mangold, formerly of the BBC; and James Bone, a New York correspondent of the London *Times*, who profiled him at length. "He was sophisticated with the press, but he wasn't slavishly party line," Bone told me. "In my experience, he didn't initiate leaks, but he gave candid answers to honest questions."

What Kelly and Gilligan said to each other remains contentious. Gilligan said that they talked for an hour and a half; Kelly claimed that the conversation lasted forty-five minutes. A receipt Gilligan retained for his expenses shows that they ordered an apple juice and a Coke. Gilligan—a rarity among British journalists—seldom touches alcohol. Kelly used to drink moderately, but after joining the Baha'i faith, in 1999, he took a vow of abstinence.

There is no dispute that Gilligan described his experiences in Baghdad, including his dealings with Iraqi government minders and his impression of the coalition attacks. Eventually, the conversation turned to the September dossier and the failure to find any W.M.D. Gilligan took out a personal organizer and jotted down what Kelly had to say. His notes began:

> Transformed week before publication to make it sexier. The classic was the 45 minutes. Most things in dossier were double sourced but that was single sourced. One source said it took 45 minutes to set up a missile assembly. That was misinterpreted. Most people in intelligence weren't happy with it because it didn't reflect the considered view they were putting forward.

At the *Sunday Telegraph*, where Gilligan worked before joining the BBC, he was known as an enterprising story-getter, whose ability to break news persuaded his editors to put up with his nocturnal hours and his frequent absences from the office. "Gilligan was clearly a maverick, but he was highly regarded in his field, and he had very good contacts," Matthew d'Ancona, the deputy editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, says. "He lived for his work, and he spent most of his time pursuing his work. He was, and is, an implacably determined reporter."

Traditionally, the BBC trained its own reporters and took pride in its reputation as a reliable source of information. In recent years, parts of the corporation, including the "Today" program, have adopted a more aggressive approach to newsgathering, a trend reflected in Gilligan's hiring. As Gilligan listened to Kelly, he knew, he said later, that he had the makings of a good story. According to his account, he asked how the dossier had been transformed, and Kelly replied with one word: "Campbell." Gilligan then followed up: "What, Campbell made it up?" Kelly said, "No, it was real information. But it was unreliable, and it was in the dossier against our wishes."

This version of events has been challenged. Olivia Bosch, a friend of Kelly's who works at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, said to Lord Hutton that Kelly had told her that Gilligan brought up Campbell's name, saying he wanted to "play a name game" in order to guess who was responsible for inserting information into the dossier. Bosch said that Kelly was taken aback by this attempt to elicit information. He told her that he initially refused to confirm or deny Campbell's involvement, but eventually, under pressure from Gilligan, he said, "Maybe."

In the days after he met Kelly, Gilligan called a couple of his government contacts and put it to them that the dossier had been transformed at Campbell's urging. One refused to comment; the other said, "Keep digging." Gilligan also spoke with an American expert on W.M.D., Gary Samore, who told him that similar charges were being made in Washington about the Bush Administration. These were the only people Gilligan approached. Despite having no independent confirmation for his story, he decided to broadcast it. He didn't check it out with Downing Street, and he didn't call Kelly to confirm what he had said.

The "Today" program is a venerable British institution. It begins at 6 A.M. every weekday and runs for three hours. One of its hosts is John Humphrys, a fractious character whose idea of a good question when interviewing, say, the Health Minister might be: "So, Minister, glossing over the fact that you are having an affair with your secretary and taking her for dirty weekends in Paris at the taxpayers' expense, what have you got to say about the alarming rise in breast cancer?" At 6:07 A.M. on Thursday, May 29th, Humphrys introduced Gilligan by saying that the government was facing more tough questions over its prewar claims about Iraqi weapons of mass destruction, particularly the Prime Minister's statement that they would be ready to go in forty-five minutes. Gilligan was speaking live, and without a script, from his home, in Greenwich:

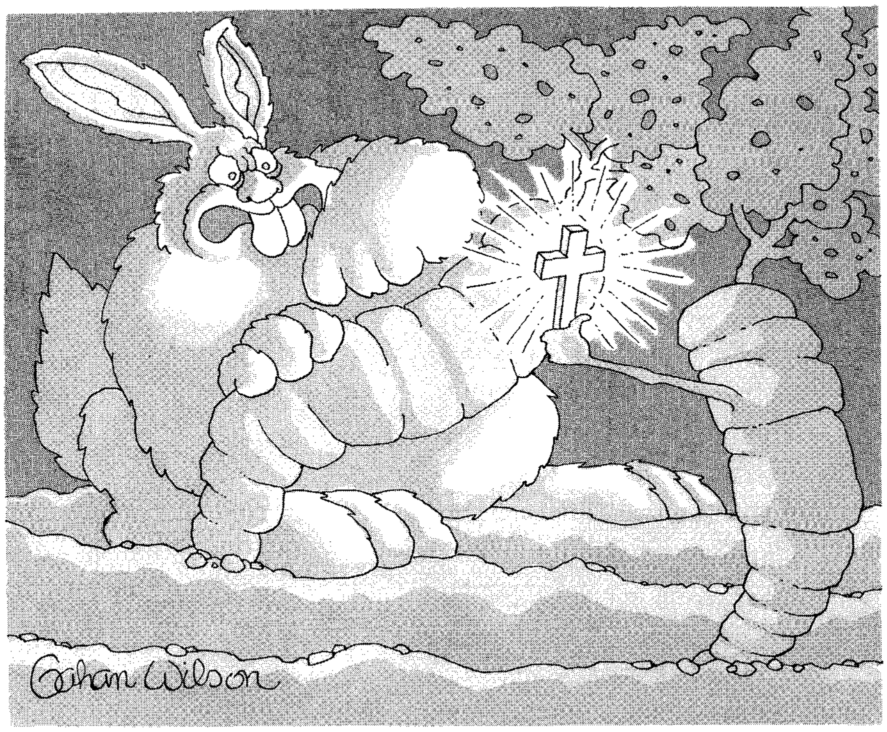
> That's right. That was the central claim in his dossier, which he published in September, the main, erm, case, if you like, against, er, against Iraq, and the main statement of the British government's belief of what it thought Iraq was up to. And what we've been told by one of the senior officials in charge of drawing up that dossier was that, actually, the government probably, erm, knew that the forty-five-minute figure was wrong, even before it decided to put it in. What this person says is that a week before the publication date of the dossier, it was actually rather, erm, a bland production. It didn't, the draft prepared for Mr Blair by the intelligence agencies actually didn't say very much more than was public knowledge already, and, erm, Downing Street, our source says, ordered a week before publication, ordered it to be sexed up, to be made more exciting, and ordered more facts to be, er, to be discovered.

Humphrys interrupted Gilligan and asked him what he meant by "ordered more facts to be discovered." He didn't seem terribly impressed by the stuttering reporter. "Does any of this matter now, all these months later?" he demanded. "The war's been fought and won." Gilligan seemed to be shocked into coherence. "Well, the forty-five minutes isn't just a detail," he replied. "It did go to the heart of the government's case that Saddam was an imminent threat, and it was repeated four times in the dossier, including by the Prime Minister himself, in the foreword. So I think it probably does matter."

Shortly after seven-thirty, Humphrys reintroduced Gilligan. The Downing Street press office had already issued a strenuous denial of his first report, claiming that the entire dossier was the work of the intelligence services. Humphrys put this denial to Gilligan and asked, "Are you suggesting, let's be very clear about this, that it was not the work of the intelligence agencies?" Gilligan replied, "No. The information which I'm told was dubious did come from the agencies, but they were unhappy about it, because they didn't think it should have been in there. They thought it was—it was not corroborated sufficiently, and they actually thought it was wrong."

Gilligan was hardly the first reporter to question the government's prewar claims. Ever since President Bush declared Iraq to be part of an "axis of evil," much of the British media, including the BBC, had adopted a critical approach to Blair's pro-U.S. line. Military victory and Saddam's removal hadn't silenced the doubters, liberal or conservative. By late May, hardly a day went by when the left-leaning *Independent*, *Guardian*, and *Daily Mirror* and the right-leaning *Daily Mail* and *Daily Telegraph* did not devote at least part of their front pages to the missing Iraqi weapons.

Still, Gilligan's story carried the BBC's imprimatur, and it was timed to do maximum damage. On May 29th, Blair and Campbell were in Kuwait on their way to a morale-boosting appearance with British troops in Basra. Somebody in Down-



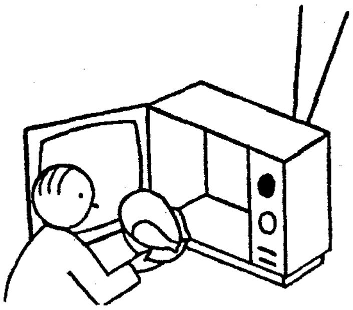
ing Street called Tom Kelly, the Prime Minister's spokesman, to tell him about the "Today" story. Campbell, who was standing next to Kelly when the call came, divides stories he doesn't like into three categories: "bollocks," "complete bollocks," and "bollocks on stilts." His first reaction was that nobody would take this one seriously, but by the time he reached Basra he realized that he had miscalculated. The travelling press corps was less interested in reporting on Blair's speech than in pursuing Gilligan's allegation that the government had "sexed up" the September dossier. Back in London, the early editions of the *Evening Standard* featured the headline "BLAIR FLIES INTO GROWING ROW OVER REASON FOR WAR."

From Iraq, the British party travelled to Poland, for a meeting with Leszek Miller, the Polish prime minister. At a press conference, Blair, visibly angry, insisted, "The idea that we authorized or made our intelligence agencies invent some piece of evidence is completely absurd." Gilligan's story had already been picked up around the world, partly because of its distribution on the BBC World Service. After leaving Poland, Blair went on to St. Petersburg, to attend the city's three-hundredth-anniversary celebrations. There Joschka Fischer, the German foreign minister, attacked him, saying that if no Iraqi W.M.D. were found Blair should "admit he has misused intelligence reports and misled world opinion."

On Sunday, June 1st, there was still no sign of the story's dying down. "WHEN SPIES MEET SPIN" was the headline in the *Observer*. "LIE ANOTHER DAY," trumpeted the *Sunday Times*. The *Mail on Sunday*, one of Campbell's least favorite newspapers, contained two articles guaranteed to give him a headache: an opinion poll showing that two-thirds of the British public believed that Blair had misled them on Iraqi W.M.D., and a full-page piece by none other than Andrew Gilligan, which, for the first time, identified the person who had ordered the dossier to be "sexed up." The headline read, "I asked my intelligence source why Blair misled us all over Saddam's weapons. His reply? One word . . . CAMPBELL."

Later that day, Campbell confided to his diary, "It is grim for me, and it is grim for TB. And there is this huge stuff about trust." On Tuesday, June 3rd, he wrote Blair a lengthy memo, advising him on how to respond at his weekly Prime Minister's Question Time. "The current frenzy flows from the fact that apart from the 2 mobile labs nothing new has been found," Campbell noted. "Everything stems from that, so tomorrow is in part about saying as much as you can about the process towards discovery—who is involved, what sort of numbers, where are they searching, who are they interviewing, how are we verifying."

At this stage, nobody in the government knew that Gilligan's source was David Kelly. Gilligan had reported that his information came from an official in charge of drawing up the dossier, which pointed to a very senior person. Campbell spoke to John Scarlett, who insisted that reports about unhappiness within the intelligence agencies weren't coming from the top. Campbell accepted Scarlett's assurances, but others in Blair's circle were not so sure. John Reid, who was then the leader of the House of Commons, suggested that "rogue elements" in the security services might be trying to undermine the government.



The BBC—or the Beeb, as it is often referred to—was founded in 1922 by a group of radio manufacturers, and has since developed into the world's leading public-service media company, employing around twenty-five thousand people and providing news and entertainment through four mediums: television, radio, the Internet, and print. It is an independent organization, but it operates under a state charter and is financed by a mandatory license fee. When Margaret Thatcher and the Tories were in

AIRSCAPES

The sky in flood. Marshalled on
by pressure, over the many-angled
windows of property far below.

The air has states, not places.
On the outer of Earth, the
sky above darkens to blue matter.

Lower than where Space streaks in,
risen scents and particles plateau,
diffusing to go worldwide.

The chill slates of that year
which, blown out of Iceland volcanoes,
famined up the French Revolution
hung and globed out on those levels.

Cloud wisps are an instructor
chalking to proof! And here it's true:
everyone has to have to.

These plunge lands being water dusts
that take color from the Sun: gold cobble,
diaphanous frolic, optical liqueur.

A Thailand of cloud-dance,
cobalt gold-cracked cyclone Rumba

that raged half a province down its river
is now ten minutes' swell under wings.

The bubble-column of a desert whirlwind
fails, and plastic-bag ghosts
stay ascended, pallid and rare.

Over simmering wheat land,
over tree oils, scrub growing in rust
and way out to the storeyed Forties.

Here be carbons, screamed up
by the djinn of blue kohl highways
that have the whish of the world
for this scorch of A.D.

Tropopause, stratopause, Van Allen—
high floors of the world tower
which spores and points of charge
too minute to age climb off the planet.

A headlong space rock
discovers fiery retro jets
and adds to the earth above Earth.

—*Les Murray*

power, serious consideration was given to breaking up, or even privatizing, the BBC, but that threat vanished with Blair's election. One of his historic missions, as he saw it, was to demonstrate that big public-sector organizations, such as the BBC and the National Health Service, could thrive in a market-driven economy. In 2001, Blair appointed Gavyn Davies, a former partner at Goldman Sachs, to the chairmanship of the corporation. Davies's wife works for Gordon Brown, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Conservative critics accused Blair of hiring a crony, but fears that the BBC would pander to the government turned out to be misplaced.

In the run-up to the 2001 election, which Labour won easily, many observers thought that the BBC did a better job of criticizing the government than the Conservative Party did. During the war in Afghanistan, Downing Street complained furiously that the BBC exaggerated civilian casualties. An essential component of Alastair Campbell's media-management strategy was to respond immediately to anything he perceived as slanted or inaccurate. One "Today" producer received so many letters of complaint that he used them to decorate his office.

When the invasion of Iraq began, Campbell peppered Richard Sambrook, the head of BBC News, with letters, including several about Andrew Gilligan's reporting from Baghdad. "Can you tell me who told him the Republican Guard hasn't been damaged—the Iraqi Ministry of Information?" Campbell asked in one missive. He mocked a suggestion by Gilligan that Uday Hussein had been "reined in a bit" by the regime, commenting, "Uday *is* in large part the regime. Has Mr Gilligan ever met or seen him?"

Undoubtedly, the BBC covered the war more critically than the American networks did. Before the fighting began, BBC reporters repeatedly warned of heavy civilian casualties. When these failed to materialize, they switched their attention to chaos and looting. On April 11th, in a live report that prompted yet another complaint from Campbell, Gilligan said, "People here may be free, but they're passing their first days of freedom in more fear than they've ever known before." He went on, "Fear that their property's going to be invaded, their daughters will be raped, and they'll be killed."

One of the BBC's own defense correspondents complained about its reporting from Iraq, but his comments didn't have much impact. The BBC had a dozen reporters on the ground, and its editors argued that they were merely reporting what they were witnessing. After the war ended, Greg Dyke, the BBC's chief executive, forcefully defended its coverage, comparing the BBC favorably with Fox News, which he accused of "gung-ho patriotism."

Such arguments didn't impress Campbell. On June 6th, he wrote a private letter to Sambrook, in which he demanded to know whether Gilligan's story about the dossier had breached the BBC's producer guidelines, which say that program-makers should be reluctant to rely on only one source. The BBC's coverage of the W.M.D. issue "has been driven for days now by the false claim of a single uncorroborated source that Gilligan claims to be reliable," Campbell asserted. He concluded, "You will, I imagine, seek to defend your reporting, as you always do. In this case, you would be defending the indefensible."

Sambrook's reply to Campbell was somewhat disingenuous. "We have not suggested that the forty-five-minute point was invented by anyone in Downing Street against the wishes of anyone in the intelligence community," he wrote. "We have suggested that there are pertinent and serious questions to be asked about the presentation of the intelligence material." On June 16th, after Campbell had written to Sambrook again and asked whether the BBC was going to launch an internal inquiry into how Gilligan's story got on the air, Sambrook suggested that Campbell should take his grievance to the BBC's Programme Complaints Unit, which deals with complaints from ordinary viewers and listeners. For the moment, Campbell couldn't do much about this snub. Gilligan's source still hadn't emerged. Until he did, there was no way for independent observers to judge who was telling the truth.

David Kelly didn't listen to Gilligan's broadcasts. On May 29th, he was at the United Nations headquarters visiting the offices of UNMOVIC, the United Nations weapons-inspection agency that succeeded UNSCOM. At midmorning, East Coast time, Gavin Hewitt, a correspondent for BBC television's "Ten o'Clock News," called him from London to follow up the "Today" story. Hewitt had no idea that Kelly was Gilligan's source; he had obtained his cell-phone number from a former colleague who recommended him as an expert on Iraq's W.M.D. Kelly showed no sign of being nervous, and, once Hewitt had assured him that the conversation would be on a non-attributable basis, he talked openly. When Hewitt asked for his over-all opinion of the September dossier, Kelly replied, "No. 10 spin came into play." The material that the intelligence services provided was "fundamentally reasonable," he went on, but it had been presented "in a very black-and-white way."

The following day, when Kelly arrived back in England, he received a call from another BBC television journalist, Susan Watts, the science editor of "Newsnight," a current-affairs show that appears five nights a week. Watts had interviewed Kelly many times before, on stories ranging from the training of U.N. inspectors to the anthrax attacks in the United States. As recently as early May, they had been talking about the September dossier and Kelly had mentioned Alastair Campbell in conjunction with the forty-five-minutes claim. Watts didn't report Kelly's remarks at the time—she later described them as a "gossipy aside"—but when she heard about the "Today" story she suspected that Kelly was its source.

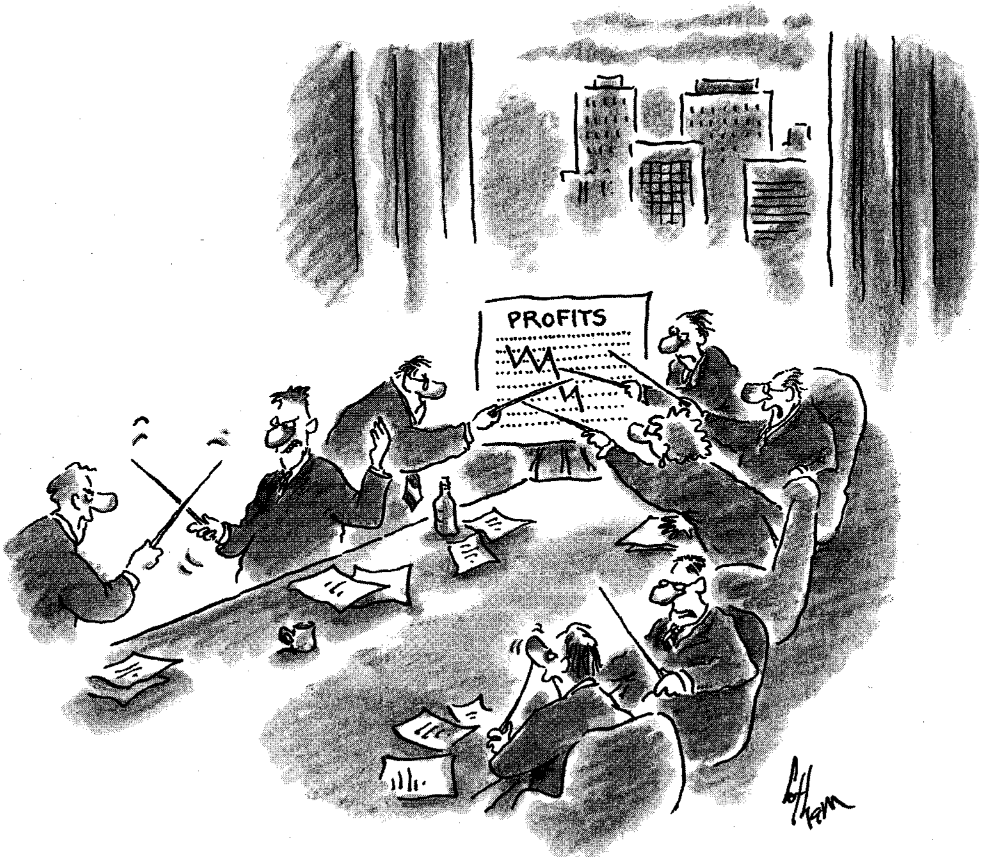
This time, Watts recorded her conversation with Kelly. The tape, which didn't emerge until August, when Lord Hutton started holding hearings, begins with Kelly discussing his trip to New York. Watts then brings up the "Today" program, the forty-five-minutes claim, and their previous conversation, saying, "I may have missed a trick on that one"—meaning that she might have missed a story. Kelly laughs. He tells Watts that he has also spoken with Gavin Hewitt, but he doesn't mention Gilligan and he doesn't appear concerned about being identified as the source of any damaging stories. "I mean, they wouldn't think it was me, I don't think," he says. "Maybe they would, maybe they wouldn't. I don't know."

Watts asks Kelly whether it is true that the government was advised not to include the forty-five-minutes claim in the September dossier. Kelly replies, "There were lots of people saying that. I mean, it was an interesting week before the dossier was put out because there were so many things in there that people were saying: Well, we're not so sure about that. Or, in fact, they were happy with it being in, but not expressed the way that it was. Because, you know, the wordsmithing is actually quite important; and the intelligence community are a pretty cautious lot, on the whole."

The main problem with the dossier, Kelly goes on, is its implication that Iraq possessed a "vast arsenal," which wasn't what the experts believed. "The real concern that everyone had, it was not so much what they"—the Iraqis—"have now but what they would have in the future," Kelly says. "But that, unfortunately, wasn't expressed strongly in the dossier, because that takes away the case for war, to a certain extent."

Toward the end of the tape, Watts presses Kelly on who transformed the dossier. Referring to their previous conversation, she asks Kelly if he can confirm that Alastair Campbell was responsible for the inclusion of the forty-five-minutes claim. "No, I can't," Kelly says. "All I can say is the No. 10 press office. I've never met Alastair Campbell." Then he goes on, "But I think Alastair Campbell is synonymous with that press office, because he is responsible for it."

It is not clear from Watts's tape whether Kelly knew that he was the source of the "Today" story. As the dispute between the government and the BBC escalated, he visited the Middle East on a reconnaissance mission, which included several days at Bagh-

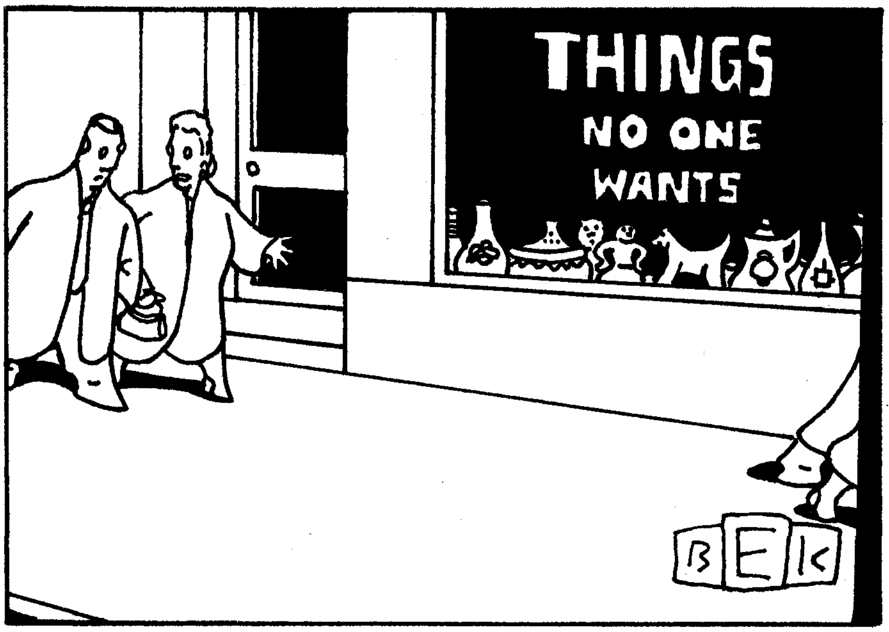


"It's confusing when everybody has a pointer."

dad International Airport, where the Iraq Survey Group was establishing a forward base. He bunked down in a vermin-infested bungalow with three walls, half a roof, and no running water. An American officer showed him a couple of mobile laboratories that the coalition forces had discovered, but Kelly quickly dismissed the possibility that these were designed to manufacture biological weapons. He later told his daughter Rachel that he was disappointed not to have spoken to any "real Iraqis."

On Tuesday, June 17th, Martin Howard, the Deputy Chief of Defence Intelligence at the Ministry of Defence, attended a cocktail party at the headquarters of MI5, the domestic security service, where he ran into Patrick Lamb, a friend of Kelly's at the Foreign Office. Lamb remarked that Kelly had told him a couple of weeks previously that he had spoken to Andrew Gilligan and Susan Watts. Hitherto, Kelly's colleagues hadn't suspected him of being involved in the "Today" story, assuming, like most people, that the source was a senior official at one of the intelligence agencies. Howard reported his conversation with Lamb to Sir Kevin Tebbit, the permanent under-secretary at the Ministry of Defence. In normal circumstances, Kelly would probably have been hauled in immediately. However, the ministry was already investigating who in the department had given Gilligan access to a top-secret report casting doubt on the links between Iraq and Al Qaeda. Kelly, it turned out, was also a suspect in that investigation. (He was later cleared.) The ministry decided to hold off on any further action in case it prejudiced the ongoing inquiry.

While the government was trying to discover the origin of Gilligan's story, the House of Commons Foreign Affairs Committee was holding televised hearings about the decision to go to war. On June 19th, Gilligan, who had steadfastly defended his reporting, appeared before the committee. He described his source as an official "quite closely connected with the question of Iraq's weapons of mass destruction." A few days later, Olivia Bosch, Kelly's friend at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, told him to look at Gilligan's testimony, because some of it seemed familiar to her. On the evening of June 25th, Kelly and Bosch spoke by telephone, and Kelly agreed that some of the things Gilligan had attributed to his source, such as the fact that Iraq's W.M.D. programs were modest, sounded like things he might have said. At this stage, Kelly either was misleading his friend or still hadn't realized that he was the source of Gilligan's story. He told Bosch that in order to clear his own mind he was thinking of telling his superiors he had met Gilligan.



"Let's just stop in here and get her a little something."

Kelly's family had started to notice that something was preying on him. Janice Kelly thought that he seemed preoccupied and withdrawn. One evening, he said he was going to the Hind's Head pub, at the other end of the village, where he sometimes played cribbage. About forty minutes later, he returned and said he had gone for a walk instead, "to think something through." Janice thought he might be worrying about her health. "It is not you," Kelly assured her. "It is a professional thing."

At least one of Kelly's former colleagues believes that Kelly knew all along that he was the source of the "Today" story. "He was no fool," the person told me. "He knew this was a politically charged subject. He knew he wasn't supposed to speak to Gilligan in those terms, but he believed the dossier was exaggerated. Then, when Gilligan embellished what he had said, he found himself trapped."

On Monday, June 30th, Kelly sent a letter to his immediate superior at the Ministry of Defence, Bryan Wells, in which he admitted meeting Gilligan "to privately discuss his Iraq experiences and definitely not to discuss the dossier." Kelly went on:

> The issue of 45 minutes arose in terms of the threat (aerial versus land launch) and I stated that I did not know what it refers to (which I do not). He asked why it should be in the dossier and I replied probably for impact. He raised the issue of Alastair Campbell and since I was not involved in the process (not stated by me) I was unable to comment. This issue was not discussed at any length and was essentially an aside. I made no allegations or accusations about any issue related to the dossier or the government's case for war.

Turning to the "Today" story, Kelly continued:

> I can only conclude one of three things: Gilligan has considerably embellished my meeting with him; he has met with other individuals who truly were intimately associated with the dossier; or he has assembled comments from both multiple direct and indirect sources for his articles.

Kelly's letter arrived at the ministry on July 1st. On Friday, July 4th, Wells and Richard Hatfield, the director of personnel at the Ministry of Defence, interviewed Kelly. As Hatfield went through Gilligan's testimony to the Foreign Affairs Committee, Kelly conceded that some of the things the BBC reporter attributed to his source sounded like him, but he strenuously denied being the source of the "sexing up" allegations. He failed to mention that he had also talked to Gilligan's BBC colleagues Gavin Hewitt and Susan Watts. At the end of the interview, Hatfield said that barring further revelations he was satisfied Kelly was not Gilligan's primary source, and he would not pursue any disciplinary action. As far as Wells was concerned, the Gilligan matter had now been dealt with.

Kelly apparently knew better. The following day, he went to Oxford, where his daughter Rachel lives, and met her for lunch. He was so quiet that when Rachel got home she told her fiancé she was worried. Kelly had plenty to be concerned about. Throughout his professional life, he had been known as a rigorous scientist who chose his words carefully and valued the truth above all. As a weapons inspector, he had earned an international reputation by catching the Iraqis out in their lies and deceptions. Now he was the one prevaricating.

One of the notable things about the Kelly saga is how each of its three main characters unwittingly unleashed forces that ultimately proved devastating to them all. When Kelly went to the Charing Cross Hotel, he had no reason to believe that the meeting was anything other than a routine background talk with a reporter. When Gilligan put out his story, he can't have imagined that it would cause such a stir. And when Campbell tore into Gilligan and the BBC he had no conception of how his attack would rebound.

On June 25th, Campbell appeared at a televised hearing of the Foreign Affairs Committee. After delivering a lengthy if not very persuasive defense of the September dossier, he launched an impassioned assault on the BBC's reporting, declaring, "I simply say, in relation to the BBC story: It is a lie, it was a lie. It is a lie that is continually repeated, and until we get a public apology for it I will keep making sure that Parliament, people like yourselves, and the public know that it was a lie."

Even by Campbell's standards, this was an incendiary statement. Some critics suggested that it was intended to divert attention from the fact that still no Iraqi W.M.D. had been found. Perhaps it was,

ANNIVERSARY

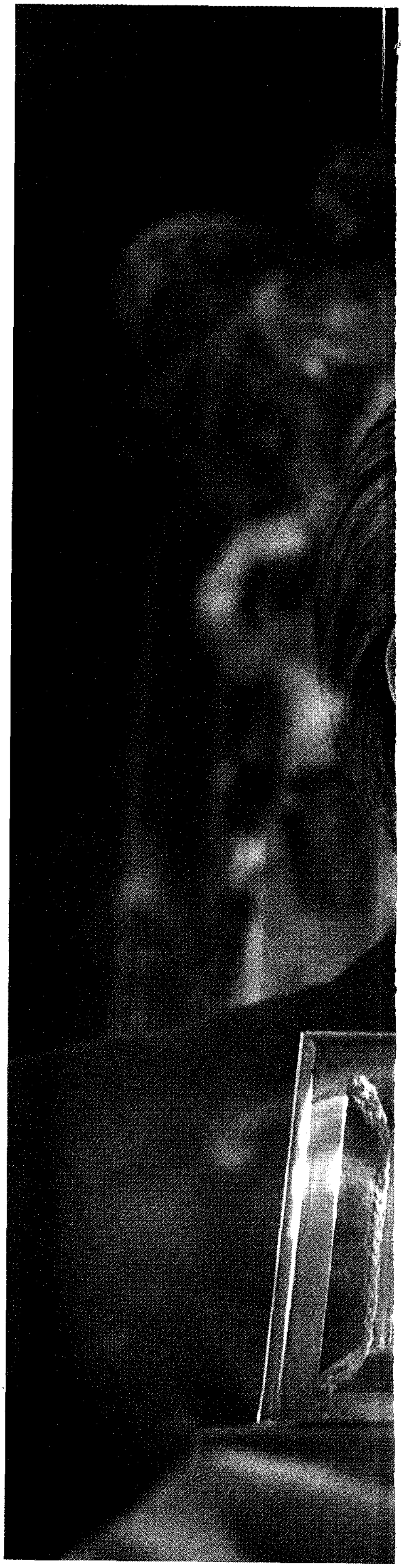
DANCE MAN

January 22nd is George Balanchine's hundredth birthday, and for the rest of 2004 the Russo-American ballet master, who died in 1983, will be getting the centennial treatment. His company, New York City Ballet, is devoting its winter and spring seasons to his work. Miami City Ballet, San Francisco Ballet, and the Suzanne Farrell Ballet—all Balanchine specialists—are presenting anniversary programs.

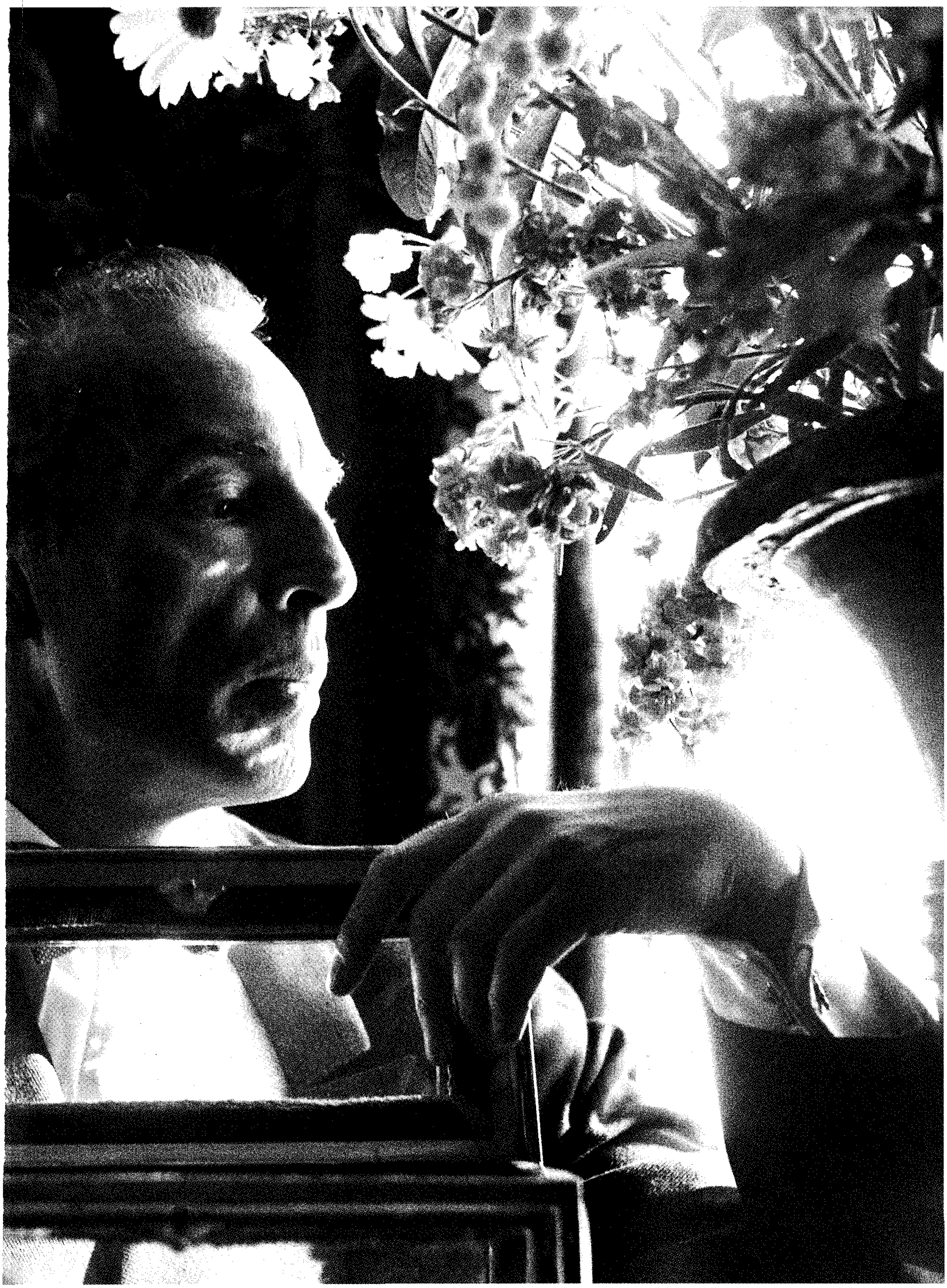
It will be a good year for rarity-snagging. PBS's excellent 1984 documentary "Balanchine" will be rebroadcast on January 14th. The Museum of Television and Radio will show telecasts of N.Y.C.B.—in the fifties and sixties, its glory years—performing "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "The Nutcracker," with Balanchine having a good time playing Drosselmeyer. In March, at the Guggenheim Museum, Maria Tallchief will coach "Firebird." The New York Public Library for the Performing Arts, on January 24th, will present a lecture on the Broadway musical "Cabin in the Sky," which Balanchine, with Katherine Dunham, choreographed for an all-black cast in 1940. The Postal Service is finally putting the great man on a stamp, and Arlene Croce's long-awaited book on him is due out at the end of the year.

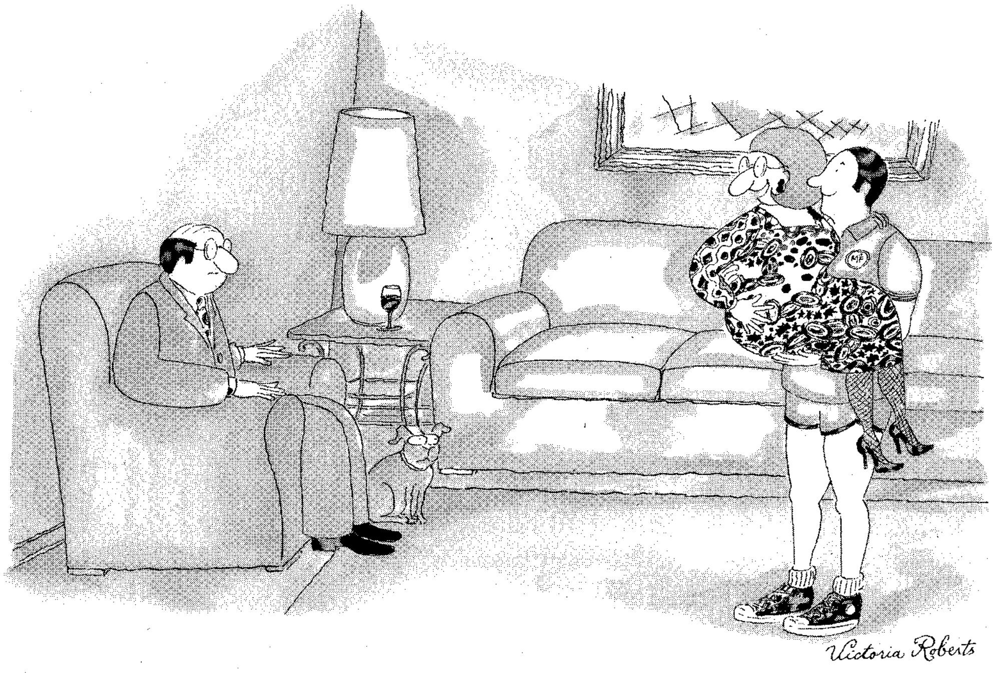
There will be exhibitions at the Performing Arts library, the Harvard Theatre Collection, and Hartford's Wadsworth Atheneum. The Atheneum show will include a 1933 letter from Lincoln Kirstein begging the museum's director, Chick Austin, to find the funds to bring Balanchine to America, which basically had no tradition of classical ballet. "He could achieve a miracle," Kirstein writes. Austin came up with the money; Balanchine with the miracle.

—*Joan Acocella*



CECIL BEATON (1952)/SOTHEBY'S PICTURE LIBRARY





"Honey, this is Pierre. He's from Masseurs Sans Frontières."

• •

but Campbell was also displaying his obsessive streak. After his appearance, he recorded in his diary that he felt a lot better, because he had "opened a flank on the BBC." A couple of days later, he renewed his offensive, agreeing to a rare television interview, with Jon Snow, the presenter of "Channel 4 News," a competitor of the BBC. When Snow asked about the "sexing up" charges, Campbell reacted furiously, repeatedly jabbing his fingers in the journalist's face. People who had known Campbell for years had rarely seen him so angry. Some of them worried that he might be losing his perspective.

Even Blair, who until now had seemed untroubled by Campbell's aggressive tactics, was concerned. Like Campbell, the Prime Minister believed the only thing that would correct the impression that he had misled the public about Iraq was an unequivocal statement from the BBC that Gilligan's story was wrong. But Blair had now come to the conclusion that the dispute with the BBC was interfering with his efforts to shift the political agenda to home affairs, and that it was time to move on. The day after Campbell's television interview, Blair told him to leave the fight with the BBC for the Foreign Affairs Committee to resolve.

On Thursday, July 3rd, Blair travelled to northwest England, where he had arranged to deliver a major speech setting out his domestic agenda, which included reforming public education and the National Health Service. But he couldn't leave the BBC controversy behind. Jonathan Powell, his chief of staff, called from London to inform him of Kelly's letter, which Geoff Hoon, the Minister of Defence, had just learned about. The Prime Minister advised caution, saying that the Ministry of Defence should deal with the matter according to its usual personnel procedures.

Campbell and Hoon displayed a greater sense of urgency. Contrary to Gilligan's report, Kelly was not "one of the senior officials in charge of drawing up that dossier." His involvement with the dossier had been limited. If these discrepancies were made public, the BBC reports would be at least partly discredited. On Friday, July 4th, the same day Kelly was questioned, Campbell and Hoon spoke at length. "GH said that his initial instinct was to throw the book at him"—Kelly—"but in fact there was a case for trying to get some kind of plea bargain," Campbell recorded in his diary. "Says that he'd come forward and he was saying yes to speak to AG, yes he said intel went in late, but he never said the other stuff. It was double-edged, but GH and I agreed it would fuck Gilligan if that was his source." (Hoon later claimed he didn't recall making some of the comments Campbell attributed to him.)

The BBC's governing board, which is supposed to monitor the corporation's activities, was scheduled to meet over the weekend to discuss Gilligan's story, and on the following Monday the Foreign Affairs Committee was due to publish its report about the decision to go to war. Campbell noted in his diary that he and Hoon wanted to approach both of these bodies immediately and let them know about Kelly's letter. On Saturday, July 5th, Campbell called Powell, who was mountain climbing in Wales, and said he was worried that the government would be accused of a coverup if it didn't tell the Foreign Affairs Committee that a possible source had emerged. The following day, Hoon repeated the message.

Powell called the Prime Minister, who was at Chequers, his country retreat. He had already been talking with Sir David Omand, the government's intelligence and security coördinator, who had received a memo about Kelly's interview from the Ministry of Defence, which said it was unclear whether Kelly was Gilligan's main source. The Prime Minister's political instincts are second to none. He didn't want to be accused of a coverup, but he also didn't want to lay himself open to the charge that he had overruled his most senior civil servants and leaked confidential information for political advantage. He decided that nothing further should be done until Kelly had been interviewed a second time and more was known about his dealings with Gilligan.

Campbell was increasingly frustrated. For weeks, he had been firing verbal fusillades at the BBC, to no avail. Now he finally had some live ammunition, but his boss had effectively ordered him not to use it. "GH"—Hoon—"said he was almost as steamed up as I was," he wrote in his diary. "TB said he didn't want to push the system too far. But my worry was that I wanted a clear win not a messy draw and if they presented it as a draw that was not good enough for us."

The BBC was standing by Gilligan and refusing to admit any errors. Its chairman, Gavyn Davies, was determined to assert the Beeb's independence. When the governors met, he kept them focussed on whether proper editorial procedures had been followed, rather than on the substance of Gilligan's allegations. After the meeting, the governors issued a resounding defense of the BBC, claiming that its coverage of the Iraq war had been impartial, and that "Today" had acted in the public interest in running Gilligan's story about the dossier.

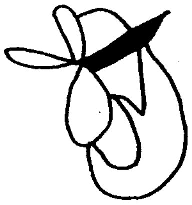
It subsequently emerged that the governors' statement masked growing concern within the BBC about Gilligan's reporting. "This story was a good piece of investigative journalism marred by flawed reporting," Kevin Marsh, the editor of "Today," wrote to a colleague on June 27th. "Our biggest millstone has been his"—Gilligan's—"loose use of language and lack of judgement in some of his phraseology. It was also marred by the quantity of writing for other outlets that varied what was said or was loose with the terms of the story."

Blair knew nothing of these internal communications. To Downing Street, the public statement from the BBC governors was just another display of defiance. On Monday, July 7th, the Prime Minister spoke with Davies, who again refused to consider withdrawing Gilligan's allegations. Then he met with his senior advisers in his "den"—a small office at the back of 10 Downing Street. The Foreign Affairs Committee had just issued a report concluding that "ministers did not mislead Parliament" in publishing the September dossier, and that Alastair Campbell did not "exert or seek to exert improper influence" on the dossier. However, the fact that the committee had split along party lines, with the Labour majority insuring a favorable report for the government, meant that the media and the public were unlikely to accept its judgment as final.

One possibility that was discussed at the meeting was to have Kelly testify before a parliamentary committee and contradict Gilligan's report. Blair asked what was known about Kelly's views. Sir Kevin Tebbit, the permanent under-secretary at the Ministry of Defence, said that Kelly supported the war and believed Saddam had concealed some W.M.D., but he might have some discomforting things to say about parts of the dossier. Tebbit also pointed out that Kelly had come forward voluntarily and that there was no suggestion that he had breached the Official Secrets Act. As the meeting ended, Tebbit said he would arrange for Kelly to be re-interviewed at the first opportunity.

What to do about Kelly had somehow turned into the most pressing issue facing the British government. The next morning, Tuesday, July 8th, Blair gave a typically accomplished performance when he appeared before the House of Commons Liaison Committee, a bipartisan body that questions him at length on all aspects of government policy. On returning to Downing Street, he met with Campbell, Powell, Tom Kelly, and three senior civil servants: David Manning, David Omand, and John Scarlett. Once again, the topic was Kelly.

Kelly's second interview, which had taken place the previous afternoon, had proved inconclusive, but Martin Howard, of the Defence Intelligence staff, who was there, received the impression that Kelly probably was Gilligan's source, even if he had been misrepresented. This information was passed along to the Prime Minister. With the agreement of his advisers, Blair decided it was time to announce that an official had come forward. He later defended the decision by saying that the news would almost certainly have leaked anyway, and the government would have been accused of a coverup. This explanation is hardly convincing. Under his leadership, Downing Street has proved remarkably adept at preventing leaks. Blair could have simply accepted Kelly's protestations that he wasn't Gilligan's source and declared the matter closed, but in that case the government would have missed its chance to discredit Gilligan's story, which Blair considered an indefensible attack on his personal integrity.



The Prime Minister and his colleagues didn't appear to know much about Kelly, beyond the fact that he was a government scientist who had contributed to the historical section of the dossier. There was some talk at the meeting about how he would handle the publicity, but, according to Blair's testimony before Lord Hutton, there was "nothing in the discussion that we had that would have alerted us to him being anything other than someone, you know, of a certain robustness, who was used to dealing with the interchange between politics and the media."

Once Blair and his colleagues had made their decision, the question was how to release the news. Campbell favored issuing a statement naming Kelly and explaining that he had contradicted Gilligan's report, but he wasn't in charge. Omand suggested sending an open letter about Kelly to Ann Taylor, the chairman of the parliamentary Intelligence and Security Committee, thereby putting the onus on her to deal with the media, but when, during a break in the meeting, this idea was put to Taylor she balked. Blair then authorized the Ministry of Defence, which wasn't even represented at the meeting, to issue a press release.

Powell, Scarlett, and Campbell were among a group of officials who went into another office to draw up a draft. Kevin Tebbit, who was late for the meeting, took the draft back to the Ministry of Defence and worked on it further with officials there. When the statement was released, later that afternoon, it said, "An individual working in the MOD has come forward to volunteer that he met Andrew Gilligan of the BBC on May 22." It didn't name Kelly directly, but it provided enough information for anybody who knew him well to recognize the description: "The individual is an expert on WMD who has advised ministers on WMD and whose contribution to the Dossier of September 2002 was to contribute towards drafts of historical accounts of UN inspections. . . . He is not a member of the Intelligence Services or the Defence Intelligence Staff." The Ministry of Defence press office also told reporters that it would confirm the official's identity if the correct name was put to it. Despite subsequent denials from all concerned, this maneuver appears to have been designed to get Kelly's identity into the public domain without the government officially releasing it.

Kelly was driving from R.A.F. Honington, in East Anglia, where he had been training for his return to Iraq, when Richard Hatfield, the director of personnel at the Ministry of Defence, called to read him the press release. Hatfield told Lord Hutton that Kelly reacted with calm resignation, but Janice Kelly gave a very different story. When Kelly got home, at about 7 P.M., she was interviewing some people for the local historical society. After she finished, she and Kelly ate dinner and switched on the evening news. The fact that a possible source had come forward in the Andrew Gilligan row was one of the top stories. Kelly turned to Janice and said, "It's me."

According to Janice, Kelly said that his name was sure to emerge, as the press would quickly "put two and two together." He was "really, really unhappy about it," she told Lord Hutton. "Totally dismayed. He mentioned he had had a reprimand at that stage from the MOD but they had not been unsupportive, were his words. We talked a little bit generally about it and what it would mean for him in real terms. He was a bit backward in coming forward, may I say, in saying what he meant. I deliberately at that point said, 'Would it mean a pension problem, would it mean you having to leave your job?' He said it could be if it got worse, yes."

The next morning, the newspapers reported the Ministry of Defence statement and set about discovering the anonymous official's name. James Blitz, the political editor of the *Financial Times*, went to the daily press briefing at No. 10, where Tom Kelly described the official as a technical expert who worked for one department but was paid by another. (For obscure bureaucratic reasons, the Foreign Office paid Kelly, even though he worked primarily for the Ministry of Defence.) Armed with these clues, Blitz called a Whitehall source, who said that the official was being paid by the Foreign Office. Blitz rang the Foreign Office's press office, but it refused to help him. Eventually, he enlisted a colleague, Christopher Adams, who searched the Internet for government consultants with expertise in unconventional weapons. Among the search results, Adams found a list of participants in an international conference on chemical weapons. One of them was David Kelly, who was identified as a senior adviser to the Ministry of Defence. At about five-thirty, Adams called Pam Teare, the ministry's director of news, and asked if David Kelly was the right name. She said it was.

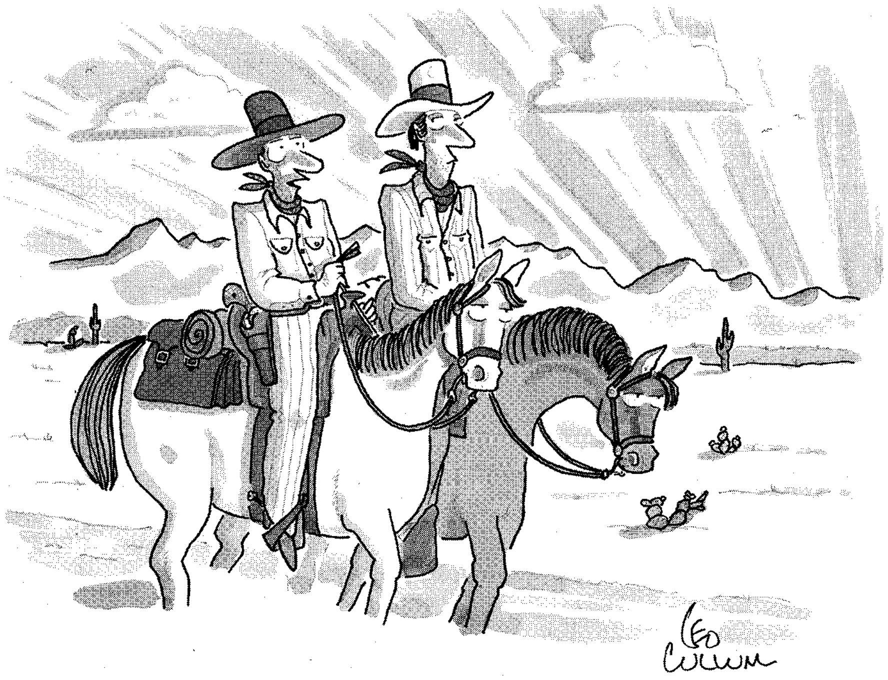
Kelly spent the afternoon in his vegetable garden. He told Janice he felt let down and betrayed. At three minutes past seven, Kelly's supervisor, Bryan Wells, called him on his cell phone and said the Ministry of Defence had released his name to reporters. Kelly didn't tell Janice immediately. He went to put his garden tools in the tool shed, which was next to the driveway. While he was at the front of the house, Nick Rufford, a reporter from the *Sunday Times*, pulled into the car park of the Wagon & Horses and walked across the road to speak to him.

According to Rufford, who had long suspected that Kelly was Gilligan's source, Kelly said he had just received a call alerting him to the fact that his identity had been made public. Kelly added that he was shocked that his name was coming out, saying, "I was told it would all be confidential." Rufford advised him to leave his house before he was besieged by journalists, telling him the *Sunday Times* would pick up his hotel bills. He also asked Kelly if he would write a story for the *Sunday Times*. Kelly said he would have to check with the Ministry of Defence press office. According to Rufford, the conversation was amicable and lasted about fifteen minutes.

Janice Kelly, however, who witnessed the encounter from the other end of the garden, told Lord Hutton that it lasted four or five minutes, at the end of which an angry Kelly said, "Please leave now." After Rufford departed, Kelly told her, his voice almost breaking, that he was to be named publicly that night. Rupert Murdoch, the owner of the *Sunday Times*, was offering to put them up in a hotel in return for his writing an article, he went on, but he had refused the offer, at which point Rufford had told him that the gloves were off.

Right after Rufford left, the Ministry of Defence press office called Kelly. By this time, journalists from the *Guardian* and the *Times* had obtained his name by a process of trial and error. (The defense correspondent of the *Times* put twenty names to the ministry before he got the right one.) After hanging up, Kelly told Janice they would have to leave immediately. They packed quickly, and within ten minutes or so were driving south toward the M4, a highway that goes from London to southwest England. A friend of Janice's owned a vacation home in Cornwall that was empty. During the drive, Kelly took a call from Olivia Bosch. He said to her, "I have cut and run."

After a sleepless night at a hotel in Weston-super-Mare, Kelly got up, ate breakfast, and read a story in the *Times* that described him as a middle-ranking official. Strictly speaking, this



"It's not so much riding off into the sunset as it is heading west till my asthma improves."

"I would never do a nude scene, unless the part really called for it."

was true: Kelly had never been admitted to the top grades of the civil service. But he had advised ministers, represented his country abroad, and received the Order of St. Michael and St. George. In a filing cabinet in his study, he had an official letter telling him that he was being considered for another official honor.

The Kellys reached Cornwall around noon, and Kelly got upset again. Janice was unable to comfort him, she later recounted, and she decided that the best she could do was to keep him busy and well fed. Perhaps they could convert their enforced trip into a kind of holiday, she thought. After all, they hadn't been away together in a long time.

The Kellys' marriage, like many others, is hard to fathom. He didn't discuss his work with Janice; he rarely mentioned his conversion to Baha'i to her; and he was away a lot, sometimes in the company of female friends, such as Mai Pederson, an Arab-American military linguist, whom he had met in Iraq. One of Pederson's ex-husbands told a British newspaper that she was a spy working for American military intelligence, a charge she refutes. It was Pederson who introduced Kelly to the Baha'i faith, an offshoot of Islam that preaches the value of spirituality, truth, and universal peace. He spent time in Monterey, California, where she was attached to the Defense Language Institute, and it was there, in 1999, that he became a Baha'i. The *Mail on Sunday* uncovered evidence that Kelly had received mail at her homes in Alabama and West Virginia. After Kelly's death, the Thames Valley Police interviewed Pederson, but the conversation added "nothing that was of relevance" to their inquiry, according to Michael Page, the Assistant Chief Constable. Mark Zaid, a Washington lawyer, issued a statement on Pederson's behalf denying that she and Kelly had a romantic attachment.

Kelly kept pieces of his life in different compartments, and, clearly, he was unable to unburden himself to his wife. The next morning, Friday, July 11th, they went to see the Lost Gardens of Heligan, a popular tourist attraction, but, according to Janice, Kelly was so withdrawn that he hardly seemed to notice the plants and flowers. He took several calls, including one from Bryan Wells, who told him that he had been asked to appear the following week before both the Intelligence and Security Committee and the Foreign Affairs Committee, with the latter hearing to be televised. According to Wells, Kelly took the news stoically, saying, "If I am asked, I will do it." His wife remembers things differently. She said Kelly went "ballistic" after learning that he would have to appear on television. "He just did not like that idea at all," she told Lord Hutton. "He felt it—he did not say this in so many words, but he felt it would be a continuation of a kind of reprimand in the public domain."

The decision to have Kelly testify before the Foreign Affairs Committee had been taken at the highest levels. On July 10th, Jonathan Powell, Blair's chief of staff, sent an e-mail to Alastair Campbell and other senior officials saying, "Tried PM out on Kelly before FAC and ISC next Tuesday. He thought he probably had to do both but need to be properly prepared beforehand. I passed this on to MOD." Tom Kelly replied, "This is now a game of chicken with the Beeb—the only way they will shift is if they see the screw tightening." The one obstacle to Kelly's appearing before the committees was Sir Kevin Tebbit, who pointed out that the Foreign Affairs Committee had already completed its report. "A further reason for avoiding two hearings, back to back, is to show some regard for the man himself," Tebbit wrote to Geoff Hoon. "He has come forward voluntarily, is not used to being thrust into the public eye, and is not on trial." Tebbit's objections were overruled, and Kelly was dispatched to appear before both committees.

On Sunday, July 13th, Kelly travelled from Cornwall to Oxford, where he had arranged to stay for a few nights with his daughter Rachel, away from the media. When he arrived, his appearance shocked Rachel. "There was a lot of distress and anxiety, perhaps a bit of humiliation," she said at the Hutton inquiry. "He was seeing his daughter for the first time since all this news about his work had broken, and I was just very surprised. He almost—he did not seem quite like a broken man, that is probably too strong a term, but he was certainly very distressed."

Tuesday, July 15th, the date of the Foreign Affairs Committee hearing, was Kelly's thirty-sixth wedding anniversary, but Janice had remained behind in Cornwall. Kelly took the nine-fifteen train to London. A bomb scare in Parliament Square meant that he had to walk part of the way to the House of Commons and fight his way through a media scrum. The hearing room was warm and stuffy, but Kelly kept his jacket on as he sat before the television cameras. The previous day, he had met with Bryan Wells and Martin Howard, of Defence Intelligence, to discuss what he would say. Kelly had said he would stick to the line that the government's over-all Iraq policy was a matter for ministers. He had asked whether he could also say that he didn't believe he was Gilligan's primary source, to which Howard had replied that he should follow his conscience.

Kelly was a highly intelligent man who took pride in his powers of analysis. He must have known that the main reason he had been sent to Westminster was to discredit Gilligan and provide support for an embattled government. But if he criticized Gilligan's reporting too sharply Gavin Hewitt or Susan Watts might well come forward and defend a BBC colleague. Watts, in particular, could have pointed out that Kelly had twice told her that the September dossier was transformed at the behest of the Downing Street press office.

Understandably, Kelly was cautious. In a voice so soft that he was asked three times to speak up, he described the dossier as a fair representation of the available evidence, and said Gilligan's broadcast was "not a factual account of my interactions with him." Asked whether he was the source of the allegation that Alastair Campbell was responsible for "sexing up" the dossier, he replied, "I cannot recall using the name Campbell in that context. It does not sound like a thing that I would say."

Several M.P.s said Kelly's testimony did not convince them that Gilligan's story had originated with him. Kelly agreed, saying, "I do not believe I am the source." This wasn't what Downing Street wanted to hear, but it won Kelly the sympathy of some members of the committee. Sir John Stanley suggested that Kelly had been thrown to the wolves. Andrew Mackinlay said, "I reckon you are chaff. You have been thrown up to divert our probing. Have you ever felt like a fall guy? You have been set up, have you not?" Kelly refused to be drawn by these provocateurs. "I accept the process that is going on," he told Mackinlay.

The first time Kelly appeared unnerved was when David Chidgey, a Liberal Democrat M.P., asked him about his dealings with Susan Watts. Kelly replied that he had met her on one occasion. Chidgey then read out a lengthy quote:

> In the run-up to the dossier the government was obsessed with finding intelligence to justify an immediate Iraqi threat. While we were agreed on the potential Iraqi threat in the future there was less agreement about the threat the Iraqis posed at the moment. That was the real concern, not so much what they had now but what they would have in the future, but that unfortunately was not expressed strongly in the dossier, because that takes the case away for war, to a certain extent.

Chidgey paused, and then read out another quote:

> The 45 minutes was a statement that was made and it got out of all proportion. They were desperate for information. They were pushing hard for information that could be released. That was one that popped up and it was seized on and it was unfortunate that it was.

When Chidgey had finished, he turned to Kelly and said, "I understand from Ms. Watts that this is the record of a meeting you had with her. Do you still agree with those comments?" Kelly hesitated. "I do not recognize those comments, I have to say," he said awkwardly. Later in the hearing, Richard Ottaway, a Conservative M.P., read parts of the same quote, pointing out that Watts had used it in a report on "Newsnight." Again, Kelly seemed taken aback. "It does not sound like my expression of words," he said. Ottaway pressed him further, saying, "You deny that those are your words?" Kelly replied, "Yes."

Some British journalists believe that these exchanges contain the key to Kelly's death. When he heard his own words read back to him, they argue, he must have realized that his double game—the practice of saying one thing to reporters and another to his superiors—was over. Chidgey had stated live on television that Susan Watts had identified Kelly as the source of her "Newsnight" report. Once Kelly's bosses realized that he had misled them about his contacts with Watts, he would be exposed as a leaker and a liar.

It is a plausible theory, but the evidence supporting it isn't overwhelming. When the hearing ended, Bryan Wells, who had escorted Kelly, congratulated him on his performance. Kelly seemed greatly relieved that his public ordeal was over. Although he had to testify the following day before the Intelligence and Security Committee, the hearing would be held in private. That evening, he spoke with Olivia Bosch. He told her that the questions about the Susan Watts quote had thrown him, but his tone seemed curious rather than alarmed. "Is that the kind of thing I could have said all in one long go?" Bosch recalls him asking.

Kelly also mentioned the Susan Watts quote to his sister, Sarah Pape, who called to find out how he was doing. He added that he had been heartened that a number of friends and colleagues had offered their support. Pape, who is a plastic surgeon, often deals with car-crash victims and other injured people who have suicidal thoughts. In the weeks following this conversation with her brother, she anguished over whether she had missed anything. But she doesn't think she did. "He certainly did not convey to me that he was feeling depressed; and absolutely nothing that would have alerted me to the fact that he might have been considering suicide," she told Lord Hutton.

The next day, Kelly answered questions before the Intelligence and Security Committee with no reporters or cameras present. After the session ended, he seemed to have regained some peace of mind. He told a colleague that the pressure associated with the hearings had been worse than his Ph.D. orals. He also spoke with Bryan Wells about his upcoming trip to Iraq, and they agreed to a tentative departure date of Friday, July 25th, which was just nine days away. In the evening, when Rachel met him at Oxford station, he seemed much more talkative than he had been. He said he was eager to return to Southmoor, so he could do some work on his computer. Rachel persuaded him to stay for dinner. Janice Kelly arrived in Oxford from Cornwall at about eight-thirty. After having dinner with Rachel and her fiancé, Kelly and Janice loaded their bags into his car. Rachel promised to visit Kelly the following evening. During the journey to Southmoor, Kelly didn't say much. When he got home, he went into his study and downloaded some e-mails. Then he went to bed.

On Thursday, July 17th, Kelly got up at about eight-thirty, had breakfast, and went into his study. Andrew Mackinlay, from the Foreign Affairs Committee, had asked the Ministry of Defence to list all the journalists Kelly had met during the previous two years, including Andrew Gilligan, and to supply the dates and purposes of these meetings. In addition, the clerk of the committee had asked Kelly to catalogue all his contacts with journalists, not just meetings. At 9:22 A.M., Kelly sent an e-mail to a colleague, Wing Commander John Clark, who had agreed to collate his replies and pass them on to Bryan Wells for approval. In response to Mackinlay, Kelly named five journalists besides Gilligan that he had met: Jane Corbin and Tom Mangold, of the BBC; Nick Rufford, of the *Sunday Times;* Alex Nicoll, of the *Financial Times;* and Philip Sen, of *The Engineer.* In reply to the clerk of the Foreign Affairs Committee, Kelly provided a list of twenty-four reporters, noting it was "essentially a list of those journalists that I have business cards for or have recorded in my electronic contacts list." The names included "Susan Wells, BBC," an apparent typo, but they didn't include Gavin Hewitt.

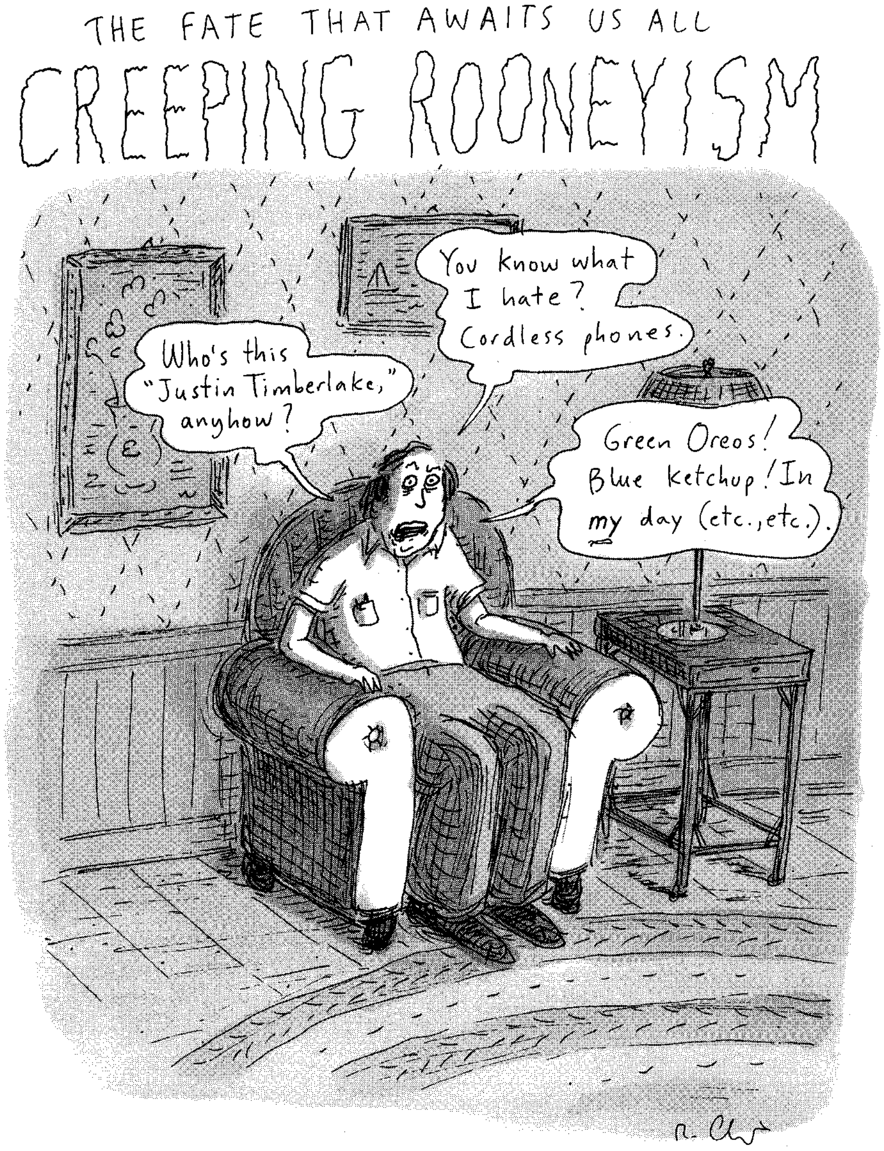
At about ten o'clock, Kelly spoke with Clark. He said that he was holding up all right, although his wife had taken things badly and was upset. They talked about Kelly's return to Iraq and confirmed the departure date. "Dr Kelly was very keen to get back to Iraq to support the ISG," Clark told Lord Hutton. After the conversation, he booked Kelly a flight. Kelly also spoke with Olivia Bosch, whom he called to ask for a reporter's name. Bosch got the impression that Kelly was considering adding more contacts with journalists to his lists. "I think I am just going to mention all of them," he told her.

Shortly before noon, Janice went into the study to show Kelly some photographs. He hadn't quite finished. Some senior officials at the Ministry of Defence had suggested restructuring his contacts list to distinguish one-on-one interviews from casual encounters and phone calls. Kelly made the changes, and sent them to Clark. He also spent some time replying to friends and colleagues who had sent him supportive e-mails. Judith Miller, of the New York *Times*, had written to him the previous evening, "David, I heard from another member of your fan club that things went well for you today. Hope it's true. J." Kelly wrote back, "I will wait until the end of the week before judging. Many dark actors playing games. Thanks for your support. I appreciate your friendship at this time. Best, David."

The phrase "dark actors playing games" has attracted a lot of attention, but there is no way of telling what Kelly was referring to. After his death, some of his friends initially refused to believe that he had committed suicide, but the physical evidence seems incontrovertible. Still, most of the e-mails Kelly sent suggest that he was looking forward to the coming weeks. "Many thanks for your thoughts," he wrote to one colleague. "It has been difficult. Hopefully it will all blow over by the end of the week and I can travel to Baghdad and get on with the real work." In all, Kelly sent eight e-mails, six of which referred to his upcoming departure for Iraq. At the Hutton inquiry, Keith Hawton, a professor of psychiatry at Oxford University who is one of Britain's leading experts on suicide, was asked about Kelly's state of mind when he wrote these messages. "A logical conclusion would be that he was not thinking of suicide at that time," Hawton replied.

Of course, Kelly may have been keeping his innermost thoughts to himself. He must have known that, even if he returned to Iraq, he wouldn't necessarily be able to put the Gilligan affair behind him. Earlier that morning, the Ministry of Defence had forwarded Kelly copies of four more parliamentary questions, in which Bernard Jenkin, who was then the Conservative spokesman on defense, had demanded to know if his dealings with Gilligan had breached government regulations, and if the Ministry of Defence would be taking disciplinary action against him. The deadline for answering these questions was not until September 8th.

At about twelve-thirty, Janice saw Kelly sitting alone in the living room, something he rarely did. She made some sandwiches, but when they sat down to eat Kelly said hardly anything. In Janice's testimony to Lord Hutton, she said that


THE FATE THAT AWAITS US ALL
CREEPING ROONEYISM
Who's this "Justin Timberlake," anyhow?
You know what I hate? Cordless phones.
Green Oreos! Blue ketchup! In my day (etc., etc.).

he looked like a man with a broken heart, but added that she had no idea that he might be considering doing himself harm. She wasn't feeling well herself, and she decided to go upstairs and lie down. Kelly said that he would probably go out for his afternoon walk, and returned to his study.

Wells had by then authorized a final version of Kelly's answers to the first set of parliamentary questions. However, shortly after two, Peter Watkins, the private secretary to the Minister of Defence, called Wing Commander Clark and requested some last-minute changes, including more details about Kelly's contacts with Susan Watts. Just before three, Janice came downstairs and saw Kelly talking on the phone. Clark had called him to discuss what to include about Watts. The news that the Minister of Defence's private office had zeroed in on his contacts with Watts can hardly have been reassuring news to Kelly. He and Clark agreed to say, "He met with Susan Watts (BBC) following his presentation at the Foreign Office Open Day on the 5 November 2002. Other than those noted above, Dr Kelly does not have records of contacts with journalists." No mention was made of Kelly's lengthy conversations with Watts in May. Minutes after hanging up with Clark, Kelly put on his jacket and walked out the door. Janice, who had gone back upstairs, didn't hear him leave.

The summer of 2003 in Britain was one of the hottest and driest on record. Hyde Park turned brown, and the temperature at Heathrow Airport reached a hundred degrees for the first time in a century. On Monday, August 11th, in this strangely tropical atmosphere, Lord Hutton started taking evidence about the circumstances surrounding Kelly's death. When Tony Blair's motorcade arrived at the Royal Courts of Justice on the morning of Thursday, August 28th, the protesters were waiting for him with posters—"WANTED: Bush and Blair for War Crimes," "Bliar, Bliar, Iraq's on Fire"—and chants: "Tony, Tony, Tony: Out! Out! Out!" Nick Buxton, a thirty-one-year-old Web-site manager, was wearing a Pinocchio nose. "The problem is the Hutton inquiry looks at only part of the picture," he told me. "It's turned into a row between the BBC and the government. That's not the point. The point is, was the war justified and has it led to the things they said it would?"

For more than two hours, Blair answered questions put to him by James Dingemans, Q.C., Lord Hutton's senior counsel, a strapping former rugby player.

"I date everything before I freeze it, so I know when to throw it away."

"I do not think we need an introduction," Dingemans began. "May I start with the dossiers?" After six and a half years in power, Blair, at fifty, has gray hair above his ears and deep lines on his forehead. (In October, he was briefly hospitalized for an irregular heartbeat.) He said that the September dossier described the available evidence "in a way that was perfectly justified," and insisted that he had been unaware of any unhappiness in the intelligence agencies about its contents. He also stressed how seriously he had taken Andrew Gilligan's claim that the government had deliberately misled the public, saying, "Had the allegation been true, it would have merited my resignation." He denied deliberately leaking Kelly's identity, although on this he was uncharacteristically vague, averring, "It was an extremely difficult and unusual set of circumstances."

After the Prime Minister left the witness stand, Andrew Grice, the political editor of the *Independent*, commented to me that he had "got off easy." That may be true, but Kelly's death concentrated public anger about the war in Iraq and gave it a human focus. As Blair's motorcade departed, the early edition of the *Evening Standard* was reporting, "50th British Soldier Killed in Iraq as Mob Opens Fire with Guns and Grenades." Twenty-four hours later, Alastair Campbell announced his resignation, saying that he had been planning to leave for some time. Downing Street promptly unveiled an overhaul of its media operation, which was clearly designed to project the image that it was putting spin behind it.

More than seventy witnesses testified at the inquiry. They included former colleagues of Kelly's, family members, journalists, police officers, pathologists, medics, intelligence experts, Downing Street officials, Cabinet ministers, and an expert on the Baha'i faith. Every so often, Lord Hutton, who spent twenty years locking up suspected terrorists in Northern Ireland, would interrupt and, in his aristocratic accent, ask a question. If he liked the answer, he would nod. If he didn't, he would stare at the witness over his half-moon spectacles and emit a long and strangulated "Yeeee-es."

Gilligan was among the first witnesses. Under questioning from Dingemans, he conceded that some of the language in his May 29th broadcasts, especially the earlier one, "was not perfect." Gilligan also admitted that it was he, and not Kelly, who first uttered the phrase "sexed up"; Kelly merely repeated back to him the phrase that launched a thousand headlines. The reporter's standing was further tarnished when it emerged that it was also he, and not Susan Watts, who alerted David Chidgey to Watts's "Newsnight" report and suggested that Kelly must be the source. "That's it!" an excited BBC reporter, who doesn't work for "Today," exclaimed to me when this snippet emerged. "Gilligan killed Kelly by shopping him to the Foreign Affairs Committee."

Gavyn Davies, the BBC's chairman, didn't fare much better. Try as he might, the doleful former investment banker couldn't explain why the BBC had failed to retract at least some of Gilligan's claims. However, the BBC's discomfort was small consolation to the government, which suffered one embarrassment after another as it struggled to justify its treatment of Kelly. On the last day of the hearings, in the middle of October, Sir Kevin Tebbit confirmed that the trail led all the way to Blair, pointing out that the Prime Minister had presided over the crucial meeting, in Downing Street on July 8th, where the decision to identify Kelly was made.

Two of the most dramatic moments came when Sir John Scarlett and Sir Richard Dearlove, the head of MI6, who is officially known only as "C," emerged from secrecy to answer Dingemans's questions. Both of them insisted that the compilation of the September dossier had been perfectly proper, but they also revealed some damning information. Dingemans asked Dearlove, who gave his testimony from a remote location, with only an audio feed into the courtroom, whether the dossier had given undue prominence to the forty-five-minutes claim:

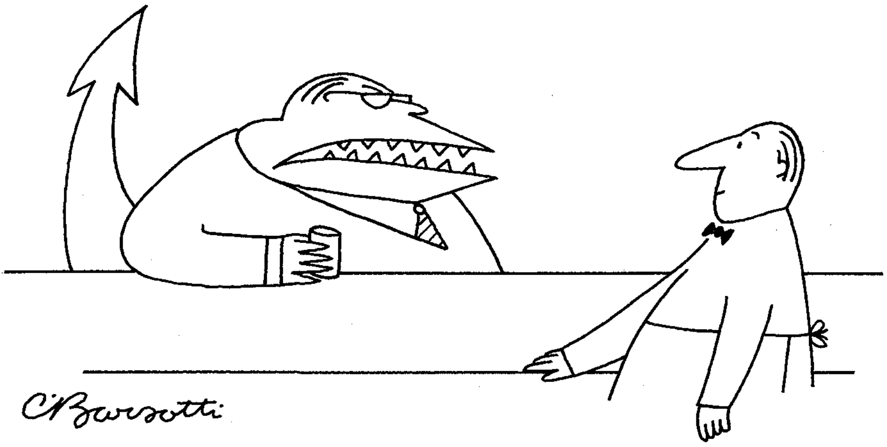
> DEARLOVE: Well, I think given the misinterpretation that was placed on the forty-five-minutes intelligence, with the benefit of hindsight you can say that is a valid criticism. But I am confident that the intelligence was accurate and that the use made of it was entirely consistent with the original report.
>
> LORD HUTTON: Would you just elaborate what you mean by the misinterpretation placed on the forty-five-minutes claim?
>
> DEARLOVE: Well, I think the original report referred to chemical and biological munitions, and that was taken to refer to battlefield weapons. I think what subsequently happened in the reporting was that it was taken that the forty-five minutes applied, let us say, to weapons of a longer range.

This exchange surely demonstrates that Gilligan was right when he reported that the dossier had been "sexed up," and that Kelly was right when he told Gavin Hewitt, "No. 10 spin came into play." Iraqi battlefield weapons loaded with chemical and biological warheads, even if they did exist—and none have been found—presented no threat to the stability of the Middle East, still less to Britain and the United States. Documentary evidence provided to the inquiry demonstrated that senior people inside Downing Street knew the evidence about Iraqi W.M.D. was weak. Shortly before the dossier was published, Jonathan Powell, Blair's chief of staff, sent an e-mail to John Scarlett saying, "The document does nothing to demonstrate a threat, let alone an imminent threat, from Saddam. . . . We will need to make it clear in launching the document that we do not claim that we have evidence that he is an imminent threat." This warning had been ignored.

Where Gilligan and Kelly went wrong was in asserting that the dossier was transformed against the wishes of the intelligence agencies. In fact, the people in charge of the agencies went along with Downing Street's deception. Kelly, whose intelligence contacts were fairly low-level, had no way of knowing this. Unfortunately, he had to die for the full truth to emerge.

Lord Hutton's report is expected next month. If it blames Blair for Kelly's death, the Prime Minister might well be forced to resign, but such an assignation of responsibility seems unlikely. Ultimately, Kelly took his own life, for reasons that may never be entirely clear. "I still can't understand it, because he was so excited about going back to Iraq," one of his friends told me. "This was the culmination of ten years of hard labor. This was his life's work." Some people who knew Kelly think that the whole story of his death has yet to be told. "This was a man who reduced Dr. Germ, the Iraqi anthrax expert, to tears in an interrogation," James Bone, the London *Times* journalist who broke the story of Kelly's friendship with Mai Pederson, told me. "He was not somebody to buckle under media pressure, unless there was something else going on. There must be some other explanation." It recently emerged that Kelly's mother also killed herself, in 1964, following a stroke, a fact that may or may not be significant.

Blair is still trying, without much success, to persuade the British public that he and President Bush, who visited London last month, did the right thing. Despite the unpopularity of his Iraq policy, he isn't in any immediate peril. The next election doesn't have to be held until the spring of 2006, and the opposition Conservative Party, which recently changed its leader, is in poor shape. But the Prime Minister may never regain his reputation as an honest and straightforward man. A man lining up to get into the Hutton inquiry said of Blair, "If he told you the time, you'd check your watch." ♦



"Of course I had a good day."

• •

FICTION

SCREENWRITER

BY CHARLES D'AMBROSIO

How was I supposed to know that any mention of suicide to the phalanx of doctors making Friday rounds would warrant the loss of not only weekend-pass privileges but also the liberty to take a leak in private? My first suicidal ideations occurred to me when I was ten, eleven, twelve, something like that, and by now I was habituated to them and dreams of hurting myself (in the parlance of those places) formed a kind of lullaby I often used to rock myself to bed at night. I got into trouble when I told my p-doc I couldn't fall asleep until I'd made myself comfortable by drawing the blankets over my head and imagining I was closing the lid of my coffin. In confessing to him, I was only trying to be honest and accurate, a good patient, deserving. But no dice: the head p-doc put me on Maximum Observation and immediately I was being trailed around by a sober ex-athlete who, introducing himself, put a fatherly hand on my shoulder and squeezed and told me not to worry, he was a screenwriter, too—not as successful or rich as me, sure, but a screenwriter nonetheless. He said that his name was Bob and he let it be known that he'd only taken this position on the mental ward to gather material for his next script. Half the reason I was in the ward was to get away from the movies, but my whole time with Bob I kept wondering, Is this, or that, or this or that, or this, or this, or this going to be in a *movie*? Everywhere I went, he went, creeping along a few sedate paces back in soft-soled shoes, a shadow that gave off a disturbing susurrus like the maddening sibilance settling dust must make to the ears of ants.

One morning I was lying on my mattress, flipping through women's magazines, but after a while Bob started scratching his ankle, so I got up and went to the bathroom. Bob stood right behind me and in my state of excited self-consciousness the splashing of piss against the urinal cake was deafening, a cataract so loud it was like I'd managed, somehow, to urinate directly into my own ear. After that I watched a television show about a guy with massive arms but no legs climbing a mountain; with a system of pulleys and ropes he managed to belay himself up the slope like a load of bananas. He planted an American flag on the summit. This ruined man's struggle and eventual triumph moved me; in fact I began to cry. To calm myself I listened to the languorous *pick-pock* of two heavily medicated patients thwacking a Ping-Pong ball in the rec room, but there was a final *phut* and then that unnerving nothing, nothing at all, and finally an attack of the fantods drove me out to the patio. Where I sat, Bob sat, and pretty soon the patio started making me crazy, too. Sitting still—just sitting!—was like an equestrian feat. But if I stood up, if I walked in circles, then Bob would have to stand up and walk in circles with me.

The patio was perched high above the F.D.R. and the East River and caged in with chain-link fencing. Concrete benches were scattered around like cuttlebone and there were potted shrubs in each corner. Scavenging pigeons and seagulls flocked overhead, vaguely white and whirling in the wind. I crushed saltines in their cellophane packets and poured the crumbs in the lap of my paper gown and fed the pieces to the birds.

Bob said, "Are you gonna get better?"

I looked up from my lap and said, "This isn't very interesting, is it?"

"I didn't say that."

"I know you want to write a movie. You're looking for material. But this—it's not a thriller, that's for sure."

"And it's not a whodunit because, like, you're not doing anything."

A young woman known on the ward as the ballerina was dancing across the patio. By the way she kept her hair twisted into a prim, tight bun, and by her body, which seemed to have a memory separate from her mind, a strict memory of its own, you immediately guessed she was a dancer. Her grandparents were with her, two hunched-up people in colossal overcoats and tiny black shoes, people I assumed were immigrants or refugees, because their clothes were so out-of-date, like from the nineteenth century, and because, all bent over, they looked wary and vigilant, as though they were ducking. Lumpen, I kept thinking, or lumpenproletariat—when I probably meant just plain lumpy. Every evening they came to visit their granddaughter, and now they sat on a bench and watched as she swooped like a bird through the lengthening shadows. The old man smoked an unfiltered cigarette, working his tongue in a lizardy fashion to free the flecks of tobacco lodged in his teeth. The old lady sat with her knuckle-like face rapt, a Kleenex balled in her fist. She was crying for the beauty of her granddaughter, and in motion the girl *was* beautiful, she was ecstatic. She wore a sacklike standard-issue paper gown the same as me and she was barefoot. Her arms floated away from her body as though she were trying to balance a feather on the tip of each finger. Then she jumped around, modern and spasmodic, as if the whole point of dance were to leap free of your skin. She raced from one end of the patio to the other, flew up, twirling and soaring, clawing the fence with her fingers and setting the links to shiver. But as soon as her grandparents left, *blam*, the dance in her died. She went cataleptic.

I clapped, and said, "That was nice. *Brava, brava. Bravissima!*"

"Got a smoke?" she said.

I rose to hand her a cigarette and my lighter and to look into her strange blue eyes. "You're really a good dancer," I said.

"No I'm not," she said.

Her voice had no affect and its deadness sat me right back down on the bench. She turned away and flicked the wheel of the lighter, cupping the cigarette out of the wind. A paper plate rolled as if chased, around and around the patio, like a child's game without the child. A white moth fell like a flower petal from the sky, dropped through a link in the fence, and came to light on my hand. The cooling night wind raised gooseflesh on my arms, and a cloud of smoke ripped into the air. The girl's gown was smoldering. A leading edge of orange flame was chewing up the hem. I rose from my seat to tell the ballerina she was on fire. The moth flew from my hand, a gust fanned the flames, there was a flash, and the girl ignited, lighting up like a paper lantern. She was cloaked in fire. The heat moved in waves across my face and I had to squint against the brightness. The ballerina spread her arms and levitated, *sur les pointes*, leaving the patio as her legs, ass, and back emerged phoenix-like out of this paper chrysalis, rising up until finally the gown sloughed from her shoulders and sailed away, a tattered black ghost ascending

JASON TODD (1999)

in a column of smoke and ash, and she lowered back down, naked and white, standing there, pretty much unfazed, in first position.

After a month on the p-ward you don't get telegrams or get-well cards or stuffed animals anymore, and the petals fall off your flowers and curl like dead skin on the dresser top while the stems go soft and rot in their vases. That's a bad stretch, that Sargasso in the psych ward when the last winds of your old life die out. In the real world I was still legally married—my wife was a film producer, but she'd left me for a more glamorous opportunity, the star of our most recent movie. The script I'd written was somewhat autobiographical and the character he played was modelled after my dead father. So now my wife was banging Dad's doppelgänger and I hadn't talked to her in I don't know how long. In between therapy sessions and the administration of the usual battery of tests (Thematic Apperception, Rorschach, M.M.P.I.), as well as blood-draws and vitals, I sat on the sofa in the lounge, hoping for a certain zazen zeroness—serene and stupid—but mostly getting hung up on cravings for tobacco. One night after dinner I sat on the sofa and moved my finger to different locations around my head—below the ear, right in the ear, above the eyeball, against the roof of my mouth—experimenting with places to put the gun. I tried filling the dreary hours with poetry—my first love—but I'd been a script doctor too long. I hadn't futzed with an iamb in ages, and the words just dog-paddled around the page, senselessly. I was desperate enough for a nicotine high to harvest some of the more smokable butts out of the Folgers coffee cans the staff filled with kitty litter and set out on the patio. The pickings were slim, though; in the p-ward people tend to smoke their cigarettes ravenously. You look around, and everybody's got burnt, scabby fingers just like the Devil.

Finally I worked up the nerve to bum a smoke from Carmen, an operatic Italian woman who was my next-door neighbor on the ward. She tapped one free of her pack. It looked like a sterile, all-white, hospital-issue ciggie that would never do anything bad, such as give you cancer. I drew it under my nose, giving it a sniff in the manner of a man with a fine cigar.

"You saved my life," I said. "Could I bother you for a match?"

"You know," she said, "I grew up a only child and was chased by every kid in my school! Teased all my life, my mom's dressin' me didn't help! I was the school clown, I can never remember being happy as a child, sexually abused from eleven to fourteen, then I started to run away at sixteen, raped several times, tried suicide several times . . . then I met a thirty-five-year-old man, got pregnant, married him, suffered beatings for seven years, left him, alone, had nowhere to go, three kids, I collapsed, went for the sixth time into the hospital . . . came out, nowhere to go, so I stayed with this guy, a friend, we started to mess around, I had my fourth child, now when I look back at it all, phew, I never had love, I hate my life, I wish I was never born, I get days when I feel so stupid that taking a bath takes two hours 'cause I can't think!"

Man, on the p-ward you asked for a match and people told you stuff. After a week you knew everybody's etiology. Illness was our lingua franca. Patients announced their worst infirmities right off, but no one dared talk about normal life. Oh, no—that was shameful and embarrassing, a botch you didn't bring up in polite conversation. Fearing I might blow my chance for a pass if I hung around Carmen, I grabbed a book of matches from a table in the Ping-Pong room and stepped out onto the patio. But the ballerina was out there, dancing.

"Got an extra smoke?" she asked.

"I don't want any encore of the last

THE COMB

Certain mornings, I breathe in and kiss
your comb I've kept, a brown
celluloid you had.
Waiting in the atmosphere, a friendly warmth.
Epidermal, phenomenal, fantasia,

wool, silk, touch, headgear,
your hair. When the sun comes up,
I go to the bedroom where
I left your old comb, like a
last cohabitation.

And closer than photographs
to you, I can't speak of death, the morbidity
not to be understood by comforters,
their bottled tears and laughter
if I told them.

Like a Faulkner rose, in
all extremes. Momentarily vanquished
by our comb you used to use every
day. Communicating, wielding,
all I have of you.

And in the eye of civility, certainly
not the way to be. The old celluloid type,
the comb's manufactured amber
light pressed to my lips, like an
unconsummated wafer.

—*Jane Mayhall*

time," I said. "Besides, I only got this one. I'll share it with you if you want."

She sat beside me on the bench. Her skin smelled of ointments and steroid creams.

I said, "Are you a professional?"

"Professional nutcase," she said.

"No, really."

"I've been in here and uptown at Columbia for like a donkey's year."

"I meant are you a dancer."

"Not with this body."

"Why do you say that?"

"Do you have a knife?"

"I haven't worn pants in five weeks."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing. I just don't have any pockets. No wallet, no keys, no spare change, no lint, no rabbit's foot, and no knife. It's emasculating. Why do you want a knife, anyway?"

"Never mind."

Her nose was fat and fruitlike, a nose for pratfalls and slapstick, not jetés and pirouettes and pliés and whatnot. But her lips were lovely, the color of cold meat, and her eyes, sunk deep in their sockets, were clear blue. When you looked into them, you half expected to see fish swimming around at the back of her head, shy ones.

"All I ever wanted to do was dance, all I've ever done is dance, and I grew up into a linebacker."

"Yeah, well, I wanted to be a screenwriter, and guess what. I am one. That's the other tragedy in life." I eased back against the fence. "Anyway, you got nice legs. I don't know what you're talking about."

"My thighs, stupid!"

From the patio you could see the red gondolas rising over the East River, pendent and swaying as they made their way to Roosevelt Island. The sun was setting and I thought it would be so calm and beautiful to be hanging in a bucket way above everything, especially if they could just ride you out over the river and suspend you there, bobbing around, twilight for all time, the sun never going down, the glass forever warm, just hanging out in a lovely red bucket with that senile light dusting your cheeks.

"Calm down." I lit the cigarette and passed it to her. "Your legs are fine."

She smiled. "Well, thank you," she said. Then she puckered her lips, made a loud wet smack, sucked down a single deep drag, exhaled, and drove the cigarette into her thigh. She twisted and snubbed and jammed the coal against her skin, staring at the burn, red and flecked with ash, until the last live cinder died out.

"You ought to quit smoking," I said.

Bob followed us back to her room, where she applied some kind of topical anodyne, smoothing the white cream into her wound, dreamy as a lover, and crawled into bed.

"Why'd you do that?"

"If I knew, I wouldn't be here, now would I?"

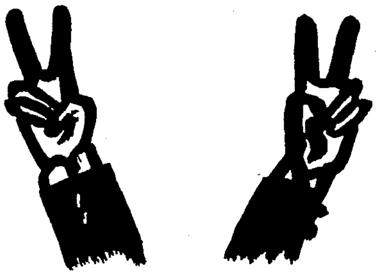
"Sure you might. You might know exactly why you did it but you might not be able to stop yourself anyway."

I leaned over her bed and tried to kiss her but she put a hand to my lips.

After that, I came to see her every night. I totally dug her broken bohemian thing, it was so the opposite of my trajectory, my silly success. I'd made a million dollars each of the last four years running and never felt worse in my life. I'm not whining—I'm not one of those whiners. One of those affluent crybabies. But I'd lost the plot and was afraid that if my life improved any more I'd vanish. By contrast a woman setting herself on fire seemed very real; on doctor's orders, she was strapped in at nine o'clock sharp, pinned to the flat board of her bed like a specimen. At first it was unnerving to talk to a woman who was lashed to her bed with a contraption of leather belts and heavy brass buckles, so I angled my seat away from her face and spoke to her knees, which looked, in the faint blue light, as though they'd been carved by water from a bar of soap.

"How are you?" I said.

She seesawed her wrist, *comme ci, comme ça,* beneath a band of heavy saddle leather. The leather was burnished to a rich gloss by the straining of a thousand sweaty wrists on a thousand other agonized nights.



"Would you grab me an orange?"

I fetched an orange from a basket and peeled it; it was especially fragrant in the semidark. Bob was sitting in a chair in the hallway and I could hear the dry scratch of his pencil as he took notes. I didn't care. The ballerina's window was open and in the breeze the heavy curtains swept aside and the hospital courtyard, with its scalloped pattern of cobblestones, its wet bare trees and February emptiness, seemed like a scene recollected from an expatriate life in Paris that I'd never lived, a moment out of some tawdry romance I'd never had in my youth.

"Make sure you peel as much of the yuck off as possible," she said. "I hate the yuck."

"I hate the yuck, too," I said, and held a jewelled segment over her mouth. Her lips spread and her tongue slid forward. It had been ages since I'd fed anyone. It was excellent the way, when I held the crescent of orange there, poised above her blue lips, her mouth just opened. I dangled another piece and watched her mouth open like a little starveling bird's and then I pulled the piece away and watched her mouth close. Then I gave it to her.

"You don't have a match, do you?" I put a cigarette in my mouth. "A pyro like yourself."

"I'd love a smoke."

"I bet you would. Why do you burn yourself?"

"My doctor's theory is it puts the pain in a place I can find it. On the outside."

"I know exactly what he means. I thought making movies was going to be that way. Now I'd just rather be crucified."

"I don't like your mind."

"Yeah, well, I'm not here for a pedicure."

"Untie me," she whispered.

"No can do," I said.

"Please."

"Can't."

"We'll just smoke that cig and then you can buckle me right back up."

"I don't have any matches."

She smiled. "I do."

She told me to lift the table lamp and underneath it I found a cache of contraband matches. Each individual match had been ripped from the book

Goose Down Robe

Surround yourself in warm, light-weight elegance. Supersoft easy care cotton fabric. Contrast piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, peach, bluette, lt. green, navy, burgundy or teal. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Reg. $160, **Sale $89**. Shipping and handling $7.95. Matching Goose Down Slippers in sizes XS, S, M, L. Reg $38, **Sale $22**. Shipping $4.95.

☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415-472-2154

☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders.

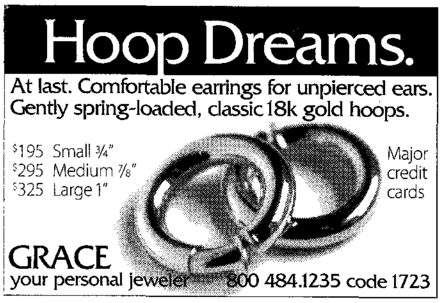
CA residents add 7.25% tax.

FREE SHIPPING & HANDLING when you purchase both Robe & Slippers.

WARM THINGS

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY
San Rafael, CA 94903
415-472-2154
Ship within 48 hrs.

www.warmthingsonline.com



Hoop Dreams.

At last. Comfortable earrings for unpierced ears. Gently spring-loaded, classic 18k gold hoops.

$195 Small ¾"
$295 Medium ⅞"
$325 Large 1"

Major credit cards

GRACE
your personal jeweler 800 484.1235 code 1723

Kaleidoscope Jewelry
14K Gold Ruby or Emeralds ~ $950

By Massimo
Phone: 212.740.4482
massimo@imagokaleidoscopes.com

IRONWORK.COM
fine metal crafts

WORDDANCE
LITERARY MAGAZINE BY KIDS
*
1.800.378.8815 1 year $18
www.worddance.com 2 years $35

and mustered in a neat, soldierly line, and the strip of striking was there, too, the whole kit flat enough to hide beneath the green felt base.

"Great, but I'll just hold the cig to your lips. I'm going to leave you strapped in for now."

We worked the cig down to a nub, fanning the smoke out the window, and then she yanked at the sides of her gown. A couple of the snaps popped open, and she pulled aside the paper. It made a rustling like the thin parchment pages of a Bible.

"This was the first time, after an audition for the Albany Ballet," she said, using her finger to trace a faint cicatrix the size of postage stamp. "I wanted a sharp blade, I just had the idea. I had a disposable razor for shaving my legs, so I put that in my mouth. I bit down on it real hard, trying to crack the plastic so I could get the blade free. But I couldn't get it. It wouldn't come out. I was so frustrated. I started crying. I lit a cigarette. I had no idea what that hand with the cigarette would do—it was like it was somebody else's.

"Sometimes, like this, I'm just tense," she said, pointing out an ellipsis of brown dots down the length of her belly, marks the size of moles she'd made by extinguishing stick matches against her skin. All along her body, a palimpsest of older lesions darkened beneath the rawer, more recent burns. Her arms were crosshatched with brands she'd seared into her skin with a coat hanger heated over a gas stove.

"Can I touch?" I asked.

She nodded.

I put my finger against a dark, hard burl on her outer thigh, an elevated lump as smooth as a chestnut. I ran the flat of my hand over her hip and down her leg. Whatever I touched prompted a story, some account: auditions, classes, Tuesday nights, phone calls, weddings. I'd been horny, but now I felt detached. This display of her body wasn't sexy, the way a tour of a battlefield isn't bloody.

In the p-hosp, of course, it was seriously against the rules to touch another patient, and being under Bob's constant surveillance didn't make it easy for us. In line at the cafeteria I'd palm my food tray with one hand and feel her solid balletic rump with the other. Or I'd play footsie with her under the table at Friday-night bingo. Or I'd grope her up in the little gymnasium where, for R.T., we played some of the sorriest games of volleyball you can imagine. In the typical draft that goes on against the fence at school, you know who the athletes are, who the sissies are, who to crib from in a history exam and avoid on the kickball team, but up on psych choosing a squad of decent players was primarily a pharmacological matter, something where, really, you wanted to consult the DSM-IV before you made your first selection. Choosing an appropriate sexual partner in a mental hospital was probably supposed to work along similar lines. You needed records!

With her malady, the ballerina wasn't really into fooling around, but I hoped her new medication, Manerix, which was supposed to dampen some of her desire to burn herself, might also lead by inverse ratio to an upsurge in her passion for old-fashioned sex. After a week, two weeks, I was getting frustrated. Most of the contact we made, skin to skin, was glancing and accidental, hardly more than what passes acceptably between strangers on the street. She had this terrific body, so looking and fantasizing was fine—for a while. But of course about this time I discovered that I couldn't whack off. My medication was giving me erectile hassles, plus Bob outside my open door didn't help. In anticipation of the day when the ballerina's Manerix would kick in I started pitching my cocktail of bupropion and lithium and clonazepam out the window.

But the ballerina made such great progress on her new meds that by the end of February her p-doc wanted her to practice sleeping through the night without restraints. After dinner we'd sit outside, on the patio, and watch the sun go down, knowing she was about to be released. And one morning, sure enough, I saw her dragging a wicker basket and a pillowcase full of clothes to the nurses' station. Departures on the psych ward were a big deal. People always swore they'd come back and visit but they never did. By the time you were a ward veteran like myself a little bit of your hope left with them and never fully returned. I expected I'd never see her again. She was cured, and that was tantamount to being gone, gone off to reside in some unfamiliar land. Her grandparents met her in the lounge with their hopeless, past-tense faces and their old leafy clothes; standing beside them in a gauzy spring dress, the ballerina seemed a mere puff of self, passing like a spirit out of their heavy Old World sadness, whatever it was about. She told me that as soon as I managed to wrangle my first pass she wanted to see me. She used a red felt pen to write her name and number across the hem of my gown, and we shook hands, but after she was gone and I took up my station on the sofa, I felt certain I wouldn't rise again until some angel came by and blew a trumpet.

It was maybe a couple weeks later, and I was no longer on Maximum Observation. Bob was gone and I was on my own. My window was open and little things stirred as they had in my childhood, so that the clothes scattered on the floor were once again the bodies of dead men. When I was a boy, my father and his six brothers seined for salmon out of Ilwaco, Washington, and every couple years one or another of them would wash up in the frog water around Chehalis Slough, drowned. The funerals seemed to last days, weeks, even months, as the remaining brothers gathered nightly in the Riptide bar and stared drunkenly into each other's eyes like dazed, speechless toads. Left at home, sleepless and alone—I have a mother somewhere, but I never knew her—I imagined that each shirt on the floor was a dead uncle and I could not leave the tipsy life raft of my bed, waiting out those long nights when the ocean fog was cool and full of premonitions and the beacon at the end of the breakwater threw green shadows against the walls of my room. Now I drew the blanket over my head. "Our Father who art in heaven . . . etc. . . . etc. . . . now and at the hour of our death amen!" When the coffin thing didn't put me to sleep I peeked over the satiny selvage of my blanket and stared at the ceiling and listened to the tedious complaints of patients as they wept into the pay phone across the hall: (8:02) . . . My parents had a bad marriage then divorced and married worse people . . . (8:07) . . . I'll show you what's the matter with me. Then I get my razor. I cut down sharp and quick. I scream and go out onto the court and bleed all over . . . (8:47) . . . it's hard to kill yourself by taking Tylenol. You die from liver failure, which takes a long time . . .

This kind of serial conversation went on night after night, a litany of complaint and outrage, right outside my door. People were hospitalized when their feelings reached an acute phase, but if you eavesdropped on all the jabbering, all the lonely, late-night calls, the whole long history of pain and madness fused into a single humdrum story, without much drama. It went flat. I'd been revolving in and out of various mental wards my whole life and previously had always considered myself touched and unique. I was kind of snobby about it—like a war vet, bitter and proud—but now I flipped the covers to the floor and queued up with all the other lunatics, waiting my turn.

"Look," I said, "can I come see you?"

"You can get out?" the ballerina asked.

"What're you saying?"

"Are you better?"

"No," I said. "Not really. But I'm off M.O."

She didn't say anything. On the p-ward you often found the pay phone swaying from the end of its metal cord like the pendulum of a clock, no one in sight. People just drifted away from conversations, too frazzled and forgetful to end the call or maybe too medicated and lethargic to hang up. That's what I was imagining when the ballerina went silent, the dangling phone.

"O.K.?" I said, finally.

"O.K.," she said.

I hung up and crawled back into bed and stared at the ceiling and listened. (9:31) . . . I swear I spent sixty per cent of my life puking . . . (9:33) . . . Then can you explain to me why every time I got in my car to go somewhere "Mr. Bojangles" was playing . . . (9:45) . . . I started keeping a journal almost two years ago. I used to write only when I was happy. Then I realized that I'd look back and think that my whole life was happy, so I started only writing when I was depressed. And I realized that I wasn't always depressed, so I started to write every day. Now I calculate I'm fifty per cent happy and fifty per cent

The Perfect Gift for a Gardener

And a bargain as well

Our gift certificates allow your gardening friends to select at leisure from the many hundreds of annuals, perennials, shrubs, and bulbs offered in our three seasonal catalogues. Quality is superb, service to match, every item guaranteed. To encourage your generosity, we offer a 20% discount on any gift certificate of $50 or more.

To order your gift certificates, please visit our Web site at **whiteflowerfarm.com** or call **1-800-503-9624** and mention Source Code 33059.

White Flower Farm

PLANTSMEN SINCE 1950

www.BarbaraMendes.org

NARRATIVE JEWISH ART

SIGNED LITHOS • POSTERS • GREETING CARDS • BOOKS

FREE E-CARDS • ONLINE STORE

Or send for a catalog from: BARBARA MENDES PRINTS
10742 Burbank Blvd. North Hollywood, CA 91601

Just Strings

- *Strings for Musical Instruments*
- *Guitar, Bass, Orchestral, Folk & Ethnic*
- *World's Largest Selection*

www.juststrings.com

Turtle Bracelet

Made by hand to last forever in Sterling Silver $185

Sofia Jewelry.com 800 939-0188

Money Managers

PMK Associates

Investment Management Advisory Services

Advising individuals and families on the selection of professional money managers

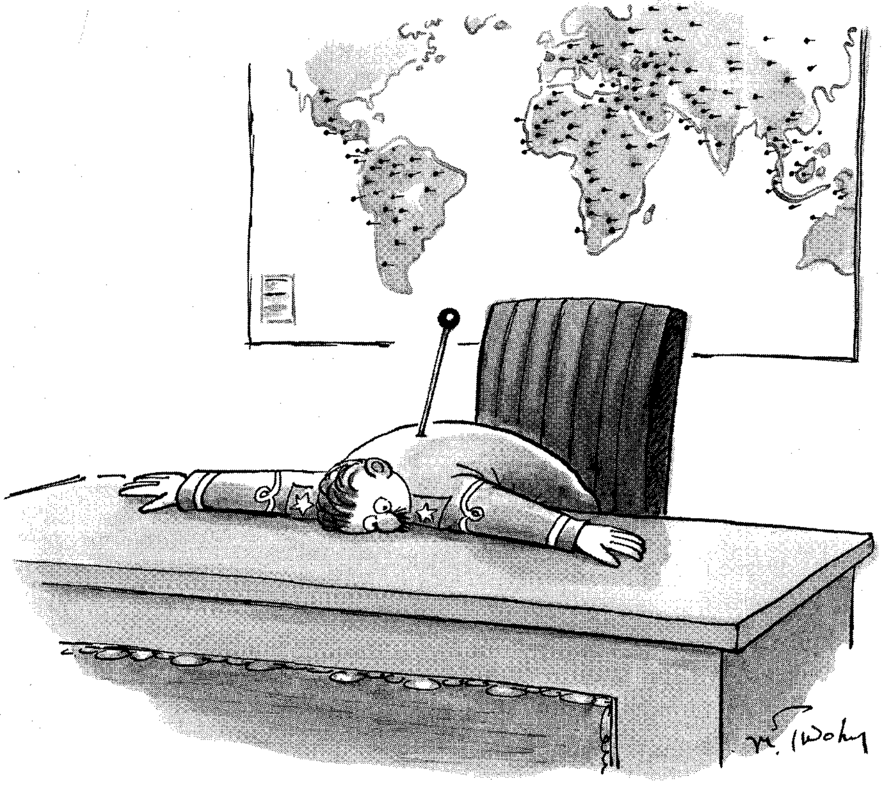
917-432-5439

depressed so I don't see the point of writing at all anymore . . . (10:07) . . . It hurts.

I used my very first pass to visit the ballerina. With three hours before lockdown, I caught a cab, stopped for a bottle of wine, then hustled over to her place, a small apartment just off Varick. She showed me around with exactly three gestures. "Kitchen," she said. "Bedroom. Bathroom." We uncorked the wine and toasted my new freedom.

After being abstemious for so long, I was drunk in no time. I bent and gave the ballerina a kiss on the tip of her big old nose and crossed the room in that deliberate way of drunks. Her bathroom was a frilly gift that one girl might give to another, an assortment of powders, soaps, oils, lotions, perfumes, sea sponges, lava stones, and so on. There were yellow candles set at the corners of the tub. Bath beads in translucent caps sat in jars like sapphires. A fragrant potpourri filled a blue glass bottle and there was a bar of brown soap with chunks of something abrasive, like sawdust, embedded in it. The whole place was stockpiled with not just your boring brand-name products but all these totally recherché and esoteric potions searched out in faraway quarters of the city. I opened the medicine cabinet and fingered through the shelves, reading. A jar of astringent lotion said that it would rid your skin of the toxins that are an inescapable part of modern life. I didn't believe it, of course, and yet who doesn't want to "revive" and "replenish," who doesn't love the words "pure" and "essential"? My p-doc hadn't been using any of this uplifting language, and after a couple months on the ward the exotica listed on the backs of these bottles—olive, kukui, St. John's-wort, wild yam—sounded good to me, sounded like the fruits of some heavenly place, an island off somewhere in the blue future. Hadn't Columbus set sail in search of these very ingredients?

Mixed in with all that humbug were the serious amber bottles of medication: Effexor, Paxil, Wellbutrin, Prozac, Zoloft, the whole starting roster of antidepressants. The ballerina couldn't have been taking them in combination, so what was the history here? I lined the bottles up according to the date the script had been filled at the pharmacy but the time line gave out about a month before she entered the psych ward. No refill for Manerix in sight. What was the deal? In a back row of the medicine chest she kept the scrubs and utility players, and I popped a few Tuinals, washing them down with water from the faucet, and then tapped a couple Xanax and Valium into my palm, to save for a rainy day. I took a leak and flushed the toilet and stared at myself in the mirror. My eyes were dark pits and my gums had turned a pulpy red. I seemed to be looking at the portrait of a man who hadn't eaten a piece of fruit in years.



When I came out she said, "Lots of medications, huh?"

"You got the whole library in there," I said.

"You were snooping around, trying to get a read on me. I know, so don't even bother saying you weren't."

"I said I was looking."

"I don't care. I always look, too. It's O.K."

I shrugged. "What's up with the Manerix?"

"That new antidepressant that's supposed to depress my depression better than the old antidepressants did?"

"Yeah, that one."

"I ditched it."

"Is that a good idea? How's it going, without meds?"

"I feel like burning myself, if that's what you mean."

For ten years I'd been dutiful and hardworking, cranking out those big-time Hollywood screenplays in order to bankroll a life style that broke the silly-meter. Now it was like, Bring on the degradation! Let's break through the bullshit and get real! I wished I'd brought another bottle of wine, to help lower me back into the bohemian hopes I'd had at twenty-five—literature and pussy. Baudelaire and women that stank like Gruyère! I'd never really wanted to write screenplays. I'd wanted to be a poet. And here I was, in poetry central. There were candles on the shelves, on the floor, fat and thin candles, tall and short, red and green and all the gradients of soft pastel, scented with the sweet and cloying flavors of guava, pomegranate, mango. Everything here was *luxe*, *calme*, and *volupté*, all right. In his Tahitian diary Gauguin wrote, "Life being what it is, we dream of revenge," a phrase whose ruthlessness used to be right up my alley. But what kind of revenge did I need when last year I'd managed to enjoy three summers, two springs, and four falls—one in Moscow, another in Florence, two more in Cairo and Burma? I was a touch manic, and after I walked off the set of my last movie, winter just didn't make it onto the itinerary.

I was like a god, laughing at the weather. Who needed Gauguin and his gaudy painted paradise? For me, now, the most extreme, remote, Polynesian corner of the globe was inside the ballerina's skull.

She crawled across the floor on her hands and knees and the front of her dress gaped open and showed her breasts just hanging in that lovely, lovely way, guavaish and weighty, ready for plucking. I reached in and pinched a nipple. She shrank back and told me she didn't feel like being touched tonight.

"You don't?"

"Not really," she said. "You look scared. Are you scared?"

"Scared?" I looked up at her. "I don't know. I don't even know who I am right now. I'm all bottomed out. I'm down here with the basal ganglia and the halibuts."

"Did you take any of my pills?"

"You bet."

"You liar! You did, too."

"I said I did, you goofy bitch!"

That started the ballerina pacing, head erect, back swayed, tense. Her heels pounded the floor like a ball-peen hammer. She marched over to her dresser and rearranged some objects. I heard glass clinking and jars slamming down. She jerked a chair away from the window and set it by the door. She slapped shut a book that had been lying open beside a cereal bowl on the table. She disappeared into the kitchen alcove. She stomped back in with a cup of ice in her hand. She chewed the ice and the broken shards fell out of her mouth to the floor. She grabbed the chair at the door and returned it to its original place by the window. Her whole, total animal thing took over, while for me, thanks to the downers, all memory of the upright life was gone. I would never again walk into a room and shake someone's hand. I could barely turn my head to keep track of the ballerina. Some words came out of her mouth but I don't know where in the room they went. I never heard them.

Her dress dropped to the floor and she sat on the bed. Her panties were black, webby things; it looked as if a huge hairy spider had clamped itself onto her. Beside her she had a pack of cigarettes and a candle and a green knitting needle I wasn't too crazy about. She lifted the candle and lit the cigarette and drained some of the hot wax on her thigh. All the while she watched me, and after a few minutes she had me hooked, I was mesmerized, charmed, I was down way deep into that blue pool where the fish shyly waited. She took a drag of the cigarette, exhaled, then turned the hot coal around and twirled the ash off against her nipple. Another drag, and she turned her attention to the other nipple. Pretty soon both aureoles were ashy smudges. Her eyes remained wide open and, I guess, fixed on me, but they were blue and unfocussed, and the pain was miles away.

I watched her, but something had gone wrong. Her torment wasn't turning me on. I didn't feel a thing. Obviously the drugs I'd snatched from her medicine cabinet weren't elevating my mood, and the thought of all those sundries in her bathroom was bringing me down, hard. Every last, sad soap in that utopian toilet was bumming me out. They were all part of a repertoire of hope I'd already lived through. I'd already washed myself with that crap. I'd taken those pills. I'd tried to feel loose and relaxed in a tub of hot water, beneath that shadowy candlelight. It all seemed so familiar. Her paisley sheets and the fan of peacock feathers above the futon and the tasselled lampshade screamed *boudoir*. The little shells and rocks and twigs italicized *a special moment long ago*. In the little syncretic boutiquey spiritual figurines lined up on the windowsill and the crystal prisms strung from the ceiling on threads of monofilament I saw the very same occult trinkets that had decorated every bedroom I'd ever been in. My anticipation was gone, I couldn't lust or desire. All this intense specialness, along with the way she was effortfully trying to turn her pain to pleasure, was ending up as a very dull result in my brain.

I heard the tindery snap, the kindling crackle of burning hair. She was burning herself, *là-bas*. The whole room stank. As she closed in on a climax, soot washed down her thigh like the aftermath of a calamity when the uncaring rain begins to carry it all out to sea . . .

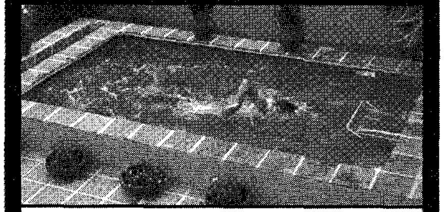
"Here," she said, passing me the cigarette.

"No, thanks," I said.

"Burn me."

I'm a screenwriter and my movies gross millions and when I write "THE CAR BLOWS UP" there's a pretty good chance a

Swim at Home™...

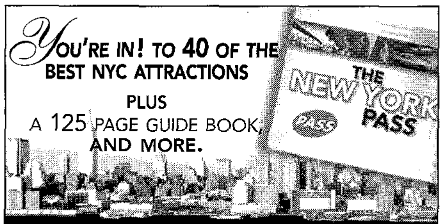


When exercise is a pleasure, fitness is easy...

Swim against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for exercise, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. Just 8' x 15', an **Endless Pool**™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or out.

For Our Free DVD or Video Call: (800) 233-0741, Ext. 2988

ENDLESS POOLS®
www.endlesspools.com/2988
200 E Dutton Mill Rd
Aston, PA 19014



YOU'RE IN! TO 40 OF THE BEST NYC ATTRACTIONS PLUS A 125 PAGE GUIDE BOOK, AND MORE.

Buy a 2-day New York Pass with a MasterCard® card and day 3 is FREE!
877.714.1999 or www.newyorkpass.com
® MasterCard is a registered trademark of MasterCard International Incorporated

LATTICINIO GLASS HEARTS

- *Intricate Patterns*
- *Delicate Colors*
- *Handmade in USA*

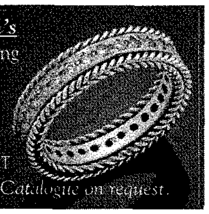
Med. 1¾" tall

www.CuneoFurnace.com
1.800.924.2401

Imagine...a pleasurable investment from a one-man shop in Maine.

C.H. BECKSVOORT
FURNITURE MAKER
Box 12, New Gloucester, ME 04260
Catalog $5.
www.chbecksvoort.com

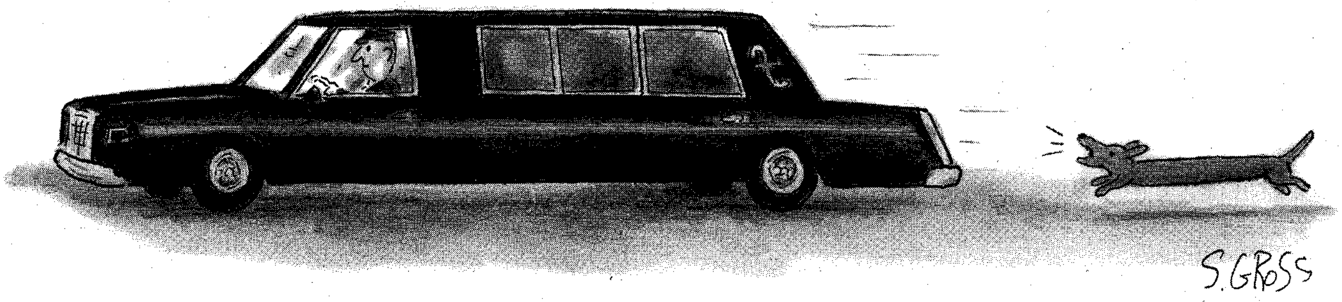
A. G. A. Correa & Son's
18k Continuous Diamond Ring with hand twisted platinum rope border $2290.



PO Box 1 - Edgecomb, Maine 04556
(800)341-0788, Monday - Friday 9 - 5 ET
www.agacorrea.com • *Catalogue on request.*

Looking for used, rare, or out-of-print books? We have over 40 million. Try Abebooks.

abebooks.com™



• •

real car will indeed blow up, but I am not particularly keen on the idea of roasting this woman's cunt over a hot coal. I can't even say the word "cunt" convincingly. The Frenchy sang-froid I'd felt leaving the psych ward was completely gone now. I wasn't Henry Miller, I wasn't Eugène-Henri-Paul Gauguin, I wasn't any of those expat guys. My career as a sexual adventurer was about half an hour old, and it was over already. I've read Baudelaire but I wouldn't want to have his big ugly forehead. I was known among my friends as a major cork dork and the wine I'd bought I wouldn't even have cooked with at home, fricasseeing stew meat for the dog. When I left the ballerina, if I chose, I could check myself out of the hospital and into the Plaza, stay a month, order room service, conduct business through my agent, while I watched other people out the window, real lunatics, splashing in the fountain, singing holy songs, dancing and shouting hosannas into the sky until the police came and tasered them back into submission. When I squared up my tab at the p-hosp it would run me about thirty-five grand and at that rate the Plaza would be a bargain.

I needed air. I managed to stand and make it to the window and was swinging a foot onto the fire escape when a wet gob of something hit with a splat on the back of my neck. I thought for sure it was bird shit. I looked up. A blue rain was falling through the street lamps and at the Korean deli on the corner a crippled man leaned on a wooden cane, picking through a pyramid of oranges. An old Korean woman sat on a white bucket, cutting the stems on peonies, huge lion-headed flowers with pink petals that shook loose in the wind and were pasted to the wet sidewalk like découpage. Everything seemed to have been given a new coat of varnish sometime in the night. Every wire and railing glistened, and the air was clean and cool. Above the intersection a traffic signal turned green. Several cars went by, their sleepy wipers blinking away the drizzle. Down at the deli the cripple reached into his pocket and paid for the orange, and the old woman went back to cutting her peonies. How could so much peace and calm reign between two people? I balanced on the windowsill and looked back at the ballerina.

She was a mess, ghoulish with a plastering of soot and ash. Her body, criss-crossed with brandings and burned by match heads, looked fully clothed. She'd never be naked again, not with the textile weave of her scars, the plaids and polka dots she'd made of her skin.

She said, "What?"

I hadn't said anything. "Isn't there anything else you like to do?"

"I don't know."

"It's raining out."

"Why?"

"Why?" I said. "Why is it raining?"

The air in the room was stale and hot as a kiln, the motion baked out of it. I opened another window in the kitchen alcove. Instantly a sort of pulmonary breeze blew a green curtain into the room, expanding the space. I saw a forgotten slice of bread in the chrome slot of her toaster and a used tea bag set to rest on the edge of her sink, the stub of a cigarette going soggy inside it. When I returned to the bedroom the ballerina hadn't moved. She'd sleep in these ashes, like some black-feathered bird. Her back was to me, and I went to her, but the burns covering her body—how would you even hold such a woman? Where exactly do you put your hands on somebody who hurts everywhere? I stopped short. I'd never seen her back before, and it was pristine. The skin was flawless, a cold hibernal blue where her blood flowed beneath. I blew on my fingers, warming them, and then laid my hand between her shoulder blades, lightly, as though to press too hard would leave a print.

"How about cleaning up?" I said.

"Oh," she sniffled. "I don't know."

In the bathroom I plugged the drain with a dry cracked stopper and dialled the spigots until the water running over my wrist was hot and tropical. I looked around at all the ingredients. The stuff in jars looked like penny candy, and I spilled some of that in. The beaded things were especially pretty, and I tossed a combination of yellow and green gel caps in the tub, followed by a pill that effervesced and changed the color of the water to a pale Caribbean blue. I gave up on any idea of alchemy and just went wild. Pine Forest, Prairie Grass, Mountain Snow, Ocean Breeze. Once I got into it, I saw no reason to stop—juniper, vanilla, cranberry. A capful of almond oil, a splash of *bain moussant,* some pink and blue flakes from a box that turned out to be ordinary bubble bath.

"O.K.," I said, closing the bathroom door to trap the steam.

She hadn't budged from her place on the bed. I hooked her arm over my shoulder. For a ballerina she had pretty much zero *ballon* at this point. Her feet dragged across the floor like the last two dodoes. I was afraid that when I lowered her into the tub she'd sink to the bottom. I made her sit upright. With steam curling down from above and a heady lather of bubble bath rising over the edge of the tub, the bathroom was now one massive cumulus cloud.

"A candle," she said.

I snapped the chain on a bare bulb above the sink. "No more candles tonight." I grabbed a soft white cloth from the shelf and sat beside the tub, in a pillow of suds.

"My life is so simple a one-year-old could live it."

"You're just having one of those days," I said. I wrung the washcloth and let the warm water dribble down her chest. "What's up with those old people? Your grandparents?"

"They emigrated here after my mom died."

"Where'd they come from?"

"Yugoslavia," she said. "Bosnia, Herzegovina, Croatia, Serbia, Slovenia, Macedonia, that whole thing."

"You speak their language?"

"*Mala kolicina.*"

I soaped her shoulders and neck, rinsed the cloth and ran it slowly along the length of her arm, studying the scars. I was stupidly surprised when the wounds didn't wash away. A siren passed in the street. Her startled fingers took off in flight, fluttering up from the sea of foam and sailing through the fragrant steam, darting here and there.

"What's wrong with you?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"You must have a diagnosis. Everyone has a diagnosis."

"Well, just before I came to the hospital I spent three hundred dollars on Astro-Turf and PVC pipe, trying to build a driving range in my dining room."

"It's your dining room," she said. "You can do what you want."

"I've never owned a golf club in my life."

"Oh."

"Travel brochures are a bad sign, too, but you know what's the worst? Messing with the medications. Like lithium—it makes my hands shake and I can't walk steadily. So I decide to back the lithium off a little and titrate up on something like BuSpar or Lamictal. My hands stop shaking but I can't remember anything or I start eating like a pig. I keep trying, you know, making all these little adjustments, but it's like—I don't know. I don't know what it's like."

"There's no like about it," she said. "Eventually I can't move. I'll have the thought, Oh, I want to go out, so I put on my hat and stare at the door. Right about then I check into the hospital, they fix me up, send me back out. I kick ass for a while and then collapse."

"You know your diagnosis," she said.

"Whatever—bipolar II, Fruit of the Loom IV, it doesn't make a difference."

"We'll never get out," she said.

"*Au contraire*—I'm getting myself discharged A.M.A., first thing tomorrow."

"But at least we have our own language."

"Yeah, Greek."

"In grade school," she said, "I wrote a report about how a myth was a female moth. We were studying the Greeks."

"You have a beautiful mouth," I said. "I'd like to crawl in it and die."

"I'm twenty-nine years old," she said. "My mouth is full of dead boys." She blew me a kiss. "Sometimes your mind gives me a feeling of great tiredness. Aren't you exhausted?"

"My curfew," I said feebly.

"The fires are going out, it's true." She sank down in the tub and submerged so that only her knees, her small dancer's breasts, her big nose, her lovely mouth and blue eyes, these isolated islands of herself, rose above the darkening water. Flecks of ash floated over the surface. "Here's my idea for your next screenplay," she said. "Sirens are going everywhere. People are weeping. It doesn't really matter where you are, it's all black. You can't open your eyes anyway."

"What are you saying?"

"And there's a donkey marooned on an island in the middle of the ocean. A volcano is erupting on the island and rivers of hot lava are flowing toward the donkey. In addition, all around the small island is a ring of fire. What would you do?"

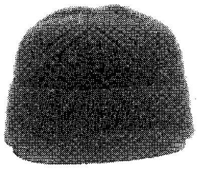
I considered the possibilities. "I don't know."

Smiling, she said, "The donkey doesn't know, either."

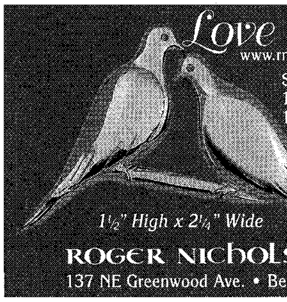
"That's a good one."

She poked at the remaining bubbles with her finger, popping them. I checked my watch. It was midnight on the nose and all that awaited me back at the p-ward was another morning and a long walk down a putty-colored corridor and, at the end of it, a paper cup full of pills. And in a month or a year the ballerina would touch a scar on her breast and tell a rather pointless story about a screenwriter she'd met in the psych ward. Waves of dirty water lapped against the sides of the tub, and her skin, moist and gleaming, was fragrant with wild yam and almond. Then everything went briefly quiet in one of those strange becalmed moments where it's hard to believe you're still in Manhattan. ♦

FIND IT FIRST!
Sign up now for our email used book updates. With thousands of books coming in daily, finding used books has never been easier.
powells.com
"Best Book Site - 2003" - Forbes magazine

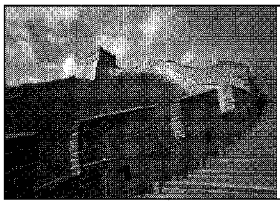


Qiviut Cap
Qiviut, the under-fur of musk ox, is incredibly soft and eight times as warm as sheep's wool. Hand knitted in Alaska.
No. 2103 Qiviut Cap.........$170
Add $6.00 handling. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Visit our web site or request our unique catalog
800-324-4934 www.davidmorgan.com
David Morgan
11812 N Creek Pkwy N, Suite 103•Bothell WA 98011



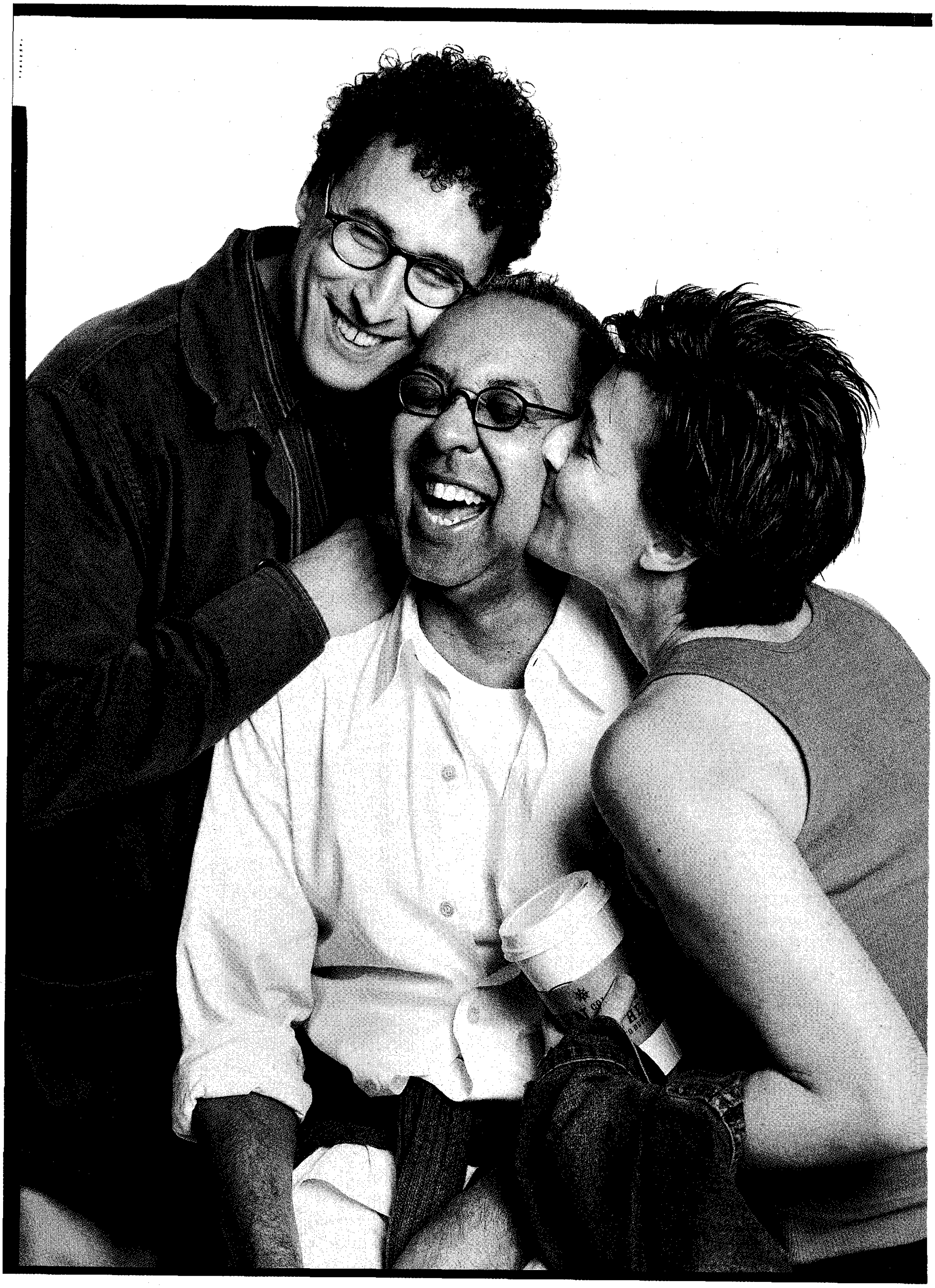
Love Birds PIN
www.rnstudios.com
Sterling Silver $ 59
14k Gold $349
14k Gold $421
with diamond eyes
800-235-0471
S/H $5.75
1½" High x 2¼" Wide
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
137 NE Greenwood Ave. • Bend, OR 97701

PALLADIO TOURS
ARTISTIC AND CULTURAL TOURS
THE ITALY VERY FEW KNOW
Brochure: toll-free 1-877-999-8754

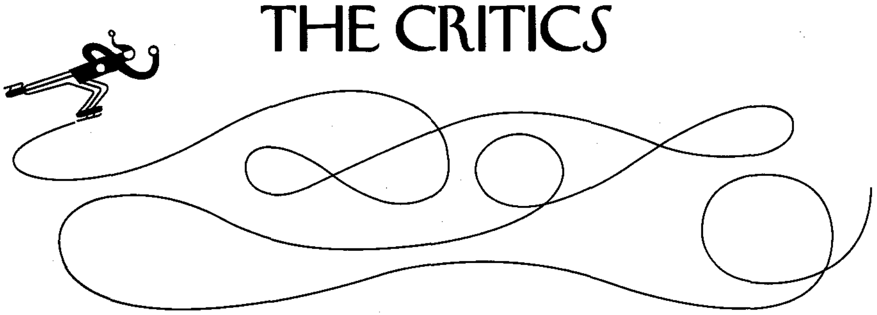


Award-Winning Photography
Now available at:
www.H-AllenArt.com
305/856-1402

LONDON FLATS
PARIS PROPERTIES - COTSWOLD COTTAGES
Short Term - Privately owned
THE LONDON CONNECTION
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
WWW.LONDONCONNECTION.COM
E-MAIL: SALES@LCPM.NET
LONDON CONNECTION



THE CRITICS



THE THEATRE

UNDERWATER BLUES

History and heartbreak in "Caroline, or Change."

BY JOHN LAHR

There are moments in the history of theatre when stagecraft takes a new turn. I like to think that this happened for the American musical last week, when Tony Kushner's "Caroline, or Change" (at the Public), a collaboration with the composer Jeanine Tesori and the director George C. Wolfe, bushwhacked a path beyond the narrative dead end of the deconstructed, overfreighted musicals of the past thirty years. In place of the slick grab bag of boulevard distraction, "Caroline, or Change" offers the complexity of psychology and of history. Set in 1963, in a suburban enclave of Lake Charles, Louisiana, the musical concerns two stranded souls: eight-year-old Noah Gellman (Harrison Chad), who is suffering from the twin griefs of a recently deceased mother and a newly acquired stepmother, and his family's saturnine maid, Caroline Thibodeaux (Tonya Pinkins). Kushner's bittersweet autobiographical saga settles for no easy emotional solutions; it takes the musical back to storytelling, to a moral universe, to a dissection of American society, and to folklore—that is, the lore of the folk, both black and white, which Zora Neale Hurston called "the boiled-down juice of human living." Hurston, who had worked as a maid, argued as early as 1950 that, in order to rid themselves of the feelings of difference that inspire dislike and fear, people needed to bear witness not to the "'exceptional' Negro" or to the "quaint" Negro but to "how the average behaves." The most extraordinary of this musical's many thrills is its ability—through an idiom in which the Washer, the Dryer, the Radio, and even the local Bus are incarnated and sing to Caroline—to plumb and to honor the ordinary.

The Gellmans' basement—an architectural oddity in the Gulf area, which is below sea level—is Caroline's humid purgatory. "They ain't no underground / in Louisiana / There is only / underwater," she sings in her drab warren. The terrain is a metaphor for Caroline's internal landscape: she is literally and figuratively swamped. "Doing laundry underground / for thirty dollars every week," she continues, as the Washer and the Dryer join in. "Thirty dollars every week / And I am mean and strong and tough but . . . / Thirty dollars ain't enough." A divorced and illiterate thirty-nine-year-old mother of three, Caroline moves through life under a terrible gravitational pull of woe and resignation. Rigor and righteousness are her defenses against envy. Unmoved and unmoving, she is as mean as a snake, striking out at the world around her. A coed acquaintance, Dotty (Chandra Wilson), gets her head bitten off for her collegiate style ("I don't like the way you do / You change"); Caroline's bright, outspoken daughter, Emmie (the perky Anika Noni Rose), is warned to mute her ambitions ("Don't give yourself options / Most folks lives without 'em"); Noah is rebuked for his curiosity about Caroline's life ("That ain't your bisness . . . / You a nosey child"). With a perpetual scowl and a voice that parses every innuendo of regret and rage, Pinkins never backs off from her character's sulfurous disappointment.

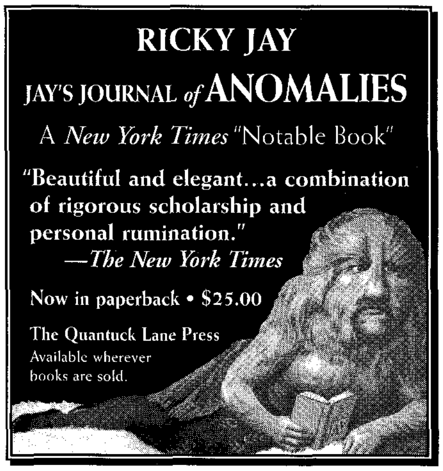
Noah is fascinated by the uncompromising Caroline in part because he, too, lives in a kind of suspended animation that he can't fathom. Superbly played by Chad—a pale pudding in a plaid shirt and black sneakers—he is a spectral presence in his own house. He moves unseen by his self-involved father, Stuart (David Costabile), who is as mournful as the clarinet he plays for a living; by his floundering, Northern stepmother, Rose (the expert Veanne Cox); and, of course, by his dead mother, who has vanished, according to his curt father, into the cosmic void. "Your mother is dead / and there is no God," Stuart tells his son. When Noah first pokes his curly head through the basement door and sees the sullen Caroline at work, he declares in a voice filled with wonder, "Caroline! / the President of the United States / Caroline who's always mad! / Caroline who runs everything! / Caroline who's stronger than my dad!" In Noah's collapsed world, Caroline's stony soul has a weight he can feel; it's a boundary he is certain of. She embodies the anger that he can't show to his family or to himself. Except for sharing a cigarette from time to time, though, Caroline wants nothing to do with Noah. "How come you like me?" she asks. "I ain't never nice to you." Noah tries to explain that her fierce will gives him courage:

> My mama liked you!
> I do too!
> You're implacable,
> Indestructible, Mama said.
> I'm always sad.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

Tony Kushner, George C. Wolfe, and Jeanine Tesori, in New York, November 7, 2003.

RICKY JAY
JAY'S JOURNAL *of* ANOMALIES
A *New York Times* "Notable Book"
"Beautiful and elegant...a combination of rigorous scholarship and personal rumination."
—*The New York Times*
Now in paperback • $25.00
The Quantuck Lane Press
Available wherever books are sold.



This Holiday Season Give A
California
Wine Adventure!
Each month includes two bottles of award-winning wine, hand-selected from the best of CALIFORNIA'S SMALL FAMILY-OWNED BOUTIQUE wineries.
$32.95/month plus shipping & includes our fun 8-page newsletter, *Uncorked!*
Discounts on gifts of 3, 6, 9 & 12 months.
Visa · MC · AMEX · Void where prohibited.
THE CALIFORNIA Wine Club SINCE 1990
800-777-4443
www.cawineclub.com

JOHN CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN
Order by Dec 22 for Holiday Delivery!
Diamond Wheel Pendant
YOUR NAMES & DATES
14K GOLD $790
(Omega chain sold separately)
3 DAY RUSH AVAILABLE - FREE CATALOGUE
RINGBOX.COM 1-888-646-6466

CELEBRATION BOWL
Weddings - Anniversaries
Send someone you love a personalized crystal masterpiece.
Special Inscriptions? Yes.
Rush delivery available.
8.5" - $139 12" - $249
831-427-3512
www.celebrationbowl.com

Not the same old butterfly.
The flair of high design with the feel of a recliner. At half the price. Even cushier than it looks. The Easy Street Chair.
64 fabrics, many washable. Free S/H. Other styles including apt. sofas. Set: $449 cotton-$699 leather.
quinnsessentials.com
877-7-QUINNS (778-4667)

NYC'S BEST CHEESE SHOP 2003
- *Village Voice*
BEDFORD CHEESE SHOP
Fine Cheeses & Gift Baskets
1 888 4 THE CHEESE
order online at www.bedfordcheeseshop.com

I like it that you're always mad
And I can tell you like me too.
At least I think you do.

Kushner's lyrics are suggestive in their simplicity; if they don't always sit easily on Tesori's blues notes, their jaggedness makes the passion and the pain behind them all the more powerful.

The musical's title plays on the word "change." While the Kennedy assassination and the civil-rights struggle percolate at the edges of the story and inform it, the change on which the play immediately focusses is the quarters, nickels, and dimes that Noah is forever leaving in his pockets. This chump change ends up being Caroline's windfall. When she finds the money in his laundry, she is instructed by Rose to take it. What was intended as a parental lesson in financial responsibility is turned by Noah into a strategy of connection. "Caroline takes my money home! / Now I know what they talk about / at the Thibodeaux house, at suppertime," the boy sings. "Before it was a mystery. / Now they count my quarters and / they talk about me!" The coins become a paradigm of capitalism: instead of buying Caroline's labor, Noah stumbles onto a way of buying her attention. In Wolfe's excellent staging, Caroline's economic necessity is played off against Noah's emotional needs. Noah, the self-confessed "stoopnagle" who fantasizes about being "Noah Thibodeaux," hilariously tries to join in the hand-jiving playground palaver of Caroline's two sons, Jackie and Joe (the adorable Kevin Ricardo Tate and Marcus Carl Franklin). The boys sing about Wonder Woman: "Stronger than anyone, six times as pretty / An eagle brassiere with a wing on each titty!"

When Noah leaves a twenty-dollar Hanukkah dividend from his grandfather in his pants pocket and Caroline claims it, however, the master-servant relationship suddenly asserts itself. Noah demands his money back; in his panic, he blurts out a racist comment. Caroline gives him the money and a goodbye; in her humiliation, she walks off the job and stays away for five days. "That money reach in and spin me about / my hate rise up, rip my insides out," she sings in a sensational aria in which her pride fights a losing battle with her financial desperation. She can't afford to be out of work, but the price of survival is emotional death. In Pinkins's electrifying rendition, all the connotations of the word "change" come together: "Pocket change change me, / can't afford loose change, can't afford change." In order to lose her anger, she has to lose her sense of self; to cauterize herself against disappointment, she kills her heart. "What else God give me an arm for?" she sings, disappearing before our eyes. "SLAM go the iron / SLAM go the iron. / FLAT! / FLAT! / FLAT! / FLAT!" The song is an act of psychic demolition. By the end of it, a deep detachment—"the muteness of slavery," Hurston called it—has fallen over Caroline like a permanent shadow.

Although the conclusion of the show somewhat haphazardly suggests that Emmie will carry the example of her mother's steely will into the new activism of her generation, there is no upbeat future for Caroline. She has put herself beyond dreams. To the end, she is wary and stolid and clear-eyed. "Will we be friends then?" Noah asks her when she comes back to work. "Weren't never friends," she says. Caroline, like the show, pulls no punches. On an intellectual level, Noah may not understand the import of what Caroline says to him; on an emotional level, however, they are bound together, wound to wound, as Caroline spells out:

Someday we'll talk again
But they's things we'll never say
That sorrow deep inside you,
It's inside me too,
And it never go away.
You be O.K.

As Noah listens to Caroline's litany of losses, he asks wistfully, "Do you miss sharing a cigarette?" Caroline answers with heartbreaking directness: "You bet I do, Noah. / You bet, you bet." There are no hugs, no hands across the sea of cultural difference, no sentimental gestures of redress, just a stunning acknowledgment of the chasm between the two characters. Their worlds are negotiable, Kushner makes clear, but not bridgeable. "Caroline, or Change" gives the inconsolable a mature song, illuminating both worlds without condescending to either. ♦

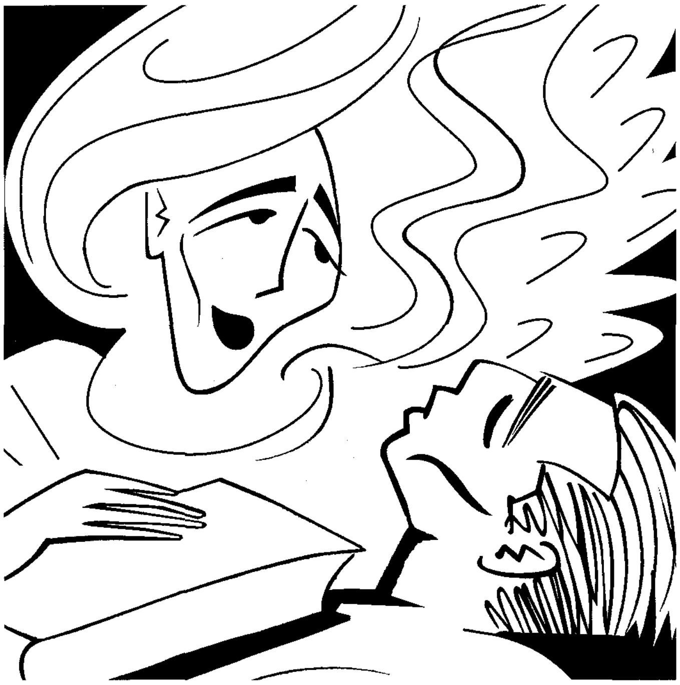
ON TELEVISION

AMERICA, LOST AND FOUND

Mike Nichols and an all-star cast tackle Tony Kushner's masterwork.

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

There is wide agreement, and no compelling counterargument, that Tony Kushner's "Angels in America" is the most important play of the last decade. A fearless, ambitious work, it took in, and took on, the Reagan years (it is set in 1985 and 1986), American history, the AIDS plague, sexuality, love, death, religion, and the meaning of community. In its rigor, it made no distinction between the personal and the political, but it was open-minded and openhearted, epic not just in its intent but in its effect on audiences—people were swept in, swept away, and changed by it, their armor cracked. Those who weren't so affected still more than likely walked away feeling that the chord Kushner had struck, consisting of notes of anger, instruction, intelligence, mysticism, and, not least, humor, would linger in their heads for a long time. Although it has been ten years since "Angels" was produced in New York, Kushner's play hasn't become dated; the offstage, real-life world has turned many times since 1993, but there are enough rough equivalents to the issues the play raises that its ironies still seem sharp and its over-all power—its harshness, its hard-won optimism—is undiminished.



When worlds collide: Thompson and Kirk in "Angels in America."

"Angels" has now been made into an HBO film, and at least one of the challenges of transferring Kushner's work from the stage to the screen is obvious: the two plays that make up "Angels"—"Millennium Approaches" and "Perestroika"—total more than six hours. (In theatres, they are performed on separate nights and also sometimes together, as a one-day marathon, with a meal break in between.) In the mid-nineties, Robert Altman planned to direct a film version; he and Kushner attempted to boil the play down to two or three hours. Then another director got involved and Kushner re-expanded the screenplay. Ultimately, Mike Nichols signed on as director and executive producer (his co-executive producer, Cary Brokaw, teamed with him on the HBO version of Margaret Edson's play "Wit," two years ago), and the result is a six-hour TV movie—albeit a TV movie with a feature-film budget of sixty million dollars. ("Millennium Approaches" will air on Sunday, December 7th, and "Perestroika" the following Sunday, and HBO will repeat both parts frequently in subsequent weeks.) Kushner has cut little from the original script and has maintained the work's general shape, although the eight acts, along with an epilogue at the end of "Perestroika," have been configured into six "chapters," and the play's subtitle, "A Gay Fantasia on National Themes," has been eliminated.

Aside from length, the greatest difficulty in adapting "Angels in America" for the screen—the small screen, at that—is capturing its theatricality. In the theatre, there are times when two scenes are played simultaneously, and when a character from one scene walks into another on the other side of the stage. This presents Nichols with a kind of physics problem; what was represented in space now has to be represented in time, with one scene following another. Nichols wisely avoids using a split screen; what he does is move back and forth between scenes, and to a great extent this technique works, although occasionally the cuts are so quick that you're forced to pay almost too much attention to the TV screen, in a way that is itself a distraction—you're too aware of trying to keep track of who's where, who's talking to whom, and how the scenes are connected. Anyone who makes the effort to transfer a play to TV runs the risk of focussing excessively on plot and dialogue and of failing to catch the elusive nonverbal elements in his butterfly net. (This is what happened with the TV version of "Wit," for which Nichols and Emma Thompson, who starred, wrote the screenplay. Most of the deliberately self-conscious stage devices, which were integral to the play, and necessary to give full dimension to the main character, were gone, and the TV version became largely a story about an interesting woman dying of cancer.) There is a certain kind of magic in the theatre that can't be replicated in any other form, and it doesn't depend on the audience's not seeing how it's done; it's the fact that you often *can* see how it's done—whether it's an actor undergoing a transformation in front of you or a set design or a lighting effect—that makes you marvel. Kushner acknowledges this in his stage notes. Such moments, he says, "are to be fully realized, as bits of wonderful *theatrical* illusion—which means it's O.K. if the wires show, and maybe it's good that they do, but the magic should at the same time be thoroughly amazing."

But the camera has its own advantages, and the opening credits of "Angels" offer an astonishing effect, which beau-

ROBERT RISKO

MINI
LET'S TAKE
A VICTORY LAP.
THE 2003 NORTH AMERICAN CAR OF THE YEAR.
MINIUSA.COM © 2003 MINI, a division of BMW of North America, LLC.

Step into a bold,
brilliant world
...on a Country Walkers tour. For 24 years we have led small groups of travelers to discover the world's natural, cultural, and historic wonders — on foot. Join us this year!
COUNTRY WALKERS
FREE catalog 800.464.9255
www.countrywalkers.com
A GRAND EXPEDITIONS COMPANY

Eleanor Reissa's
NEW CD SONGS in the KEY of YIDDISH
Classic & Contempory
Yiddish Soul
www.eleanorreissa.com

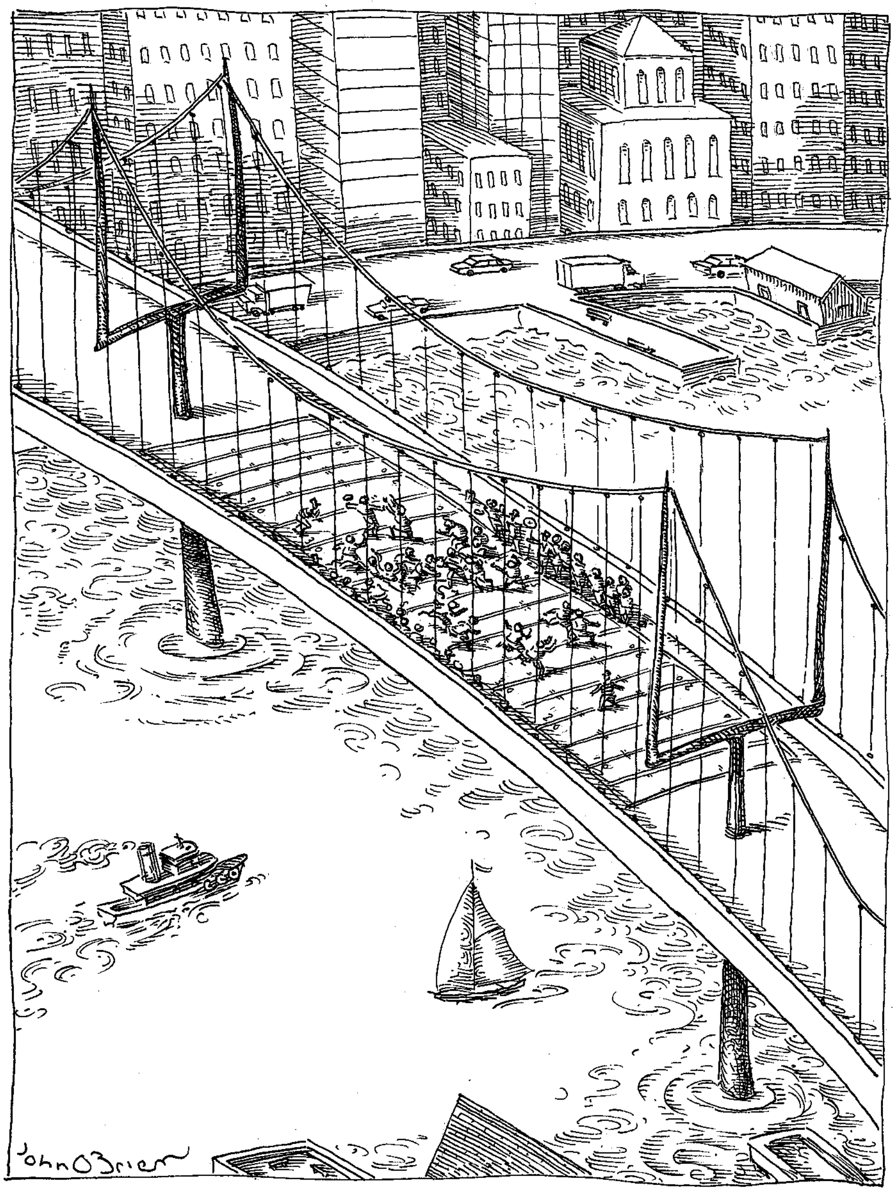
www.boux.com
Superlative Apparel and Jewelry
for Men and Women

23 SMILES PER HOUR
Electric cycle turns errands into pleasure trips, commutes into joyrides. Go 25 miles – recharge for a dime. Easy to ride, quiet, pollution free, road legal. $999 with no risk guarantee.
www.egovehicles.com
Call 800-979-4EGO

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
A canoe is tippy. A Poke Boat isn't. It's remarkably stable.
A canoe is hard to turn and difficult to keep in a straight line. A Poke Boat isn't. It stays in a straight line yet is easy to maneuver.
A canoe is heavy. A Poke Boat isn't.
It weighs only 22 pounds - built with aircraft strength.
You can buy more than a canoe.
For more information, give us a call.
859-986-2336

tifully sets the stage, as it were, for the movie. The camera moves across the entire United States, high above the clouds and sometimes right through them, and you feel that you're flying with it as it passes over the Golden Gate Bridge, up and over the Arch in St. Louis, past the Sears Tower in Chicago, past the Empire State Building, finally descending into Central Park and stopping at the statue of the angel in Bethesda Fountain, whose face, to your surprise, comes alive, lifting its blank, grave eyes to stare into your own. "Yes, you," the eyes seem to say. "This is about you, too." With this swooping introduction, Nichols has tied the thematic bigness of "Angels" together with the specificity of its story line.

"Angels" begins at a funeral. The grandmother of Louis (Ben Shenkman), one of the main characters, has died, and a rabbi speaks of the journey she once made from the Old World to the New, saying that the gathered mourners, in their own way, make the same crossing every day of their lives. Louis's journey, it appears, has been one of self-involvement: feeling guilty because he stopped visiting his grandmother years ago, he is about to take on more guilt. After the funeral, his boyfriend, Prior (Justin Kirk), shows him a lesion on his chest—it's Kaposi's sarcoma, a sign that Prior has AIDS—and Louis, at the cemetery, wonders whether he has it in him to stay with Prior, for he is someone who "can't incorporate sickness into his sense of how things are supposed to go." By now, we have already dropped in on several other characters, who are at various stages of their own journeys: the powerbroking attorney Roy Cohn (Al Pacino) at his office in New



York (where a *Times* article about the execution of the Rosenbergs hangs on the wall), cajoling and bullying people on the phone and at the same time trying to sweet-talk Joe (Patrick Wilson), a promising young clerk in the federal appellate court, and a Mormon, into taking a job in Washington. (Later in "Millennium," Nichols creates a sense of simultaneity, in what Kushner originally wrote as a split scene, with a prize-winning shot: Cohn and Joe are having what Cohn calls a "heart-to-heart" conversation in a bar, which in the movie is the Oak Room at the Plaza Hotel, when the camera suddenly swooshes past them through the bar, out the window, across the street, and deep into Central Park, where Louis is having an encounter with a pickup; with this shot, Nichols draws the intended parallel, which is that creepy violence is going on in both places, though more obviously in the Park than in the bar.) Cohn is soon to be told by his doctor that he has AIDS; Joe will soon accept that he is gay. Meanwhile, Joe's wife, Harper (Mary-Louise Parker), is at home in Brooklyn, popping Valium to numb her misery over her empty marriage. (When directors need an actress who can appear drugged, Parker is their go-to girl.) And then there is Joe's spiny mother, Hannah (Meryl Streep), who flies in from Salt Lake City after her son calls her to confess that he's gay. After telling Joe, "You're old enough to understand your father didn't love you without being ridiculous about it," she says, "We will just forget this phone call." Streep plays multiple characters, as does Emma Thompson; Thompson's main role is as the Angel, who pays unwelcome visits to Prior (she bursts through the ceiling of his apartment and causes havoc—it's all very "Poltergeist"-y), trying to get him to resign himself to his fate and give up on life. The one character who isn't going anywhere is Belize (Jeffrey Wright, who also played the role, to perfection, on Broadway), a friend of Prior's who's a nurse in an AIDS unit and a former drag performer—that's because he has already arrived at his full humanity. Belize is kind but unflinching about illness and death, and he is the heart of "Angels."

It may be unfair to compare the performers in the TV version with the ones in the Broadway staging, but there's a conventionality to Nichols's choices in some cases, which gives the production a slick, starry glaze, like a high-polish M-G-M ensemble movie from the days of "Grand Hotel" and "Dinner at Eight." The excess of glamour detracts somewhat from the play's essence, and masks its machinery—the wires don't show. There are some wonderful performances, though. Streep is terrific, and Pacino brings out both the brutality and the pathos of the son of a bitch Cohn. But the hardworking Thompson, who doesn't have much opportunity to use her gift for comedy here, lacks the fearsome authority you'd expect of a messenger from another world; she's more like a barking drill sergeant. Prior should be vinegary, even at his sickest, but in Kirk's hands he's classy, not sassy, and his frequent sarcasm falls flat. There's a line of Prior's, having to do with Hannah's hairdo, that is known to get a huge laugh wherever "Angels" is performed (it certainly did when I saw the play, with Stephen Spinella in the part); in the TV version it doesn't even register. Louis's self-absorption and verbosity should have a measure of charm—we should be able to see that there is an element of boyishness in his endless theorizing and rationalizing and to sympathize with his stubborn immaturity. But, as Shenkman plays him, instead of transforming from boy to man, he just goes from being a cold drone to being a slightly warmer drone.

This version of "Angels" doesn't fly as high as the opening credits promise (and there are some laughable special effects that help keep it from doing so), but Kushner's brilliance isn't easily denied. One character wonders, early in the play, "Imagination can't create anything new, can it? It only recycles bits and pieces from the world and reassembles them into visions." Kushner's play answers both no and yes to this question—we have redemption within us, but only if we take the risk of change, and of shedding our skins. Nichols's version hasn't watered down the message, but watching it on TV alone in your living room reduces the work to the sum of its parts. What's missing is the sense of community that you experience in a theatre. To get the most out of the film, watch it with friends; "Angels in America" calls for celebration. ♦

DEPT. OF HORTICULTURE

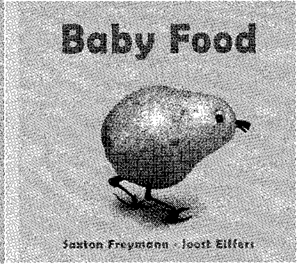
From the Times.

The gardens were rescued in the 1980's from decades of neglect and vandalism by the Women's Committee and its garden director, Lynden B. Miller.

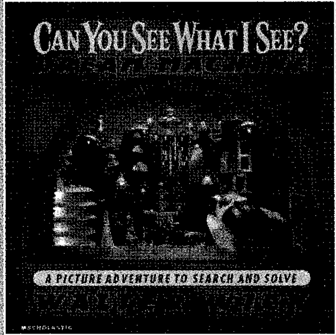
advertisement

The New Yorker Promotion Department invites you to look for these new releases from our advertiser.

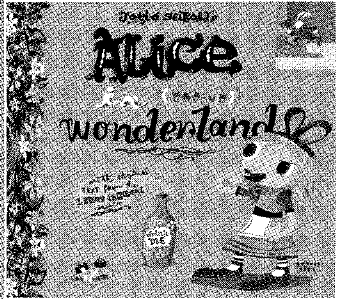
bookmarks



An edible petting zoo of adorable baby animals — from the team behind the award-winning Dog Food. Produce will never look the same again.



From *New York Times* best-selling artist Walter Wick, co-creator of I-Spy, endless surprises fill the pages of this dazzling collection of all new picture adventures, each with a brain-teasing twist!

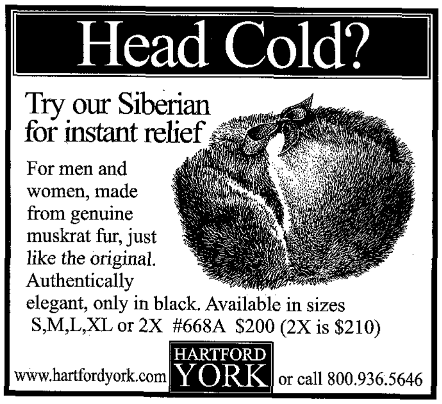


This is Alice like you've never seen before. Acclaimed artist J. Otto Seibold — creator of *Olive, the Other Reindeer* — twists Lewis Carroll's story into an amazing, eye-popping pop-up extravaganza.

Available wherever books are sold.

SCHOLASTIC

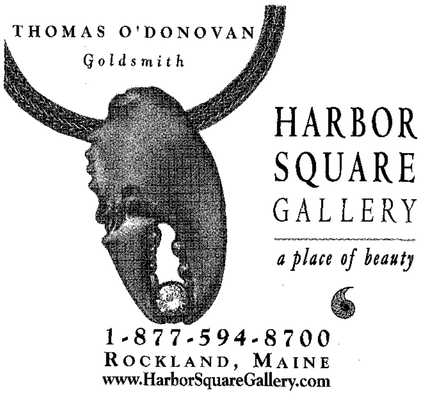
SCHOLASTIC™ Scholastic Inc.


Head Cold?

Try our Siberian for instant relief

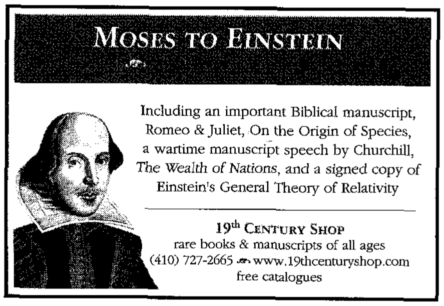
For men and women, made from genuine muskrat fur, just like the original. Authentically elegant, only in black. Available in sizes S,M,L,XL or 2X #668A $200 (2X is $210)

www.hartfordyork.com HARTFORD YORK or call 800.936.5646


THOMAS O'DONOVAN
Goldsmith

HARBOR SQUARE GALLERY
a place of beauty

1-877-594-8700
ROCKLAND, MAINE
www.HarborSquareGallery.com


MOSES TO EINSTEIN

Including an important Biblical manuscript, Romeo & Juliet, On the Origin of Species, a wartime manuscript speech by Churchill, The Wealth of Nations, and a signed copy of Einstein's General Theory of Relativity

19th CENTURY SHOP
rare books & manuscripts of all ages
(410) 727-2665 www.19thcenturyshop.com
free catalogues

FOUR SISTERS INNS
Spectacular Locations on the West Coast
Fabulous Amenities • Gourmet Breakfast
800-234-1425
www.foursisters.com

"I FELT THE HUMOR AND SOPHISTICATION OF THE MAGAZINE WOULD ATTRACT BUYERS, AND I WAS RIGHT."
—BEVERLY BREMER Beverly Bremer Silver Shop

To advertise in The New Yorker, call toll free 877-843-6967

the Weeks Rocker

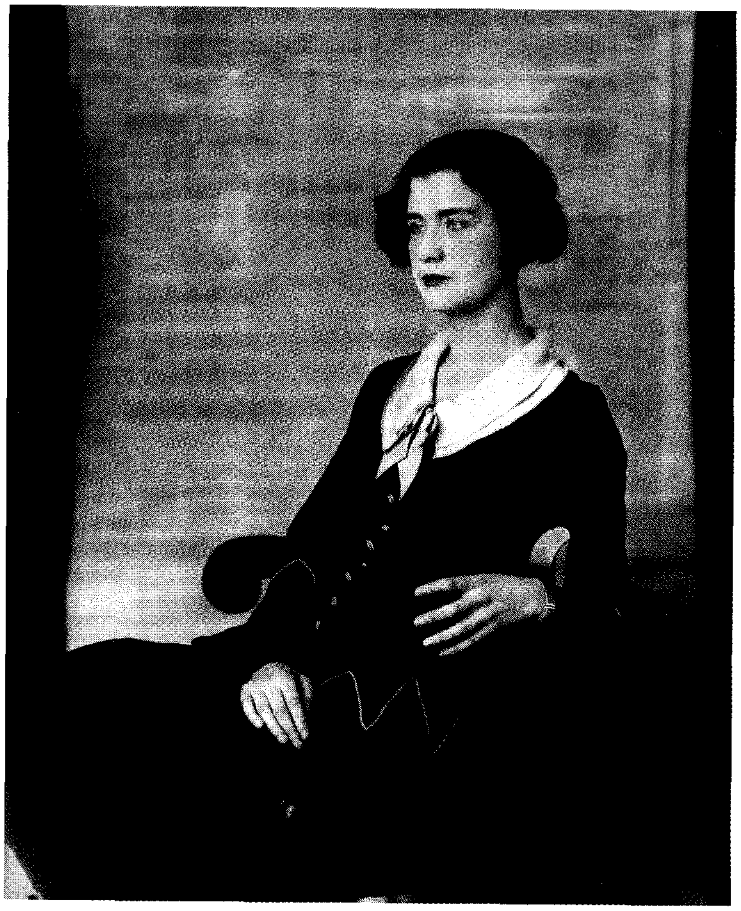
Guaranteed the most comfortable and beautiful, and the best constructed rocker, or your money back, including shipping.
888-334-0307
www.garyweeks.com

BOOKS

A FIRE IN THE BRAIN

The difficulties of being James Joyce's daughter.

BY JOAN ACOCELLA



Lucia Joyce, photographed by Berenice Abbott, in about 1927.

William Butler Yeats, when he was riding the bus, would occasionally go into a compositional trance. He would stare straight ahead and utter a low hum and beat time with his hands. People would come up to him and ask him if he was all right. Once, his young daughter, Anne, boarded a bus and found him in that condition among the passengers. She knew better than to disturb him. But when the bus stopped at their gate, she got off with him. He turned to her vaguely and said, "Oh, who is it you wish to see?"

When I think of what it means to be an artist's child, I remember that story. There are worse fates. But in the artist's household the shifts that the children must endure—they can't make noise (he's working), they can't leave on vacation (he hasn't finished the chapter)—are combined with a mystique that this is all for some exalted cause, which they must honor even though they are too young to understand it. Furthermore, if the artist is someone of Yeats's calibre, the children, as they develop, will measure themselves against him and come up short. In fact, many artists' children turn out just fine, and grow up to edit their parents' work and live off the royalties. But some do not—for example, James Joyce's two children. His son became an alcoholic; his daughter went mad. Carol Loeb Shloss, a Joyce scholar who teaches at Stanford, has just written a book about the latter: “Lucia Joyce: To Dance in the Wake” (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $30).

Lucia grew up in a disorderly household. Joyce had turned his back on Ireland in 1904, when he was twenty-two. Convinced that he was a genius but that his countrymen would never recognize this, he persuaded Nora Barnacle, his wife-to-be, to sail with him to the Continent. They eventually landed in Trieste, and there, for the next decade or so, he worked as a language teacher and completed “Dubliners” and “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.” With the publication of “Portrait,” in 1916, he acquired rich patrons, but until then—that is, throughout his children’s early years—the Joyces were very poor. Some days they went without dinner. Their first child, Giorgio, was born in 1905, a bonny, easy baby, and, furthermore, a boy. Nora adored him till the day she died. Two years after Giorgio came Lucia, a sickly, difficult child, and a girl, with strabismus. (That is, she was cross-eyed. Nora, too, had strabismus, but hers was far less noticeable.) Lucia’s earliest memories of her mother were of scoldings. Joyce, on the other hand, loved Lucia, spoiled her, sang to her, but only when he had time. He worked all day and then, on many nights, he went out and got blind drunk. The family was evicted from apartment after apartment. By the age of seven, Lucia had lived at five different addresses. By thirteen, she had lived in three different countries. The First World War forced the Joyces to move to Zurich; after the war, they settled in Paris. As a result, Lucia received a spotty education, during which she was repeatedly left back by reason of having to learn a new language.

Was she strange from childhood? With people who become mentally ill as adults, this question is always hard to answer, because most witnesses, knowing what happened later, read it back into the early years, and are sure that the signs were already there. Richard Ellmann, the author of the standard biography of Joyce, and Brenda Maddox, in her “Nora: A Biography of Nora Joyce,” both note that the young Lucia seemed to stare off into space, but the strabismus might account for this. It is also said that she was reticent socially. Although she was talkative at home—a “saucebox,” her father called her—she apparently went through periods when she spoke to few people outside her family. But the language-switching could explain this. A friend of the family described her, in her twenties, as “illiterate in three languages.” It was four, actually: German, French, English, and Triestine Italian. The last was her native tongue, the language that her family used at home, not just in Trieste but forever after (because Joyce found it easier on the voice). It was not, however, what people spoke in most of the places where she lived.

When Lucia was fifteen, she began taking dance lessons, mostly of the new, anti-balletic, “aesthetic” variety, and this became her main interest during her teens and early twenties. She started at the Dalcroze Institute in Paris, then moved on to study with the toga-clad Raymond Duncan, Isadora’s older brother. Eventually, she hooked up with a commune of young women who performed now and then, in Paris and elsewhere, as Les Six de Rythme et Couleur. However briefly, Lucia was a professional dancer. She is said to have excelled in *sauvage* roles. But eventually she left this group, as she left every group. (I count nine dance schools in seven years.) In part, that may have been due to lack of encouragement from her family. Nora reportedly nagged Lucia to give up dancing. According to members of the family, she was jealous of the attention the girl received. As for Joyce, Brenda Maddox says he felt “it was unseemly for women to get on the stage and wave their arms about.”

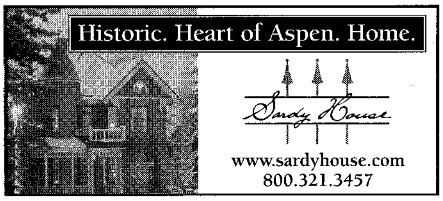
Finally, after seven years’ training in the left wing of dance, Lucia bolted to the right wing, and embarked on a backbreaking course of ballet instruction with Lubov Egorova, formerly of the Maryinsky Theatre, in St. Petersburg. This was a terrible idea. Professional ballet dancers begin their training at around the age of eight. Lucia was twenty-two. She worked six hours a day, but of course she couldn’t catch up, and, in her discouragement, she concluded that she was not physically strong enough to be a dancer of any kind—a decision, Joyce wrote to a friend, that cost her “a month’s tears.”

The loss of her dance career was not the only grief that Lucia suffered in her early twenties. The publication of

COMMERCE GRAPHICS LTD.

Chef'sChoice®
Electric French Press-Plus™
The Perfect Cup of Coffee Piping Hot – Fast & Simple
New Taste Experience Enhanced Flavor and Aroma, from Shorter Brew Cycle and Perfect Temperature
• Superb body, flavor, and aroma with perfect balance
• Piping Hot, ready to serve in minutes
• Eliminates handling of boiling water
• Boils water faster than stove or microwave
• Automatically shuts off when water boils
Cordless Carafe
For further information call:
EdgeCraft
A Passion to Create the World's Best
(800) 342-3255
www.edgecraft.com
©2000 EdgeCraft Corporation

HABA®
Ball Track Sets
the construction site™
imported and domestic selections
blocks and building toys for girls and boys aged infant to infinity℠
toll free in the U.S.: 1-866-899-7900
www.constructiontoys.com


Historic. Heart of Aspen. Home.
Sardy House
www.sardyhouse.com
800.321.3457

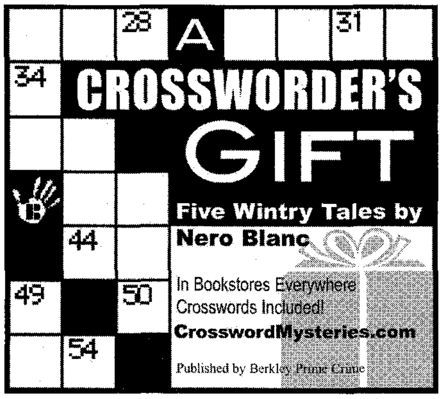
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK NOW
Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, juvenile, religious, etc. New authors welcomed. For free 32-page illustrated guidebook TD-70, call 1-800-821-3990 or write to: Vantage Press, 516 W 34th St., New York, NY 10001

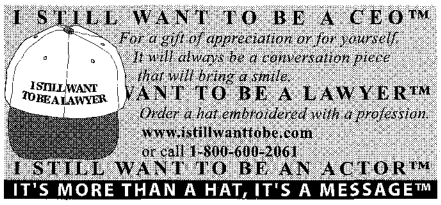
18k gold on handwoven sterling, $270
celticjewelry.com
888.733.5238
Designs by Helen Chantler
Free Catalog

Congratulations to
Aryeh Lev Stollman
author of *The Illuminated Soul*
Jonathan Safran Foer
author of *Everything Is Illuminated*

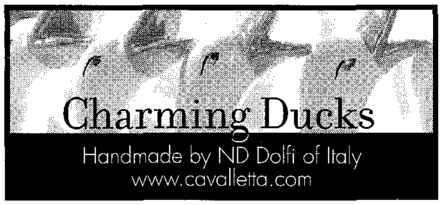
on receiving the
2003 Harold U. Ribalow Prize

Hadassah Magazine, sponsor of the Ribalow Prize
Riverhead Books, publisher of *The Illuminated Soul*
Perennial, publisher of *Everything Is Illuminated*


A CROSSWORDER'S GIFT
Five Wintry Tales by Nero Blanc
In Bookstores Everywhere
Crosswords Included!
CrosswordMysteries.com
Published by Berkley Prime Crime


I STILL WANT TO BE A CEO™
For a gift of appreciation or for yourself.
It will always be a conversation piece
that will bring a smile.
I STILL WANT TO BE A LAWYER™
Order a hat embroidered with a profession.
www.istillwanttobe.com
or call 1-800-600-2061
I STILL WANT TO BE AN ACTOR™
IT'S MORE THAN A HAT, IT'S A MESSAGE™

THE VINO GURU
find the perfect wine...
private sommelier · event advice
private wine classes · collecting
cellar design · wine tours worldwide
tel. 212-665-4453 · www.vinoguru.com
info@vinoguru.com


Charming Ducks
Handmade by ND Dolfi of Italy
www.cavalletta.com

www.seeitaly.com
CARAVELLA ITALIA
SMALL GROUP TOURS OF ITALY
888.665.2112

"Ulysses," in 1922, made Joyce a star, and there were plenty of young artistic types in Paris who thought it would be nice to be attached to his family. When Giorgio was in his late teens, an American heiress, Helen Fleischman, laid claim to him; eventually he moved in with her. Lucia, who had been very close to Giorgio, felt abandoned. She was also scandalized. (Fleischman was eleven years older than Giorgio, and married.) Finally, she wondered what she was missing. She decided to find out, and in the space of about two years she was rejected by three men: her father's assistant, Samuel Beckett, who told her he wasn't interested in her in that way; her drawing teacher, Alexander Calder, who bedded her but soon went back to his fiancée; and another artist, Albert Hubbell, who had an affair with her and then went back to his wife. Lucia became more experimental. She took to meeting a sailor at the Eiffel Tower. She announced that she was a lesbian. During these romantic travails, she became more distressed over her strabismus. She had the eye operated on, but it didn't change. Soon afterward, her pride received another blow: her parents told her that they were going to get married. (Giorgio's marriage to the newly divorced Fleischman got them thinking about legality and inheritance.) This is how she discovered that they never had been married and that she was a bastard.

The following year, on Joyce's fiftieth birthday, Lucia picked up a chair and threw it at her mother, whereupon Giorgio took her to a medical clinic and checked her in. "He thereby changed her fate," Shloss writes. That is a strong judgment, but it is true in part, because the minute an emotionally disturbed person is placed in an institution the story enters a new phase, in which we see not just the original problem but its alterations under institutionalization: the effects of drugs, the humiliation of being locked up and supervised, the consequent change in the person's self-image and in other people's image of him or her. For the next three years, Lucia went back and forth between home and hospital. One night in 1933, she was at home when the news came that a United States District Court had declared "Ulysses" not obscene (which meant that it could be published in the States). The Joyces' phone rang and rang with congratulatory calls. Lucia cut the phone wires—"*I'm* the artist," she said—and when they were repaired she cut them again. As her behavior grew worse, her hospitalizations became longer. She went from French clinics to Swiss sanitariums. She was analyzed by Jung. (Briefly—she wanted no part of him.) One doctor said she was "hebephrenic," which at that time was a subtype of schizophrenia, describing patients who showed antic, "naughty" behavior. Another diagnostician said she was "not lunatic but markedly neurotic." A third thought the problem was "cyclothymia," akin to manic-depressive illness. At one point in 1935, when she seemed stabler, her parents let her go visit some cousins in Bray, a seaside town near Dublin. There she set a peat fire in the living room, and when her cousins' boyfriends came to call she tried to unbutton their trousers. She also, night after night, turned on the gas tap, in a sort of suicidal game. Then she disappeared to Dublin, where she tramped the streets for six days, sleeping in doorways, or worse. When she was found, she herself asked to be taken to a nursing home.

Soon afterward, the Joyces put her in an asylum in Ivry, outside Paris. She was twenty-eight, and she never lived on the outside again. She changed hospitals a few times, but her condition remained the same. She was quiet for the most part, though periodically she would go into a tearing rage—breaking windows, attacking people—and then she would be put in a straitjacket until she calmed down. This went on for forty-seven years, until her death, in 1982, at the age of seventy-five.

Carol Shloss believes that Lucia's case was cruelly mishandled. When Lucia fell ill, she at last captured her father's sustained attention. He grieved over her incessantly. At the same time, he was in the middle of writing "Finnegans Wake," and there were people around him—friends, patrons, assistants, on whom, since he was going blind, he was very dependent—who believed that the future of Western literature depended on his ability to finish this book. But he was not finishing it, because he was too busy worrying about Lucia. He was desperate to keep her at home. His friends—and also Nora, who bore the

THE
NEW YORKER
ONLINE

www.newyorker.com

THIS WEEK'S
WEB EXCLUSIVE:

JOHN CASSIDY TALKS ABOUT
A SCIENTIST'S SUICIDE,
BRITISH INTELLIGENCE,
AND THE SEARCH FOR
IRAQ'S WEAPONS

PLUS:
John Lahr
Peter Hessler
George Packer
Judith Thurman
Sam Gross
Matthew Diffee
Jerome Groopman
Jane Mayer
Seymour M. Hersh
William Steig
Alma Guillermoprieto
Deborah Garrison
Adam Gopnik
Stanley Kunitz
Katherine Boo
Jon Lee Anderson
Joan Acocella
Jeffrey Toobin
Rebecca Mead
Ken Auletta
Larissa MacFarquhar
Lawrence Wright
Edna O'Brien
Maira Kalman
and more

AND: A calendar of *New Yorker*
events across the country

burden of caring for Lucia when she was at home, and who was the primary target of her fury—insisted that she be institutionalized. The entourage finally prevailed, and Joyce completed "Finnegans Wake." In Shloss's view, Lucia was the price paid for a book.

But, as Shloss tells it, the silencing of Lucia went further than that. Her story was erased. After Joyce's death, many of his friends and relatives, in order to cover over this sad (and reputation-beclouding) episode, destroyed Lucia's letters, together with Joyce's letters to and about her. Shloss says that Giorgio's son, Stephen Joyce, actually removed letters from a public collection in the National Library of Ireland. When Brenda Maddox's biography of Nora was in galleys, Maddox was required to delete her epilogue on Lucia in return for permission to quote various Joyce materials. Shloss doesn't waste any tears over Maddox, however. In her opinion, Maddox and Ellmann are among the sinners, because they assumed, and thereby persuaded the public, that Lucia was insane. (Whenever Shloss catches Ellmann or Maddox in what seems to her a factual error, she records it snappishly—a tone inadvisable for a writer who, forced to swot up three decades of dance history, made some errors herself.) But the biographers are a side issue. None of Lucia's letters survive as original documents. Nor is there any trace of her diaries or poems, or of a novel that she is said to have been writing. In other words, most of the primary sources for an account of Lucia Joyce's life are missing. "This is a story that was not supposed to be told," Shloss writes. Therefore she tells it with a vengeance.

Shloss says that Lucia was a pioneering artist: "Through her we watch the birth of modernism." She compares her to Prometheus, "privately engaged in stealing fire." She compares her to Icarus, who flew too close to the sun. Insofar as these statements have to do with Lucia's dance career, Shloss is as hard up for evidence as all other people writing about dance that predated the widespread use of film and video recording. What those writers do is quote reviewers and witnesses. But Lucia's stage career was very short; Shloss is able to document maybe ten or twenty professional performances, and Lucia's contributions to them were appar-

New and Improved Aeron®
We Will Not Be Undersold!
- All sizes and colors in stock
- 1-year money back guarantee
- 12-year warranty

Prices starting at just
$599
Featuring the New PostureFit™ Option
Full-featured Aerons® starting at
$799
1-877-628-LESS
www.ny.sit4less.com

CASHMERE
THE QUINT-ESSENTIAL SCARF
Factory Direct Cost
Retails for $120
NOW... $59
- 100% Pure Cashmere
- 12"x66" In 10 Colors
- Monogram It $6.95
- Beautiful Gift Box $6.95
- Not Sold In Stores

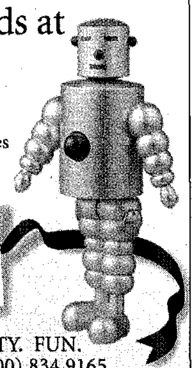
866.887.5222
CASHMERE FIFTH AVENUE
Your satisfaction guaranteed.
www.Cashmere5thAve.com

The artists
are big.
The cause is
even bigger.
Buy an amazing original from the Asian Elephant
Art & Conservation Project founded by Komar & Melamid.
www.elephantart.com

10 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
183,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com®

Homemade European Cookies
*Let them know you care
by sending the best.*
delicaciesbydiane.com

Traditional Smoked Scottish Salmon
Smoked by the river Spey in Scotland with
oak chips from Scotch whisky barrels
1.25 lb hand sliced $46.00
3 For 2 Special $92.00
Shipping $13.50 (Special shipped in one box)
1·800 331·3001
Scottish Crown, Ltd.



Meet my friends at ZebraHall.com

Extraordinary toys for all ages from around the world.

ZEBRA HALL™

QUALITY. ORIGINALITY. FUN.
www.ZebraHall.com (800) 834 9165

BOB & RAY CDs

NEW RELEASES
Years in the Making!
A Cast of Two!
Makes A Great Gift
1-800-528-4424 ext. 41
Order by December 15th for ground delivery before Christmas. Rush delivery available.
www.bobandray.com

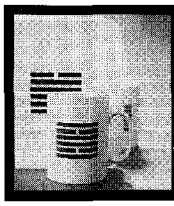
www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time by hand

Pig Bracelet 14K Gold $595 • Sterling Silver $165
Pin or Pendant 14K Gold $85 • Sterling Silver $35
Unconditionally Guaranteed • V/MC/Amex/DC
1-800-477-1856 • PO Box 147 • Chapel Hill, NC 27514

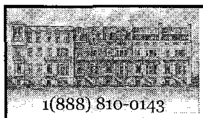
Celebration & Empowerment
of Women's Sexuality

WomynsWare
PRINT & ONLINE CATALOGUE
1.888.WYM.WARE | womynsware.com
896 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, CANADA

Play Blues Harmonica
3 CDs & book in beautiful boxed set
From *Jerry Portnoy* of Muddy Waters & Eric Clapton bands.
$59.95 +$5.95 s&h
call toll-free 877-MR BLUES
www.harpmaster.com
Learn from the Master!



HEXAGRAMS
a thought-full gift
plates mugs i-ching
www.RiverdaleAvenue.com
1-800-909-9033



MADISON ROW
1(888) 810-0143
Luxury residences like no other in a city like no other.
SAVANNAH GEORGIA
WWW.MADISONROW.COM
DEVELOPED BY MONTIS PROPERTIES LLC
offered by: CELIA W. DUNN REALTY COMPANY

ently not reviewed. Once, in 1929, when she competed in a dance contest in Paris, a critic singled her out as "subtle and barbaric." Apropos of that performance, Shloss also quotes the diary of Joyce's friend Stuart Gilbert: "Ballet yesterday; *fils prodigue* is a compromise between *pas d'acier* (steps of steel) and neo-Stravinsky." This would be an interesting compliment if the prodigal son in question were Lucia, but what Gilbert is clearly describing is George Balanchine's ballet "Le Fils Prodigue," which had its première in Paris, with Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, three days before Lucia's dance contest.

Shloss's evaluation of Lucia as an artist is not limited to her dance career, however. Lucia, she tells us, collaborated with Joyce on "Finnegans Wake." One of Lucia's cousins, Bozena Berta Schaurek, visited the Joyces briefly in 1928, and in an interview fifty years later she recalled something from that visit: while Joyce worked, "Lucia danced silently in the background." Joyce prided himself on his ability to write under almost any conditions, so if his niece saw him, once or twice, working in the same room where Lucia was practicing, this would not be surprising. But in Shloss's mind Schaurek's report prompts a vision:

> There are two artists in this room, and both of them are working. Joyce is watching and learning. The two communicate with a secret, unarticulated voice. The writing of the pen, the writing of the body become a dialogue of artists, performing and counterperforming, the pen, the limbs writing away.
>
> The father notices the dance's autonomous eloquence. He understands the body to be the hieroglyphic of a mysterious writing, the dancer's steps to be an alphabet of the inexpressible. . . . The place where she meets her father is not in consciousness but in some more primitive place before consciousness. They understand each other, for they speak the same language, a language not yet arrived into words and concepts but a language nevertheless, founded on the communicative body. In the room are flows, intensities.

Shloss thinks that this artistic symbiosis went on for years and that out of it came the theme of "Finnegans Wake" (flow), its linguistic experiments, much of its imagery, and also, because dance is abstract, its quasi-abstract quality. In return for these artistic gains, Shloss says, Lucia's life was forfeited. Transfixed by Joyce's gaze, she became too self-aware. And magicked by her relationship with him—"one of the great love stories of the twentieth century," Shloss calls it—she could never form an attachment to another man. Even years later, when Lucia is in the sanitarium and doing bizarre things—painting her face black, sending telegrams to dead people—Shloss believes that this was Lucia's way of giving her father material. She wasn't schizophrenic; she was working on "Finnegans Wake."

This elevation of Lucia to the role of collaborator on "Finnegans Wake" is the book's most spectacular act of inflation, but by no means the only one. The less Shloss knows, the more she tells us. On Lucia's studies with Raymond Duncan, for example, she seems to have almost no information. But here, among many other things, is what she says on the subject:

> Lucia's mind was filled with the grammar of vitality, prizing the dynamic over the static order. She imagined herself in terms of tension and its release; she felt the anxieties of opposing muscle to muscle and the heady mastery of resistances, knew the peace of working with gravity and not against it. To drop, to rebound, to lift, to suspend oneself. To fall and recover, to know the experience of grounding oneself and then arising to circle to the edge of ecstasy. Priests danced, children danced, philosophers' thoughts rose and fell in rhythmic sequence; lovers danced, and so did Lucia.

This is what you get when you tear up letters on a biographer. Underlying that passage—indeed, the whole book—are many of the irrationalist formulas associated in the public mind with dance. Painting is an art, writing is an art, but dance is a religion, an immolation. It is primitive, it is sexual, it is Dionysiac. (Shloss gives us a talk on Nietzsche.) It is an ecstasy, an obsession—the Red Shoes. Therefore it is cousin to insanity. Shloss points us to Zelda Fitzgerald, who also threw herself into ballet in her twenties, also studied with Egorova, and also went mad. (The two women even ended up in the same Swiss hospital, though Zelda was gone before Lucia checked in.) Nijinsky, too, is invoked. And Lucia's symptoms are repeatedly described as her way of dancing.

In some sections, however, Shloss forgets that she is writing a symbolist poem or a Laingian treatise and starts writing a biography. That, of course, is when she has some information to go on. At one juncture, she quotes from a history of Lucia that Joyce and his friend Paul Léon wrote for one of the hospitals that she was sent to: "The patient insists that despite her diligence, her talent and all her exertions, the results of her work

ADVERTISEMENT

Profiles in Commerce

The stories behind some of your favorite ads in The New Yorker

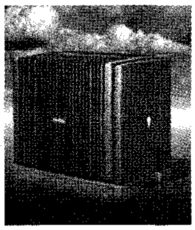
When it comes to launching a new product in one of the most challenging marketplaces in the world, many marketers often wish they could tap into some consumer ESP.

But when it came to successfully cracking that market, Franz Brueck at Venta Airwasher preferred to rely instead on USP, the persuasive power of the "unique selling proposition." Blessed with an innovative product that had already taken Europe by storm, Brueck made the wise decision to forego catchy slogans for compelling facts.

Crystal clear and straightforward, Venta ads clearly communicate the patented technology behind this popular appliance: the use of water as a natural filter to cleanse stale indoor air. And the story is in the sales, with a fast growing number of people and institutions, including Carnegie Hall, breathing easier because of it.

Creativity comes in many forms. The Venta Airwasher story keeps it simple and that's a breath of fresh air.

Franz Brueck



For more information, visit www.Venta-Airwasher.com or call 1-888-333-8218.

have come to nothing. The brother, her contemporary, whom she previously idolized, has never worked at anything, is well known, has married wealth, has a beautiful apartment, a car with a chauffeur and, on top of it all, a beautiful wife." Lucia herself said to a companion that her situation was "just as if you had been very rich, and collected many valuable things, and then they were taken away from you." These are modest statements, about cars and money, not Dionysus, but they are the ones that make you want to cry.

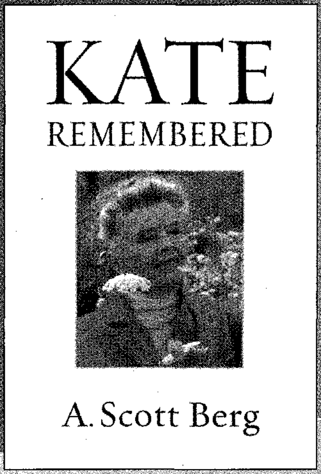
Another poignant section of the book has to do with Joyce's efforts on Lucia's behalf. Joyce believed that Lucia's problems were somehow inherited from him: "Whatever spark or gift I possess has been transmitted to Lucia and it has kindled a fire in her brain." (In fact, the fire may have been transmitted by Nora, whose sister Dilly spent a year and a half in a lunatic asylum.) He tried to find ways to heal her, please her. He bought her a fur coat ("My wish for you is warmth and beauty"), and when she lost it he bought her another one. To replace dancing, he persuaded her to take up book illustration—she drew *lettrines*, ornamental capitals—and he secretly gave publishers the money to pay her for her work. He didn't think she was crazy; he thought she was special—"a fantastic being," with her own private language. "I understand it," he said, "or most of it." If there was something wrong with her, maybe it was an infection, or a hormone imbalance. (She was given hormones, and also injections of seawater. The treatment of schizophrenia in those days was basically stabs in the dark, as it is still.) He spared no expense. In 1935, Léon reported that three-quarters of Joyce's income was going to Lucia's care. When the Germans invaded France, in 1940, and the family had to flee to Switzerland, Joyce practically killed himself in the vain effort to arrange for Lucia to go with them. Indeed, he may have killed himself. A month after the family arrived in Zurich, he died of a perforated ulcer.

Shloss loves Joyce for the pains he took over Lucia. The enemies in her book, apart from the letter-destroyers, are Nora and Giorgio—especially Giorgio, who, though by this time he spent

advertisement

The New Yorker Promotion Department invites you to look for these new releases from our advertiser.

bookmarks

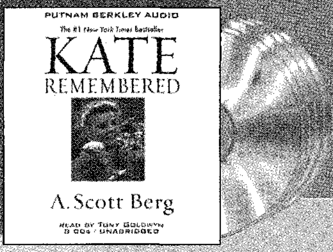


KATE
REMEMBERED
A. Scott Berg

The #1 *New York Times* Bestseller

"A true gift for anyone who loved and admired Katharine Hepburn."
—Chicago Tribune

"*Kate Remembered,* of course, is Hepburn's last performance, and as in all her other roles, she is maddening and glorious and vain and one of the most oddly pure creations to have ever wandered across the stage of our culture. Hepburn puts on a hell of a performance throughout."
—The Boston Globe



PUTNAM BERKLEY AUDIO
The #1 New York Times Bestseller
KATE
REMEMBERED
A. Scott Berg
READ BY TONY GOLDWYN
5 CDs · UNABRIDGED

Read by Tony Goldwyn

Available from Putnam Berkley Audio in unabridged CD and cassette

PUTNAM
A member of Penguin Group (USA)
www.penguin.com

his days in an alcoholic haze, was always forgiven everything by his family, and who, time and again, was the first person to say that his sister should be put away. Shloss repeatedly suggests—again, without evidence—that there may have been some sexual contact between Lucia and Giorgio when they were in their teens or earlier, and that Giorgio, in his rush to institutionalize her, may have been trying to silence her on this subject.

Shloss's book is part of a tradition, the biography-of-the-artist's-woman—a genre that is now about thirty years old, as old as its source, modern feminism. Its goal is to show that many great works of art by men were fed on the blood of women, who were then, at best, forgotten by history or, at worst, maddened by their exploitation and then clapped in an institution. In the latter cases—Shloss's "Lucia," Carole Seymour-Jones's "Painted Shadow: The Life of Vivienne Eliot, First Wife of T. S. Eliot, and the Long-Suppressed Truth About Her Influence on His Genius"—these books can be very indignant. (Not always. Nancy Milford's biography of Zelda Fitzgerald basically comes down on Scott's side.) When the woman is merely unacknowledged, the tone tends to be milder, as in Brenda Maddox's "Nora"—which, *pace* Shloss, says that Nora was the primary inspiration for Joyce's work—or Ann Saddlemyer's "Becoming George: The Life of Mrs. W. B. Yeats," which tells the weird story of how Yeats's wife, Georgie, was the medium (literally) through which he reached the spirit world and thus found the subject of his late work. In recent years, possibly because most of the really shocking cases have been used up, the arguments seem to be getting subtler. In Stacy Schiff's "Véra (Mrs. Vladimir Nabokov)" we are shown a woman whose contribution to her husband's work was to meld with him in the creation of a single, shared personality, which then wrote the books and lived the life—a curious phenomenon.

All these biographies, subtle or not, are valuable, and not only for the sake of justice (when that is what they achieve) but because they tell an important truth about how artists get their work done. Many people are brilliant, and from that you may get one novel, as Zelda Fitzgerald did. But to write five novels (Scott) or seventeen (Nabokov)—to make a career—you must have, with brilliance, a number of less glamorous virtues, for example, patience, resilience, and courage. Lucia Joyce encountered obstacles and threw up her hands; James Joyce faced worse obstacles—for most of his writing life, publishers ran from him in droves—but he persisted. When the critics made fun of Zelda's novel, she stopped publishing; when Scott had setbacks—indeed, when he was a falling-down drunk—he went on hoping, and working. Lucia and Zelda may have been less gifted than the men in question. But there is something else going on here, too, which the biographies-of-the-artists'-women record: that while nature seems to award brilliance equally to men and women, society does not nurture it equally in the two sexes, and thus leaves the women more discourageable. Nor, in females, does the world reward selfishness, which, sad to say, artists seem to need, or so one gathers from the portraits of the men in these books. One can also gather it from biographies of the women who did not lose heart—for example, George Eliot, whose books were the product of a life custom-padded by her mate, George Lewes. (Phyllis Rose, in her "Parallel Lives: Five Victorian Marriages," reports that for twenty-four years Lewes screened Eliot's incoming letters, together with all reviews of her books, and threw away anything that might distress her.) Then there is Virginia Woolf, whose novels would never have been written had she not had non-stop nursing care from Leonard Woolf. Virginia knew this, and seems to have decided she deserved it, or so she suggests in "A Room of One's Own." But, male or female, once the artist walks into that private room and closes the door, a lot of people are going to feel shut out—are going to *be* shut out—and they may suffer. ♦

From the International Herald Tribune.

A headline in Wednesday's editions with an article about a section of Copenhagen inhabited by squatters for the last 32 years likened the neighborhood to Shangri-La. The neighborhood is, in fact, neither imaginary nor a hidden paradise.

Too late—our flight is already booked.

ON THE TOWN

Gifts That Give Back
Exclusively at
Saks Fifth Avenue

Saks Fifth Avenue has partnered with VH1 to create Gifts That Give Back, a charitable initiative benefiting the VH1 Save the Music Foundation, a nonprofit organization dedicated to restoring music education in America's public schools. Exclusive designer gifts, worn by top recording artists in this issue, will be available at the Gifts That Give Back boutique, only at Saks Fifth Avenue stores and saks.com.*

Blue from American Express® is a proud supporter of the VH1 Save the Music Foundation. In the spirit of creating tools for a better tomorrow, Blue has joined Saks Fifth Avenue's Gifts That Give Back initiative as program sponsor, hoping to build a brighter future for America's kids.

To learn more, visit **americanexpress.com/blue**.

**Gifts available through the holiday season. Quantities are limited.*

SAVE THE MUSIC

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

For more information, log on to www.newyorker.com and click on The New Yorker ReaderLink.

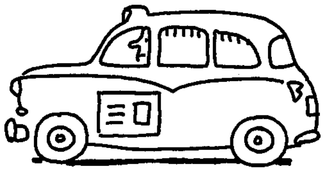
BRIEFLY NOTED

The Good Doctor, *by Damon Galgut (Grove; $23).* Like most elements of this slim, absorbing novel set in post-apartheid South Africa, the title is ambiguous. The narrator, Frank, is a doctor, but, to judge from our first impression, not a good one. After the collapse of his marriage, he has retreated to a hospital in a rural backwater. His uneventful existence is disturbed by the arrival of Laurence, a young doctor eager to help the poor black inhabitants of the surrounding villages. The two men develop an uneasy friendship; Frank is both repelled and fascinated by this younger version of himself. The novel shrewdly introduces thriller-like devices—a secret mistress, a male nurse with underworld ties—that put the two doctors to the test. In spare, declarative prose, Galgut spins a brisk and bracing story, but he's also in pursuit of something murkier: the double-edged nature of doing good in a land where "the past has only just happened."

The Calligrapher, *by Edward Docx (Houghton Mifflin; $24).* Jasper Jackson, the calligrapher hero of this sly début novel, is an archetypally feckless young Englishman: bookish and witty, fond of luxury but untroubled by such bourgeois concerns as the pursuit of money. He's also an incorrigible philanderer, a self-described "professional" in the realm of sexual conquest, who elaborately orchestrates his seductions. He is transcribing, for a wealthy client, thirty of John Donne's "Songs and Sonnets"—poetry animated by themes of inconstancy and ambivalence—when he spies an aloof beauty outside his window. Naturally, he finds himself, for the first time, powerlessly in love. Jasper's eventual comeuppance involves some overly clever convolutions, but the author's ability to strike a balance between slapstick and sincerity prevents the novel from getting too cute for its own good.

Jung, *by Deirdre Bair (Little, Brown; $35).* So many women flocked to Zurich to be analyzed by Carl Jung that they were punningly referred to as the *Jungfrauen* ("virgins," in German). The legendary analyst can't be accused of neglecting the opportunities to which, in the days before clear therapeutic boundaries were established, his charisma and their transference gave rise. And there are more serious dents to his reputation, including his decision to accept the presidency of a German analytic society in 1933—he remained until 1940. Bair, the author of exhaustive biographies of Samuel Beckett and Simone de Beauvoir, has turned her research skills to clarifying these, and other, controversies, including Jung's famous split with Freud, in 1913 (they disagreed on the primacy of the sex drive). The result is largely balanced and thorough, though Bair's perhaps excessive focus on the minutiae of Jung's life keeps her from illuminating the ideas and the analytic legacy of the man who invented such concepts as introversion, extroversion, and the collective unconscious, and was able to blame an overactive anima for his womanizing.

No Fixed Points: Dance in the Twentieth Century, *by Nancy Reynolds and Malcolm McCormick (Yale; $50).* This masterly history presents a grand, old-fashioned narrative of the development of ballet, modern dance, and postmodern choreography. Synthesizing a century's worth of observation and opinion, Reynolds and McCormick chart the pendulum swing of styles and isolate individual contributions in a way that is both comprehensive in its coverage and assured in its handling of the smallest details. They highlight the significance of factors as large as government funding and as small as the depth of Baryshnikov's demi-plié. Where tastes differ, they generally present both sides, yet their tone, fluctuating from awestruck (Balanchine) to archly dismissive (Pina Bausch), makes clear that the authors—both former dancers—care too much about their subject to be impartial.



HARRINGTON'S™ of Vermont
Vermont Smoked Ham
SAVE $20!
Now only $29.95
Regularly $49.95
Here's your chance to taste the wonderful flavor of a ham smoked the old-fashioned Vermont way, over fragrant fires of corncobs and maple wood. Guaranteed to be the best you've ever tasted or your money back.
Order NOW and get two FREE gifts!
8 oz. of aged cheddar cheese and 6 oz. of our famous smoked bacon will accompany your order.
HARRINGTON'S 1420
210 E. Main St. Richmond, VT 05477
☐ 126-390 Ready-to-Cook Ham (6 1/2-7 1/2 lbs.) for only $29.95 + $9.99 S&H. Total: $39.94.
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Charge my ( ) VISA, ( ) MC, ( ) AMEX, ( ) Diners Club, ( ) Discover. (Include card no. & exp. date)
Name
Address
City State Zip
Introductory offer for new customers only. Limit 2. Good in 48 States only. Expires 12/27/03. Not a retail store offer. Certain shipping restrictions apply.
Charge Orders: 800-919-7544
www.harringtonham.com

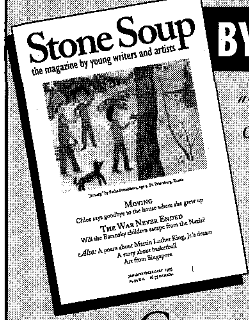
FLIP FLOP PENDANT
Xs and Os trim the straps on this summer classic. Sterling Silver $35 or 14k gold $185 on 18" chain. Add $6 handling.
1"
800-767-6411 or breakell.com
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring Street, Dept. NYFL, Newport, RI 02840

JASPER WHITE'S
SUMMER SHACK
OPEN YEAR-ROUND!
Oyster Bar & Seasonal New England Kitchen
Boston, MA Tel. (617) 867-9955
Cambridge, MA Tel. (617) 520-9500
Mohegan Sun, Uncasville, CT Tel. (860) 862-9500
chowder • clambakes • steamers • Lobster in the Rough • Corn Dogs • Surf & Turf • Raw Bar • Grilled Fish • fried seafood • smashing crabs

Bicyclist on your gift list?
Our inclinometer is the perfect stocking stuffer! Accurately measure the steepest climbs!
IDEAL FOR ANY CYCLIST!
Visa/MC $24.95+$4.95 S&H
1.800.422.2104
www.velimpex.com

THE BLUEGRASS PLAY-ALONG VIDEO
It's fun! Guitar chords & words are onscreen so you can learn 10 classic bluegrass songs. You cover basic chords in the most used keys. With these, you can play 100's of other songs. Get guitar-smart on the boobtube. 25 min VHS.
Call 1-800-557-3378 w/ Visa or MC
Just $29.95 (free Priority Mail shipping)
Creative Dept. PO Box 69552 Portland, OR 97239

Danish School Bag
Globetrot® - Made In Denmark for 50 Years!
• 19oz. canvas • 9 pockets
• 15" x 12" x 4"- expands to 8"
• Includes metric ruler!
• black, gray, red
• smaller size also available
Exclusive importer: Gorm Andersen & Co.
15 Heathwood Drive
East Windsor, NJ 08520
800 - 725 - 5009
IT'S BACK!
www.danishbookbag.com



THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN

"The New Yorker of the 8-to-13 set."
MS. MAGAZINE

"Blessings on the adult advisers of this enterprise."
THE NEW YORKER

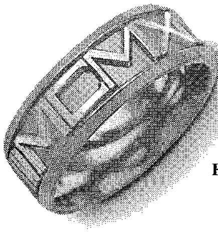
Christmas, Hanukkah, birthdays—**Stone Soup** is a gift that brings hours of enjoyment, not just on the day it is received but throughout the year. **Stone Soup's** stories, poems, and illustrations are all by children. It's the perfect gift for creative 8- to 13-year-olds.

Published 6 times a year: Jan., March, May, July, Sept., Nov.

☐ 1 yr. $33 ☐ 2 yrs. $54 ☐ 3 yrs. $74
Canada and Mexico add $6/year. Other countries add $12/year.

Name ____________
Address ____________
City, State, Zip ____________
Gift card from ____________

www.stonesoup.com
P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063
800-447-4569 NY

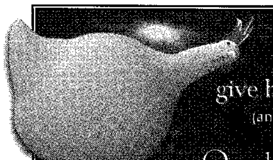


JOHN CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN

YOUR *Anniversary Date*
IN ROMAN NUMERALS!
(GOLD AND PLATINUM)
December 11, 1998
XII XI MCMXCVIII
14K GOLD $490

ORDER BY DEC. 22ND FOR HOLIDAY DELIVERY

www.ringbox.com
1-888-646-6466



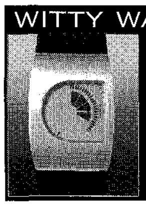
Promise her anything, but give her a chicken...
(and don't forget our fine French table linens)
QuelObjet.com

THE VIDEOS CATS WANT TO CATCH

Dateline NBC filmed cats pawing the screen watching ***Kitty Safari.*** Now ***Kitty Safari 2*** serves up more busy birds, squirrels & all natural sounds. Great fun for humans. Must-catch TV for cats. 25 min. VHS.

Call **1-800-557-3378** w / Visa or MC
$19.95 ea. / **$34.95** for both (+ $3.95 S&H)

Creative Dept. P.O. Box 69552 Portland, OR 97201



WITTY WAYS TO TELL TIME

Pie Watch. Aluminum case, black leather strap.
Time shown: 4:24:35.
$130.
To Order: 1-800-721-2611
www.timebydesign.com

BOOKS

THE ANATOMY LESSON

Sixteenth-century sexual transgressions.

BY JUDITH THURMAN

In 1525, Antonio Vignali, a young Sienese nobleman, founded a lofty-minded humanist society that he called, with boyish irreverence, the Academy of the Stunned (Accademia degli Intronati). The commandments of its motto—"Pray, Study, Rejoice, Harm No One, Believe No One"—were honored selectively. The Intronati were an élite cenacle of scholars who shared a devotion to vernacular literature; passionate republicanism tempered by contempt for the common man; flamboyant misogyny qualified by awe for women's supposedly insatiable sexual appetites; hatred of clerical hypocrisy; youthful Weltschmerz; and a fervor for sodomy that, at least in Vignali's case, bordered on the evangelical. The academy convened on Sundays, behind closed doors, to discuss philosophy, music, law, poetry, and language, and to critique its members' work. It appears that quite a bit of member exercise took place also, as is the case at all frat parties, however exalted. The Intronati made a specialty of scandalous theatrical productions (one of their several affinities with the fin-de-siècle Decadents who orbited Oscar Wilde and the coteries that formed around D'Annunzio, Artaud, and Cocteau). Nevertheless, or perhaps therefore, they acquired an illustrious reputation that they still enjoy. Their most famous collaborative effort was "Gl'Ingannati" ("The Deceived"), a comedy with a cross-dressing heroine that influenced Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

Sometime between 1525 and 1527, Vignali wrote a radically obscene satire on politics and sex that he called "La Cazzaria." The sixteenth century was a golden age of the outré, particularly in France and Italy, and this slight opus, the length of a novella, took the form of a mock-Platonic, mock-scholastic dialogue narrated mostly by disembodied genitals. The manuscript was intended for private circulation among like-minded freethinkers, but someone—friend or foe, it isn't clear—pirated a copy and had it printed without the author's consent, crippling Vignali with a notoriety that he didn't outlive. He went into exile a few years later and published nothing else in his lifetime.

Centuries passed, and "La Cazzaria" was more or less forgotten, though a few copies were conserved in the dirty-book archives of various august institutions and in the collections of libertine bibliophiles. One was unearthed about ten years ago in a Spanish house that was being demolished. Two sixteenth-century editions found their way to the *Enfer* at the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris—a restricted room legendary among French schoolboys (and the object, in fantasy, of more midnight break-ins than the vault at Fort Knox). Another copy settled into the bowels of the Vatican, and a nineteenth-century French translation was bequeathed to the British Library. There, in the early nineteen-nineties, Vignali's work was discovered by a graduate student at Columbia—Ian Frederick Moulton—who was doing research on Renaissance erotica. Even at the end of the twentieth century, credentialled readers who had wangled entrée to the "Private Case" (a collection of pornography donated by the Victorian erotomane Henry Spencer Ashbee, the author of "My Secret Life") were, Moulton notes, obliged to consult its contents at a special desk close to the librarians, presumably with both hands in view. Moulton has translated "La Cazzaria" into English for the first time, as "The Book of the Prick" (Routledge; $18.95). His exemplary introduction is nearly as long as the text itself and twice as worthwhile. It provides the historical perspective and intellectual sobriety missing from what Moulton tactfully describes as a "learned, but childish," fable that is, even by the most liberal modern standards, a complete gross-out—though probably not to anyone who has tuned in to Howard Stern.

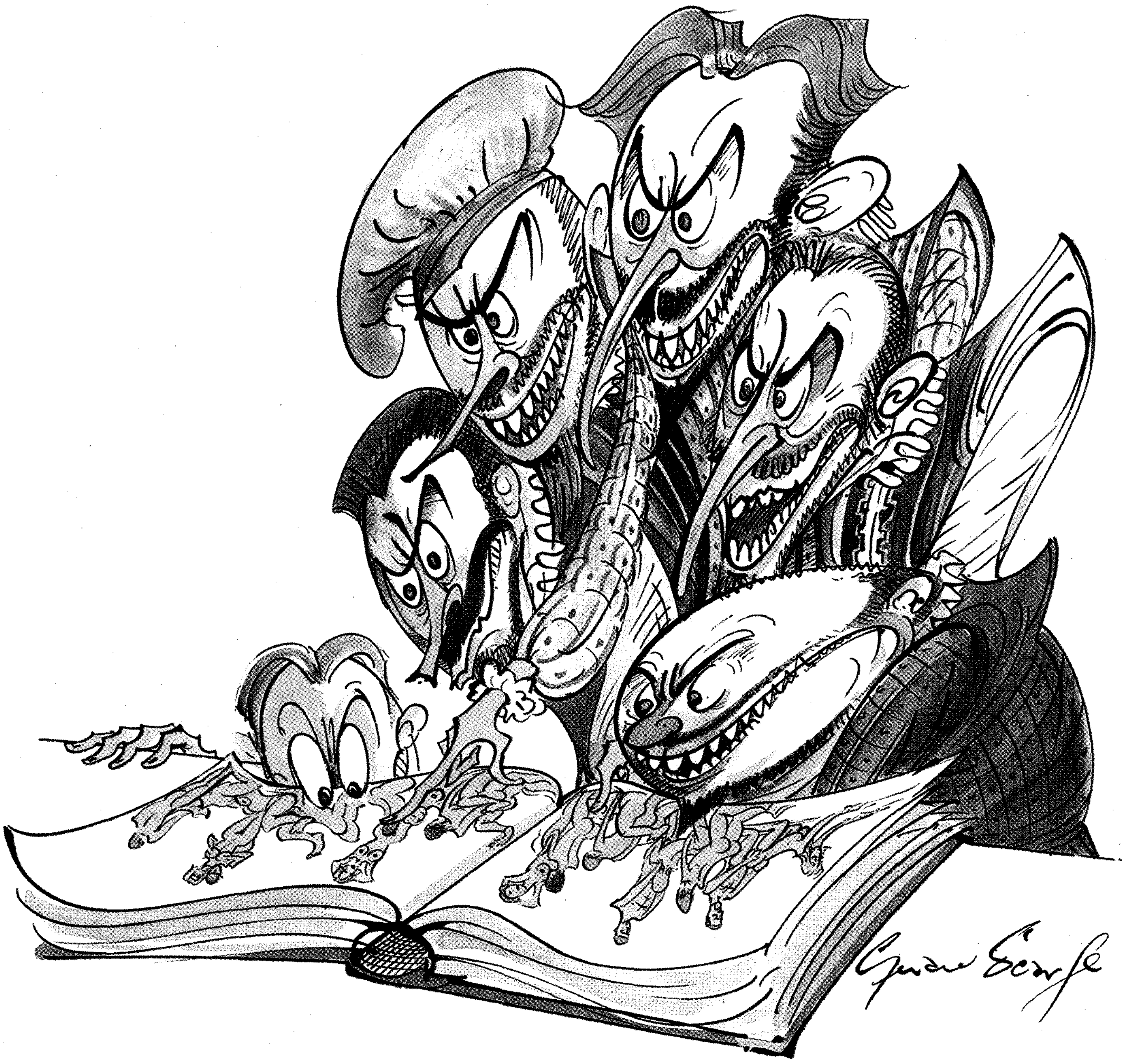
Cazzo is the vulgar Italian word for the male organ, hence the title, whose "closest

GERALD SCARFE

English rendering," Moulton writes, "is probably 'cockery'—but that is too close to 'cookery.' . . . 'Prickery' might work, but it lacks the specificity of the Italian word. In English, 'prick' is a word with many meanings; in Italian, '*cazzo*' can mean only one thing. In the text, I have translated '*cazzo*' as 'cock,' but 'Book of the Cock' sounds like it might have something to do with poultry, so for the working English title, I settled on 'Book of the Prick.' " Anglo-Saxon sexual slang, however, has a much harsher impact on the ear than its mellifluous Romance counterpart, and equivalent terms don't carry the same charge. The percussive monosyllables and/or double final consonants of cock, balls, shit, dick, buttocks, jerk-off, prick, cunt, and fuck have a blunt, expletive force that isn't rendered by (and betrays the puckish delicacy of) *cazzo, potta, culo, fica, scopare, merda, coglioni*, and *cacca*. The verbs *incazzare* and *inculare*, especially used reflexively, are certainly rude, but hardly so heavy-handed as "to take it up the ass." It's the difference, perhaps, between Ariel's nimble tongue and Caliban's thick one.

It would be satisfying, if only for the worthy Moulton's sake, to report that "La Cazzaria" is a masterpiece rescued from obscurity by a feat of heroic exegesis, but, even making allowances for the nuances inevitably lost in translation, a masterpiece is something shapelier and more solid than an extended riff, however much fun it is. Vignali's antic prose staggers in and out of coherence like a student video ad-libbed as it is shot, and it also reminded me of the scatological graffiti, most of it in Latin, that one finds in the catacombs of Roman churches, and which seems to have been etched into the stone expressly to deflate, for future generations, the mystique of antiquity.

The animator of "La Cazzaria" is a priapic scholar steeped in the classics who refers to himself by Vignali's own nom de plume, Arsiccio Intronato. Arsiccio means "burned," as in scorched by lust, and when the dialogue begins he is intent on seduc-



"La Cazzaria," a radically obscene satire written in Siena around 1525, reflects the political unrest and intrigues of the time.

ing a younger academician named Sodo Intronato—the pseudonym of Vignali's friend Marcantonio Piccolomini. Sodo is laughably ignorant of human anatomy and plumbing, and of nearly all sexual matters, including such basics as "why kissing feels good"; "why women have periods"; "why the crotch is hairy"; and "why jerking off was invented," not to mention such headier questions as "why monks invented confession" (to ascertain if there were any "secrets in the art of fucking" they didn't know) and, on a slightly more elevated note, "why no one today has profound knowledge" (people are too busy "making money, dominating others, and similar things . . . because wealth has placed its feet on virtue's neck"). The conversation is introduced by a letter from a third member of the confraternity, Il Bizzarro, who claims to have borrowed this "naughty" text while waiting impatiently in Arsiccio's study for a "filthy, succulent, and smutty" wench his host has promised to serve up. "Although our Arsiccio has always shown himself to be an enemy to women in all his affairs," Il Bizzarro writes, "he is nonetheless as eager for their secrets as a monkey is for crayfish."

The conceit of a found manuscript was a convention of the Platonic dialogue. Castiglione, for example, employs it for the "Book of the Courtier," and it briefly occurred to me that Moulton's account of finding a sensational text with an arcane publishing history written by a sex-crazed proto-Foucault was the conceit of a postmodern novel. In this case, it promises rather more in the way of esoteric revelation than the text delivers, partly because Sodo is such a dimwit, and partly because Vignali's fable runs on raw nerve rather than imagination.

In a seventeenth-century history of the Intronati, Vignali was described as a "brilliant spirit" who "was accounted almost a monster because of his deformed body." (The writer doesn't specify the nature of the deformity.) He apparently fathered two legitimate sons, but extant documents make no mention of a wife. His work flaunts his preference for pliant youths of his own class. Homosexual camaraderie in general and man-boy love in particular flourished in Renaissance Tuscany, as it tends to in cultures that worship women's purity by keeping them locked up. Moulton makes an interesting analogy between the "hyper-intellectual" machismo of Vignali and his circle and that of the (mostly) hyper-heterosexual Spanish artists of the nineteen-thirties, whose graphic forays into coprophilia and masturbation (Dali), priapism (Picasso), and perversity (Buñuel) were also part of a revolt against orthodox Catholicism, and an impulse to take refuge in absurdity and surrealism from an increasingly repressive and chaotic political climate. *Intronato* can mean "deaf" as well as "stunned" (though, with a little poetic license, one might also translate it as "stoned," and the rambling tone of "La Cazzaria" leaves the impression that Vignali dashed it off in a state of intoxication). But the name, Moulton tells us, was an ironic reference to the spiritual battering that refined characters endure in periods of civic violence and instability. Siena's independence was being menaced externally by the competing forces of the Hapsburg Empire and the Valois of France, and from within by the murderous intrigues among the five hereditary factions (*monti*) that ruled the Republic.

Despite the fact that his own noble family belonged to the preëminent Monte dei Nove, Vignali made them the villains of a parable that a less faithful translator might have been tempted to entitle "Genital Farm." Drawing ironically upon accounts by Livy and Plutarch of a speech by the Roman senator Menenius Agrippa to a revolutionary mob (which Shakespeare, a little later, and without the irony, cribbed for a scene in Act I of "Coriolanus"), he dramatizes the internecine struggles that were wasting his city as a tale of warring body parts, though not the head, belly, and limbs of the classical version. Arsiccio describes to Sodo how the Big Cocks and their prideful consorts, the Beautiful Cunts, once formed a dominant party that tyrannized a coalition of the lesser-endowed: the Little Cocks and their allies, the Ugly Cunts and Assholes, whose plot for a democratic revolution was betrayed by the cowardly and opportunistic Balls. In the course of the fable, the victors reassert their mastery and wreak their revenge with the kind of atrocious violations that recent history has reclaimed from the realm of Sadean fantasy. But then, Arsiccio continues, at the urging of a wise if bloodthirsty seeress known as the Great Cunt of Modena, the vanquished negotiate their differences in a fraternal fashion, and strike back at their oppressors, who are, in turn, slaughtered or dispersed. "I will say this about the Big Cocks," Modena concludes. "It is very possible they have taken refuge with some foreign power, from where, in a short time, seeing our discord, they may return to ruin and destroy each of us." Her moral is a little vague, though it seems sound: the phallus represents power without a conscience; it cannot, therefore, be trusted; while it sometimes lies low, you can't keep it down.

Vignali lived at a moment not without a certain cautionary relevance to the present, in which the avidity of a privileged generation shaking itself free from fundamentalism coexists with profound anxiety at the prospect of losing that insouciance to a dictatorship of the right-thinking. Rabelais and Aretino are probably the best known of the many pungent writers working in the same mode. They, as Moulton puts it, "revel in bodily functions, both sexual and digestive." He also cites the poet Lorenzo Venier, the author of "La Puttana Errante" ("The Wandering Whore"), and Niccolò Franco, whose political diatribes in verse employed "shocking, sexualized invective to attack their enemies." "La Cazzaria," he continues, "never mentions Machiavelli directly, but it is not hard to sense his influence" in the conception of the state both as a much violated woman and a "female body" of "abiding and unfathomable strength . . . which no man can completely control."

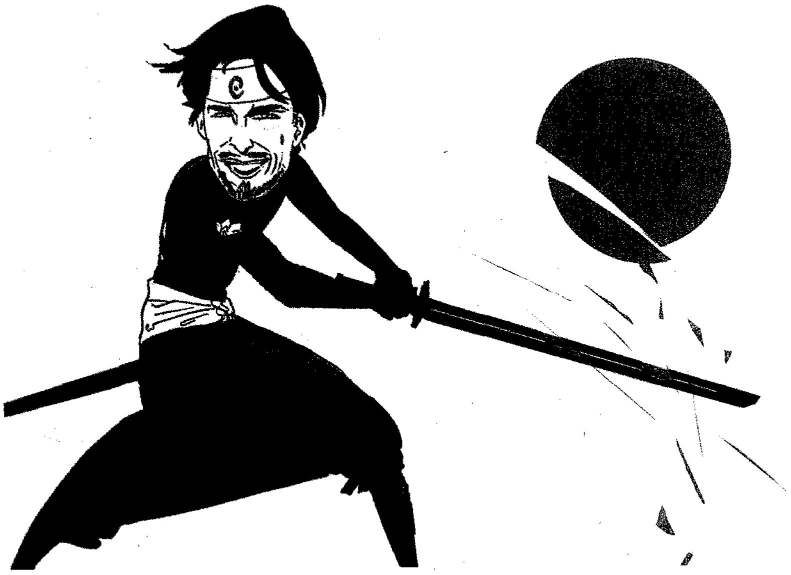
Though Vignali is more extreme than the least inhibited of his contemporaries, and less artful and lucid than the greatest of them, he shares their rebellious impulse to subvert the sanctimony of pedants, the cruelty of the potent, the authority of patriarchs, and the prestige of virtue; to challenge the medieval dualism of mind and body; and to dose his readers with a bitter aphrodisiac grown in that fertile mire of carnal knowledge which, he believes, nourishes the blood of a secular body politic. "No matter how ugly and vulgar a thing is," Arsiccio argues, "it is more ugly and vulgar" not to understand it. Almost three hundred years before Sade, Vignali conflates enlightenment with corruption, and, in one of the earliest and, it has to be said, most repellent test cases for free speech, he asserts a quintessential civil liberty, one that becomes more precious as it grows more fragile: the freedom to offend. ♦

THE CURRENT CINEMA

WARRIORS

"The Last Samurai" and "The Missing."

BY DAVID DENBY



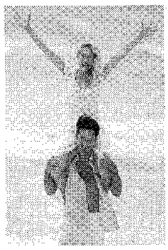
Tom Cruise plays an American soldier in nineteenth-century Japan.

ISTVAN BANYAI

In "The Last Samurai," Tom Cruise, an American trying to master Japanese fighting techniques, repeatedly gets knocked on his ass—he's tripped up and flipped over by limbs moving faster than his own, and then thwacked across the back, chest, or neck with a wooden sword as he goes down. He gets up, of course, and eventually he learns to fight as well as the greatest swordsman in Japan. Now, some people may be dismayed by the cultural vanity implicit in the idea of a white guy's becoming a superb Eastern warrior, but no one can deny that Cruise is a scrapper. Could one imagine John Wayne or Gary Cooper, at a comparable stage in his career, hitting the dirt again and again? And Cruise has taken a step forward in "The Last Samurai." The egotistical, shallow young hot shot who grew up under pressure in "Top Gun" and "A Few Good Men" and "Jerry Maguire" has, in this movie, become something more interesting—a disillusioned, rapidly aging hot shot whose ideals of honor and service need to be rekindled.

Bearded, with long hair almost to his shoulders, Captain Nathan Algren, a hero of Gettysburg, has, in the period after the Civil War, degenerated into a guilt-ridden Indian killer and then, by 1876, into a drunken clown who performs in gun shows. He's approached by Japanese businessmen who ask if he would train, for good money, a Western-style army to fight for the Emperor and suppress a last-ditch samurai rebellion in the provinces. In Japan, Algren's troops turn out to be a group of frightened young men with muzzle-loading rifles. In their first encounter with the samurai clan, led by the great Lord Katsumoto (Ken Watanabe), the green recruits break and run, and Algren is wounded, captured, and carried off to Katsumoto's mountain retreat. Watanabe, a popular actor in Japan, is tall and fierce-looking, and his Katsumoto is a deeply civilized warrior who speaks curt, elegant English and possesses an impeccably high-minded conception of his own role and the proper way to die. Up in the mountains, the two men have dignified conversations about loyalty and cherry blossoms and other profound Japanese things. A year goes by, and the "Western" army, much enlarged, acquires howitzers and

GIFT PERFECT
Only $29.97 when you order here!
Save 25%
Surprise the crossword lover on your gift list with a subscription to *The Crosswords Club...* 6 original, Sunday-size crosswords delivered each month for a full year. *They'll love it!*
THE CROSSWORDS CLUB
Visit www.crosswordsclub.com *or call toll-free:* 1-800-433-4386
Use discount code 6SNYW3



JEWEL of JAMAICA™
All Suites.
All Oceanview.
All Inclusive.
SANS SOUCI RESORT & SPA
1-800-448-7702
www.SansSouciJamaica.com

"STRETCH"
www.rnstudios.com
Sterling Silver $ 65.00
14k Gold $ 349.00
Velvet Box
1-1/2" Wide Pin
800-235-0471
ROGER NICHOLS Gallery
137 NE Greenwood Ave. • Bend, OR 97701
S/H $5.75

Dare to "drink better coffee"
Since 1964, Toddy's patented "cold brew" system has created a **superior-tasting** cup of coffee - steaming hot or iced cold. And, with **67% less acid** than hot brewed coffee, it's easier on sensitive stomachs. Visit our new Internet café and take **15% OFF** all Toddy "cold brew" products - our gift for daring to "drink better coffee." *Enter code: NY03*
TODDY
drink better coffee.
(888) 863-3974 www.ToddyCafe.com

45 years of experiance - NOW ONLINE!
• SKIS • SNOWBOARDS • CLOTHING
SPYDER, BURTON, SALOMON, RIDE, PHENIX
VOLKL, BOERI, & MANY MORE
888.413.6966
WWW.CHRISTYSPORTS.COM

ITALY
HOLIDAY HOMES
Villas • Cottages • City Flats
By the Week or Month
All Personally Screened
www.vbella.com 415·554·0234
Vacanza Bella

advertisement

ON THE TOWN

Be the first to hear about events, promotions, and special offers from New Yorker advertisers.

Rolex Sets Sail in Annapolis

Rolex Watch U.S.A. honored participants in the Rolex International Women's Keelboat Championship at an exclusive dinner. Co-hosted by Rolex, *The New Yorker,* and other select Condé Nast magazines, the event was held on October 1st, in Annapolis, Maryland.

Photo by Nizam Mohamed

First-place winners (l-r): Skipper Mary Brigden, Rolex president Walter Fischer, Stacey Szabo, and Jerelyn Biehl.

Photo by Nizam Mohamed

Second-place winners (l-r): Diana Hall, Skipper Betsy Alison, Rolex president Walter Fischer, Lee Icyda and Suzie Leech.

The title sponsor of the regatta since its inception in 1985, Rolex continues to be a committed supporter of women's athletics.

ROLEX

For more information, log on to www.newyorker.com and click on The New Yorker ReaderLink.

Gatling guns. But by this time Algren has fallen in love with Katsumoto's lost cause.

"The Last Samurai" was originally a story written by John Logan, who turned it into a screenplay with the director, Edward Zwick, and his longtime collaborator, Marshall Herskovitz. This enormous production represents a return to the stately manner of sixties-style spectacle. The imperial Army gathers in massive blocks, ambassadors and petitioners tremble as they approach the Emperor, and there's a literate Englishman (Timothy Spall) on hand to explain Japan to the audience. It's a very earnest piece of work: handsome, methodical, rather doggedly literal—Katsumoto's mountain village was built, thatched roof by thatched roof, in the wilds of New Zealand. In brief, "The Last Samurai" is an example of the bizarre logic of Old Hollywood, in which tens of millions of dollars are spent on authentic rice paper and functioning waterwheels in order to prop up an entertaining but entirely inauthentic fantasy—an American showing up to revive the samurai tradition. It's Algren, it turns out, who is the last samurai; poor Katsumoto, upstaged in his own country, is only, I suppose, the next-to-last samurai.

Edward Zwick has long been obsessed with the films of Akira Kurosawa, and that magic name may suggest a few of the movie's limitations. A Westerner looking at Kurosawa's masterpiece "The Seven Samurai" might think, This is what Homer might have done if he had had a camera. One looks at "The Last Samurai," however, and thinks, This is a movie by the director of "Legends of the Fall" and "Glory." In "Legends," the repeated shots of the bare-chested Brad Pitt, blond hair waving in the wind as he rode before the Montana peaks, might have been outtakes from the greatest mountain-brew commercial ever made. And in "Glory," despite the mournful tenor of the story (a black regiment fights and dies on the Union side in the Civil War), the bits of platoon-buddy repartee reminded one of a dozen Second World War movies.

There are a few great moments in "The Last Samurai": a second of awe-struck anticipation as the young troops wait with their guns and the samurai, on horseback, come thundering through the misty woods and burst upon them; and, in the final battle, the horses buckling and falling in slow motion as they run into gunfire. But Herskovitz and Zwick may know movie genres a little too well. Most of the movie is pitched at the level of high-flown cliché and achieves commercial eloquence but nothing more. Watanabe is fun to watch in his confrontations with Cruise—ending a conversation, he has a sudden way of ducking, turning, and stalking off that hits the viewer like a splash of cold water—but Cruise's sensitive exchanges in beginner's Japanese with a beautiful widow, Taka (played by the former model Koyuki), seem to have been conceived for a late-period Richard Chamberlain TV movie. Algren has slain Taka's husband, and Taka, nursing the American back to health, quivers in ecstasies of masochistic devotion. Zwick can't find anything fresh in this deeply pious East-meets-West stuff. The movie comes close to dying between battle scenes.

Algren is meant to be an intelligent but confused American cast adrift in the moral squalor of the post-Civil War period—whereas the Japanese, with the exception of some capitalist arms dealers, turn out to be principled and entirely disciplined, violent to be sure, but moral and poetic in their approach to life. The best of them remain aristocrats and grateful feudal vassals. In the mountains, Algren steps out of Taka's house and notices villagers carving, grinding, training for war. He marvels at their efforts and says, "Whatever they do, they do superbly well." True enough, of course, but the movie's simple association of Japanese feudal order with quality makes one queasy. At the end, Algren, on his knees, presents Katsumoto's sword to the Emperor, and the Emperor is so moved that he ends his pro-Western modernization policies on the spot. As he renews his embrace of the Bushido code—the moment is meant to be unspeakably noble—my colleague Owen Gleiberman (of *Entertainment Weekly*) leaned over and said, "This way of thinking led to the destruction of Japan in the Second World War." If a fatal irony was intended there, Zwick certainly doesn't let us know about it.

A perennial issue in popular melodrama: How do you create villains evil enough to arouse the anger of the righteous? Many people enjoy violence in movies, but they want to feel justified in their enjoyment; they want to feel that some characters are so far beyond the pale that good folks have little choice but to kill them. The Nazis always qualify, as did Soviet spies (in the old days) and serial murderers, cannibals, rapists, drug lords, persons of indeterminate Third World origin, giant bugs and lizards, ambitious machines, Willem Dafoe—the supply has been running thin in recent years, though international terrorists should easily qualify for the next round of thrillers. In the meantime, Ron Howard has solved the problem in a depressingly practical way. In "The Missing," which the screenwriter Ken Kaufman adapted from a novel by Thomas Eidson, Howard has gone back to the primal villain of the movies: the Indian. Pesh-Chidin is an Apache *brujo*, or witch, and a very bad egg. In the person of Eric Schweig, who is of part-Inuit, part-German descent, he has pockmarked makeup built up with a prosthesis into fabulous ugliness. He hangs rattlers in trees, practicing witchcraft on people; pulls magic powders of different colors out of his buckskins and scatters them into the eyes and mouths of his enemies; and runs a vile trade in young white virgin girls, whom he kidnaps and sells at the border to laughing Mexicans.

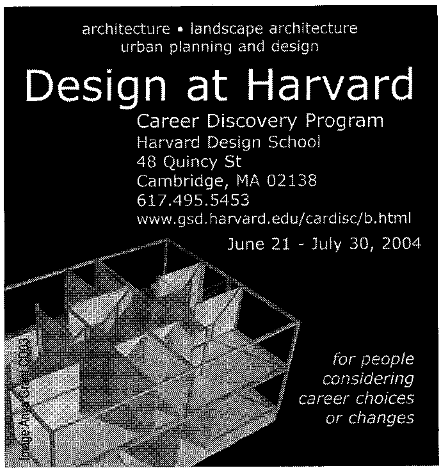
I couldn't help wondering: Did any such sex trade exist? Howard Lamar, the Sterling Professor Emeritus of History at Yale, says that it probably did not, although white captives were occasionally taken for ransom. Odd, and suggestive: the *brujo* is so extravagantly repulsive that a psychoanalyst might see him as an expression of white guilt—a projection of the destructive passions of the Indian wars. Yet the quality of a movie can't be determined alone by how accurate it is factually or how reliable morally. "The Missing" is improbable and, at times, sadistic, but, considered as a piece of direction, this Western, set in New Mexico in 1885, is as confident as anything that Ron Howard has done. The story is told in terse, violent scenes: Cate Blanchett is a tough, morally strenuous frontier woman whose teen-age daughter (Evan Rachel Wood) gets hauled off by the *brujo* and his gang; Tommy Lee Jones, as Blanchett's irresponsible and estranged dad, who has taken up Apache ways, joins her in the pursuit. There are sinister echoes of the John Ford classic "The Searchers" and some shrewd use of scary, bleak Southwestern landscapes. It's as if the terrain itself had been put under a curse by the *brujo*, and only Cate Blanchett wielding a rifle—a Christian woman aroused to violence—can remove the curse. ♦

THE NEW YORKER IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. COPYRIGHT ©2003 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Volume LXXIX, No. 38, December 8, 2003. The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X) is published weekly (except for six combined issues: February 17 & 24, April 21 & 28, June 16 & 23, July 14 & 21, August 18 & 25, and December 22 & 29) by The Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. David Carey, vice-president and publisher; Chris Mitchell, associate publisher; Peter W. Jurew, associate publisher, marketing; Ronda Carnegie, advertising director; William Li, advertising director; Marie Wolpert, advertising director; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; Bob Gruters, director of marketing and strategic planning; Theresa Gaffney, creative development director; Rosemary Stanton, advertising business director. Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.: S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Charles H. Townsend, C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.F.O.; Jill Bright, executive vice-president–human resources; John Buese, executive vice-president–chief information officer; David Orlin, senior vice-president–strategic sourcing; Robert Bennis, senior vice-president–real estate. Shared services provided by Advance Magazine Group: David B. Chemidlin, senior vice-president–general manager, shared services center. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Canada Post return undeliverable Canadian addresses to: P.O. Box 1632, Station A, Windsor, ON N9A7C9.

POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO THE NEW YORKER, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK ISSUE INQUIRIES: Please write to The New Yorker, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684; call (800) 825-2510; or e-mail subscriptions@newyorker.com. Four weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on most recent label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within four weeks of receipt of order. For advertising inquiries, please call Marie Wolpert at (212) 286-5611. For submission guidelines, please refer to our Web site, www.newyorker.com. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. For cover reprints, please call (800) 897-8666, or e-mail covers@cartoonbank.com. For Permissions and Reprint requests, please call (212) 286-8349 or fax requests to (212) 286-8628. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The New Yorker's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. Visit us online: www.newyorker.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenet.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684 or call (800) 825-2510.

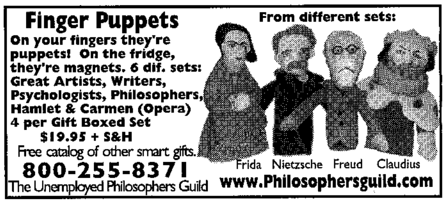
THE NEW YORKER IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF, OR FOR DAMAGE OR ANY OTHER INJURY TO, UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. THOSE SUBMITTING MANUSCRIPTS, ART WORK, OR OTHER MATERIALS FOR CONSIDERATION SHOULD NOT SEND ORIGINALS, UNLESS SPECIFICALLY REQUESTED TO DO SO BY THE NEW YORKER IN WRITING. MANUSCRIPTS, ART WORK, AND OTHER MATERIALS SUBMITTED MUST BE ACCOMPANIED BY A SELF-ADDRESSED STAMPED ENVELOPE.



architecture • landscape architecture
urban planning and design
Design at Harvard
Career Discovery Program
Harvard Design School
48 Quincy St
Cambridge, MA 02138
617.495.5453
www.gsd.harvard.edu/cardisc/b.html
June 21 - July 30, 2004
for people considering career choices or changes
Image: Anya Grant CD03

HARBOR SWEETS
A Sweet Idea for the Holidays
A holiday tradition for over 35 years... Harbor Sweets' world famous Sweet Sloops (almond butter crunch). Our elegant, handmade chocolates make an ideal corporate or personal gift.
We'll ship your order anywhere.
HARBOR SWEETS
Sweet Sloops®
To place an order or to request a free Harbor Sweets catalog call:
800-243-2115 ext. 0421 or shop online www.harborsweets.com

Contented Cat Pin
www.rnstudios.com
STERLING $65
14K GOLD $359
1-800 235-0471
S/H $5.75
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
137 NE Greenwood Ave. • Bend, OR 97701



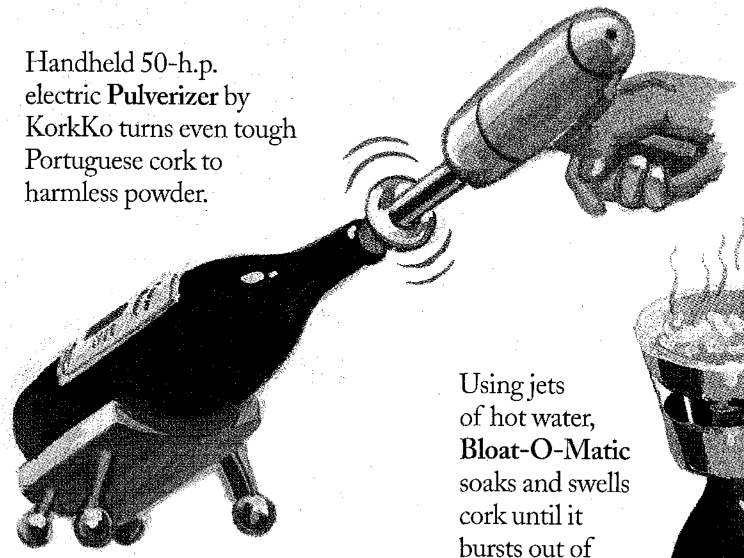
Finger Puppets
On your fingers they're puppets! On the fridge, they're magnets. 6 dif. sets: Great Artists, Writers, Psychologists, Philosophers, Hamlet & Carmen (Opera)
4 per Gift Boxed Set
$19.95 + S&H
Free catalog of other smart gifts.
800-255-8371
The Unemployed Philosophers Guild
From different sets:
Frida Nietzsche Freud Claudius
www.Philosophersguild.com

New Third Edition!
THE BEST OF THE BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS
"The best guidebook ever written on the BVI."
amazon.com, barnesandnoble.com, and bookstores everywhere

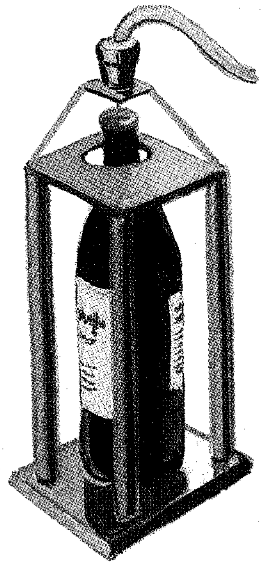
follow the snail
THE SLOW FOOD GUIDE TO NEW YORK CITY
Restaurants, Markets, Bars
at bookstores or
$20 | paperback
over 600 listings
"Buy this book!"
Eric Schlosser, author of *Fast Food Nation*
www.chelseagreen.com | 800-639-4099

THE BACK PAGE BY BRUCE McCALL

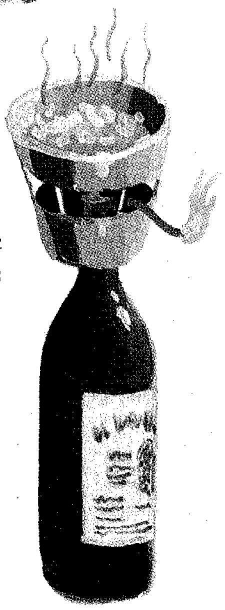
GLIMPSED AT CORKSCREW EXPO '03



Handheld 50-h.p. electric **Pulverizer** by KorkKo turns even tough Portuguese cork to harmless powder.

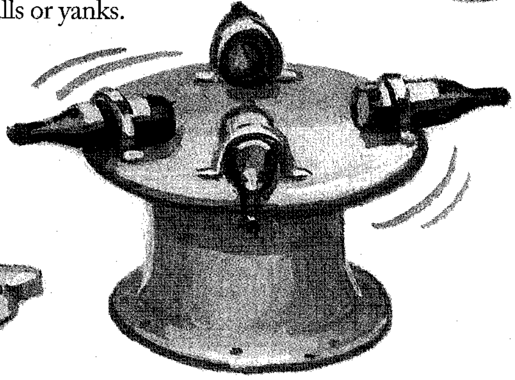


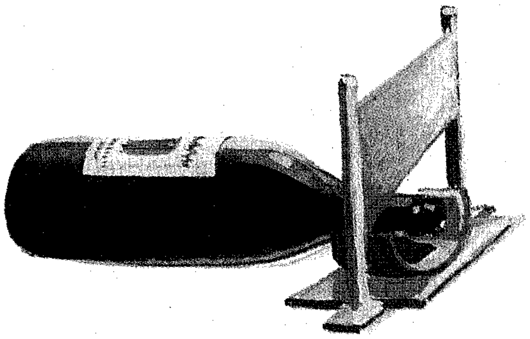
Proven plastique technique of **Mini-Bang Jr.** blows cork to smithereens. Comes with 20 feet of Stand-Back tape.



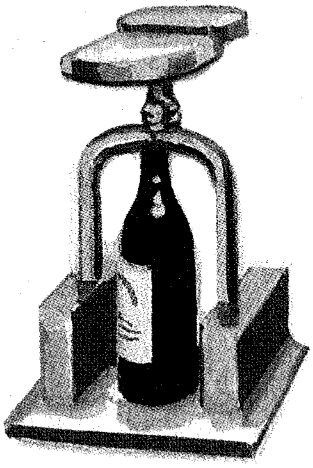
Using jets of hot water, **Bloat-O-Matic** soaks and swells cork until it bursts out of bottle with a satisfying *pop!*

In the first enophilic use of centrifugal science, **Diz-E-Master XL Spin-Screw** rotates up to four standard wine bottles at 60,000 r.p.m., forcing corks out without annoying pulls or yanks.

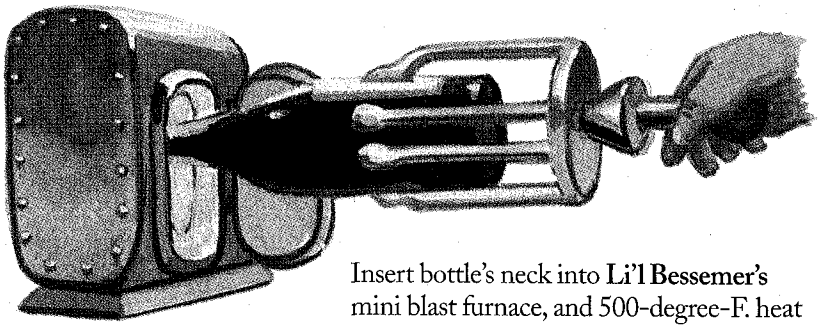




Advanced French guillotine technology of **La Antoinette** lets even Milady chop neck off bottle, cork and all, in one clean 5/1,000th-of-a-second stroke.



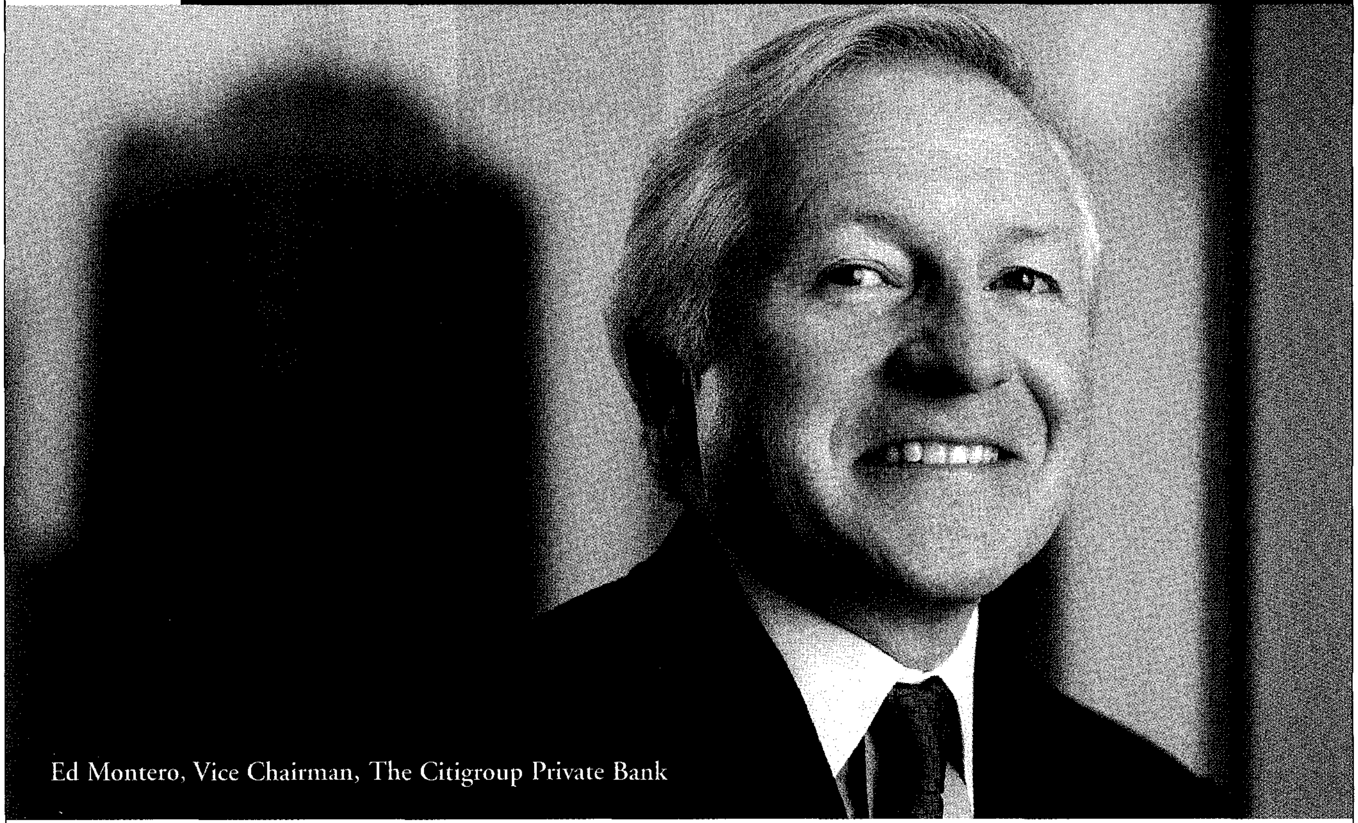
Foot-operated **Stomp & Screw** can be used both to pop cork and to jam it back into bottle under pressure equal to the weight of the step of a bull elephant on the run.



Insert bottle's neck into **Li'l Bessemer's** mini blast furnace, and 500-degree-F. heat does the rest, reducing cork to ash that's automatically fan-blown away from bottle, preventing that gritty industrial aftertaste.

Q&A
7.0

Seeking stability in unstable times.



Ed Montero, Vice Chairman, The Citigroup Private Bank

Q: What advice do you give clients in today's uncertain markets?
A: *Take a deep breath. History is filled with down markets and political unrest. We've weathered a lot of them during my 38 years with Citigroup. Experience tells me there are still solid opportunities available today.*

Q: So investment opportunities still exist?
A: *Absolutely, you just have to look harder to find them. Where others might avoid their clients in tough economic times, we actually devote more time and attention. It also helps to have access to experienced people around the world.*

Q: Having a global footprint is important?
A: *We have access to experienced people in over 100 countries. In many of these, we're viewed as a local bank, not a foreign bank. This puts us in a better position not only to manage political and economic changes, but to locate investment opportunities for our clients.*

Q: How has the Private Bank performed in these difficult times?
A: *Well, we've just completed our third consecutive record year. Which is testimony, I believe, to the fact that we offer our clients a unique history and legacy — as well as the resources — to help support families for generations to come.*

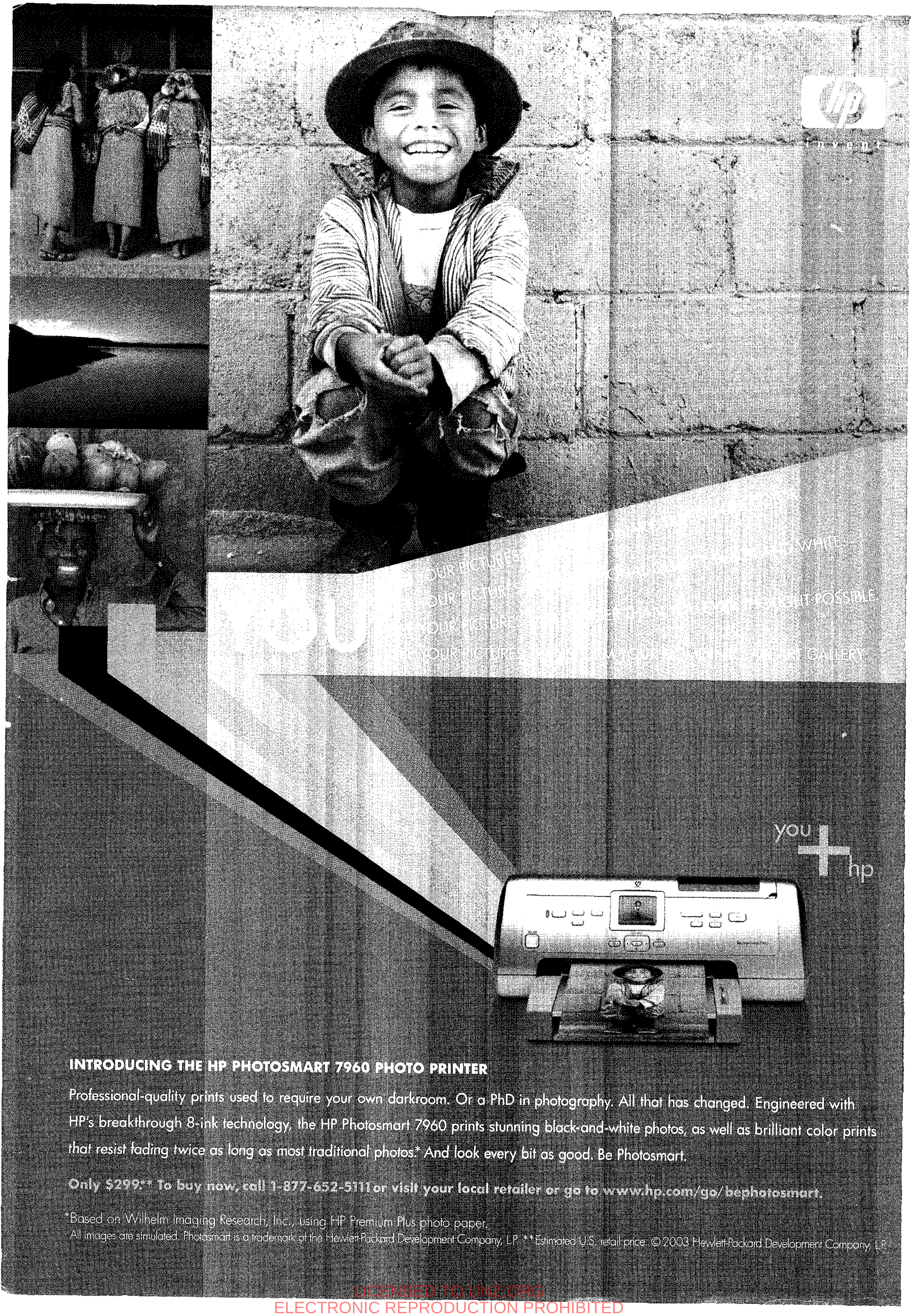
Q: What other benefits might a client reap from your financial strength?
A: *A good night's sleep.*

To have your own dialogue with us, call 1.800.996.2500, ext. 850.

citigroup
private bank

"The Citigroup Private Bank" is a business of Citigroup Inc., which provides its clients access to a broad array of products and services available through bank and non-bank affiliates. Not all products and services are provided by all affiliates or are available at all locations. For more information, contact a private banker or relationship manager. ©2003 Citicorp. All rights reserved.

Investment Products: Not FDIC Insured • No Bank Guarantee • May Lose Value


hp
invent
YOU
YOUR PICTURES
YOUR PICTURES
YOUR PICTURES
YOUR PICTURES
WHITE
POSSIBLE
GALLERY
you + hp

INTRODUCING THE HP PHOTOSMART 7960 PHOTO PRINTER

Professional-quality prints used to require your own darkroom. Or a PhD in photography. All that has changed. Engineered with HP's breakthrough 8-ink technology, the HP Photosmart 7960 prints stunning black-and-white photos, as well as brilliant color prints that resist fading twice as long as most traditional photos.* And look every bit as good. Be Photosmart.

Only $299. To buy now, call 1-877-652-5111 or visit your local retailer or go to www.hp.com/go/bephotosmart.**

*Based on Wilhelm Imaging Research, Inc., using HP Premium Plus photo paper.

All images are simulated. Photosmart is a trademark of the Hewlett-Packard Development Company, L.P. **Estimated U.S. retail price. © 2003 Hewlett-Packard Development Company, L.P.